Thunder Mountain – a new novel by ZANE GREY

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October 22, 1932

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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THE TRUTH ABOUT BURIED TREASURE

Harold T. Wilkins tells how salvage syndicates in all parts of the world are seeking long lost billions of gold, but warns searchers to be "sure of your facts."

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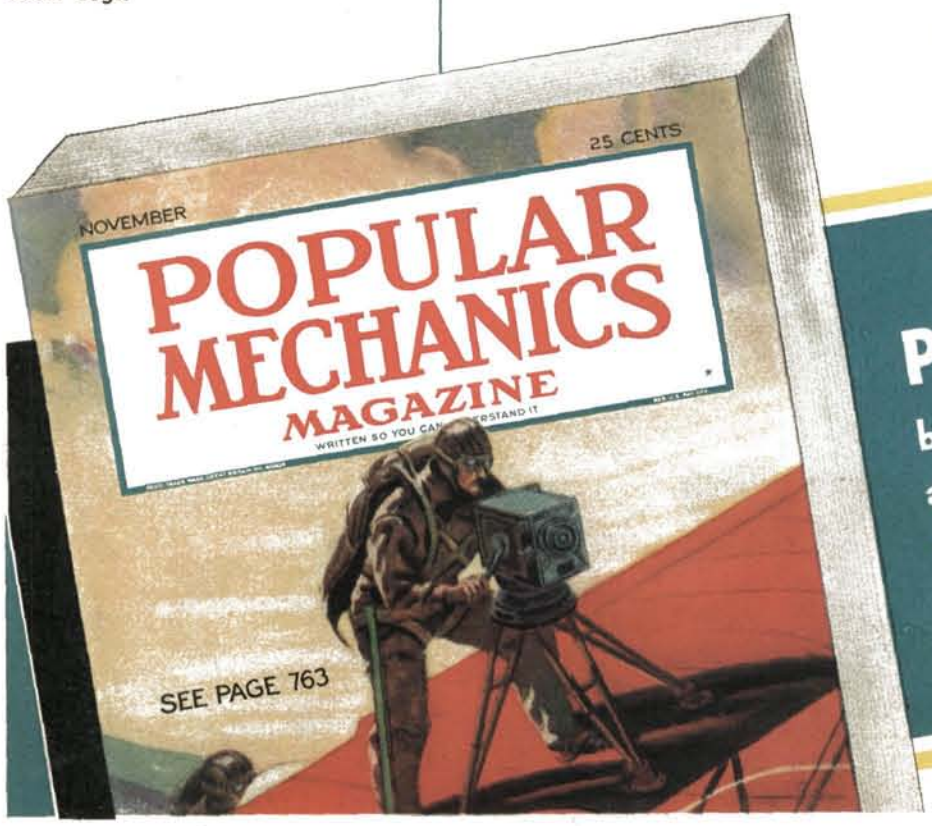
"CAN ANYONE BECOME RICH ANY MORE?"

—**Frazier Hunt** says YES in an inspiring article on the penniless immigrant who became one of the world's greatest inventors.



One of scores of thrill stories in the November issue is illustrated on the cover—at left.

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"To strengthen a weak stomach —I prescribe fresh Yeast"

says DR. CATALINA, noted Madrid specialist

A SURGEON . . . famous in his thirties; a widely read medical author; a recognized authority on disorders of digestion . . . *Dr. Alberto Catalina of Madrid!*

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"Each day we realize more and more the part constipation plays in digestive troubles. To combat the disturbances due to constipation we have at our disposal a highly efficacious remedy—Yeast.

"Fresh yeast stimulates the digestive tract. It reduces putrefaction, freeing the system of a great deal of poison. It nourishes . . . It contains vitamins . . . in large quantities.

"*I prescribe it to strengthen a weak stomach.*"

Yeast, you know, is a food. Yet no known food has such remarkable power to stimulate and "tone" the stomach and intestines.

Eaten daily, Fleischmann's Yeast mixes with the food undergoing digestion . . . softens the waste matter in the intestines . . . fosters the normal action that clears these wastes away regularly.

In addition, it increases secretion of the digestive juices . . . promotes *assimilation*. You derive greater nourishment from your food.

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You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Write for free booklet on Yeast for Health. Dept. YEE-22, Standard Brands Incorporated, 691 Washington Street, New York City.

DR. ALBERTO CATALINA, of Madrid, Spain (holding X-ray), is one of Europe's most brilliant surgeons. He is a specialist in diseases of the digestive tract.

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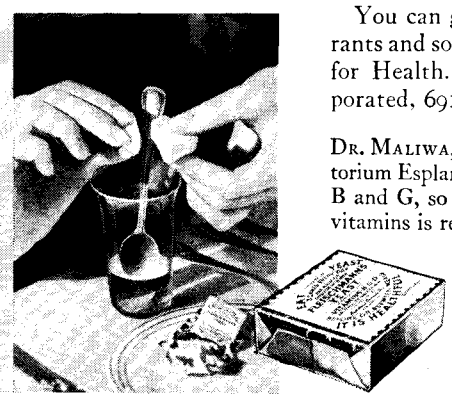
"I HAD INDIGESTION whenever I ate the things that I liked," *writes* Miss Marie Downs *of Atlantic City, N. J.* "A friend of mine had been eating Fleischmann's Yeast on her doctor's advice. She got me to try it. In a few weeks I felt a different person. The sluggishness left and I found I could eat anything I liked without indigestion."



IMPORTANT **Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind doctors advise.**

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WHAT was wrong with the Henderson baby? Nothing much, to all appearances. A bruise at the base of the spine, nothing more; just a persistent discoloration. No one knew how the baby got it; no one knew exactly what it was.

But when Dr. Ashley, just back from five years in China, stepped inside the magnificent Martin residence on Pacific Avenue and saw that bruise he recognized "The Mark of the East." That was the beginning of the mystery.

If it hadn't been for Anne Martin the doctor might not have persisted in solving it. But Anne was the sort of girl he had dreamed of for five years in the back country of China. After he had seen her it would have taken more than Henderson's two hatchetmen to discourage him. Sydney Herschel Small describes his adventure.

YOU know what football is like as a spectacle, but have you ever felt the swirl and impact of a big game? Have you ever wondered what it was like to be one of those charging figures on the gridiron? In a brilliant article Barry Wood, captain of the 1931 Harvard team and All-America quarterback, shows you what it's like. He takes you into the locker-room in the tortured minutes of waiting before the game; he puts you into a uniform and throws you into the scrimmage. And when the whistle blows you can say "Here's How It Feels"—but you won't need the arnica.

DR. ALFRED PERSIS RUSS had a modest practice in the city of Buffalo Wells; he also had a wife named Violet. Dr. Russ was small in stature and timid by nature. Violet had a very strong character. So much so that the doctor sometimes wondered whether Violet might not be the synonym, in some unknown dialect, for "Do as I say." In any event, he remained docile until chance propelled him into the big city where, to quote the doctor, he became "a dissolute rogue or scalawag leading a life of debauchery." It was the right antidote for "Too Much Violet." Frank Condon gives you the case history.

WHEN Ann Hilton lost control of her bicycle on a down grade and precipitately parted company with it, it just happened that she landed on Eric Paine, who was living under an alias in the mountains and looking like a beach comber who had lost his comb. The result is a gay love story by Dwight Mitchell Wiley.

OWEN P. WHITE, Harold Lamb, T. S. Stribling, Don Marquis and others add to the jollity of nations, and what was *your* good deed today?

This Week

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October 22, 1932

ZANE GREY
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BILL CUNNINGHAM
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DON MARQUIS
A Financial Deal. **What would *you* do with a cool million? Page 11**

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD
You Can Avoid Taxes. **Don't pay more than Uncle Sam intended. Page 12**

ROARK BRADFORD
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LUCIAN CARY
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FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Whatever they may look like, they're facts. Page 47**

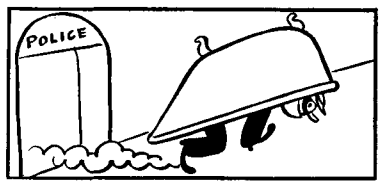
EDITORIAL
Tell Them What You Want. **Page 50**

●

Any Week

"ALWAYS something to look forward to," gloats Mr. Ed Markert of Albany, N. Y. "For instance, the spectacle of the next Congress kicking itself in the chin running away from the Forgotten Man."

IF all that this one says about the political condition of Pittsburgh, Pa., is true the place must look like a racketeers' convention. But we're skeptical. The writer insists that we keep his name out of it and we don't blame him. It's so bad, says he, that the boys stole even the plumbing fixtures out of a police station and the palatial home of one of the big-shot racketeers has been robbed five times in broad daylight. Sounds too good to be true.



HOW, demands Mr. Hugh McDavid of Minneapolis, Minn., is prosperity going to get anywhere near back unless the grocers get a square deal? Naturally, we wouldn't know. But Mr. McDavid suggests "a stiff tax on all preserved fruits, vegetables and so forth put up in the home. This would discourage home canning and force the housewives to deal with the grocer. I'm serious." Oddly enough, Mr. McDavid is in the grocery business.

AND any man elected to the presidency on the promise to the veterans to give them the $2,400,000,000 they demand deserves all the anguish that will be his when he tries to make good and at the same time restore prosperity. This from Mrs. G. Lewis Hartmann of Miami, Fla.

"IT won't be long now," writes Mr. F. Klobendanz of St. Louis, Mo., "before we will be telling each other what a mistake we made at the polls and what a flop our system of government is and all about the inherent weaknesses of democracies. In other words, we shall have done our worst with this sacred privilege of uncensored suffrage and will be running around blaming it all on somebody else. No wonder hyenas laugh. We elect our equals and less to office and then wonder why they don't act with courage and intelligence. Ho . . . hum."

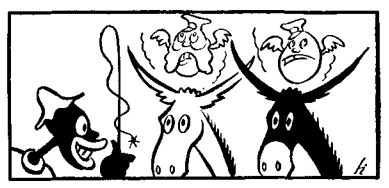
THE opening lines from Miss M. Roberta Cruickshank of Los Angeles had us all a-flutter. She asks tenderly whether we're married. But farther down she makes it clear that she is merely sorry for any wife we may possibly have. Hard-hearted, she calls us.

MRS. MARY G. ROHRER of Washington, D. C., believes that the fundamental trouble with the United States is the absence of physical frontiers. In past panics, depressions, crises or whatever the name of these conditions may be, the congestion of population was relieved and new fields of opportunity opened, she thinks, by migrations westward and northward. But now we've no more unexploited lands.

"Which," she concludes, "leaves us no frontiers except those of our own mental creation. Heretofore, we made the land support us with a minimum of mental contribution. Our only remaining frontier is of the intellect and we had better get busy right away and explore it and exploit it."

"WELL," sighs Mr. Luther N. Crosshart of Wilmington, Del., "we may as well prepare ourselves for the worst. After the veterans are all paid, those foreign debts all collected, the farmers all happy, the unemployed all absorbed, the racketeers all hanged and all the banks reopened, there will be positively nothing to do but to sit down to our seidels of honest beer and long for the good old days."

THERE appears to be a difference of opinion between State Senator Earl B. Searcy of Springfield, Ill., and Dr. J. B. Cranfill of Dallas, Tex., about our editorial "Call Off the Armed Thugs." "The American citizen who disagrees with the doctrine and logic of this editorial," says the former, "isn't worthy to live in this era of so-called Christianity." "The man who wrote it," writes the latter, "should face a firing squad." Just think how that makes us feel.



MAYBE you remember (not that it matters) that a few weeks ago we wondered why so many Negroes we saw in Vicksburg, Miss., were driving a team of one gray and one white or one gray and one black mule. We're answered. Mr. H. E. Jackson of that charming town informs us that most of these teams are owned by former steamboat roustabouts and that the gray is supposed to embody the spirit of a departed steamboat mate while a white is the reincarnation of a river captain. Thus the Negroes square accounts with the captains and mates they used to work for. Tough on the mule but grand for the roustabout soul.

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View of Razor Opened

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The National Weekly for October 22, 1932

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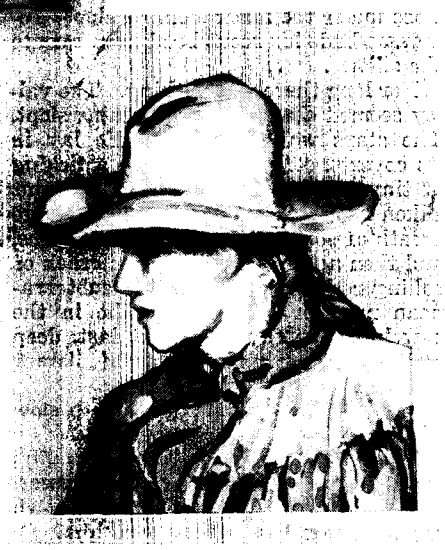
Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

"I kind of like you, cowboy," the little blond girl said. "Dog-gone it, I like you, too," replied Kalispel, dubiously



Beginning a dramatic new serial —the story of a man and a girl who met a colossal adventure together in the shadow of mysterious and sinister—

Thunder Mountain

A WARM spring rain melted the deep snows in the Saw Tooth Range, and a flood poured down the headwaters of the Salmon River.

It washed out a colony of beavers, one of which, a crippled old female with a cub, fell behind the others and lost them. She came at length into a narrow valley where the stream meandered along a wide, rocky bench, wooded by stately isolated pines, and fringes of willow and aspen.

The old mother beaver lingered with her cub near the mouth of an intersecting brook. In a sheltered bend under the looming mountain slope she began her labors. While the little cub played and splashed about she toiled industriously, cutting branches, carrying sticks, dragging rocks and padding mud until she had bridged the brook and built a dam. A still pool rose behind the barrier.

One night, when the afterglow of sunset loomed dull red upon the pool and the silence of the wilderness lay like a mantle upon the valley, the old beaver noticed a strange quivering ripple passing across the placid surface of her pool. There was no current coming from the brook, there was no breath of wind to disturb the dead calm. She noticed the tremors pass across the pool, she sniffed the pine-scented air, she listened with all the sensitiveness of a creature of the wild.

From high up on the looming mountain slope, from the somber purple shadow, came down a low rumble, a thunder that seemed to growl from the bowels of the great mountain.

The old mother beaver did not wait to hear that again. With her cub she abandoned the quivering pool and, taking to the main stream, she left the valley.

THE last remnant of the Sheepeater Indians pitched camp on the rocky bench across the stream from the abandoned beaver dam.

Outcasts from various tribes, they were fugitives and had banded together for protection, fifty-one in all, warriors, squaws and children, under the command of Tomanmo.

While the braves put up their lodges, the weary squaws unpacked meager supplies and belongings. The lame children, exhausted from the continuous march, sat silent, with somber eyes.

Tomanmo gazed up and down this valley to which he had been led by the Nez Percé member of his band. Long and hard had been the tramp hither, and the last miles had been over solid rock. The soldiers could not track them here. It was a refuge. Deer and elk as tame as cattle grazed under the pines; white goats shone on the high bluffs of the south wall; mountain sheep stood silhouetted against the sky, watching the invaders of their solitude.

"We will hide here and rest. It is well," said Tomanmo to his band, and he sent hunters out to kill fresh meat.

When the chief sat down he found himself facing the north slope of the valley. It struck him singularly, and he gazed with the falcon eyes of one used to the heights. Bare and steep, this slope, open to the south, slanted abruptly from the edge of the rocky bench some few hundred yards distant. What first attracted Tomanmo's curiosity was the fact that no game trail, not even a single track, marred the smooth surface of the incline. It sheered up a long way before its purple continuity was broken by a thin line of fir trees, pointing skyward like tufted spears. From there the color grayed and the smooth surface broke to scantily timbered ledges that stepped up and up prodigiously, at last to turn white with snow on the skyline. Precipitous, looming mountains were the rule in that range and all the south slopes, where the snow did not lay long, were bare of timber. But the endless south slope of this mountain showed no solid foundation of rock, no iron ribs of red granite, no bulge of cliff sheering up out of soft earth. Tomanmo shook his lean, dark head.

Presently the Nez Percé approached the chief to open a skinny fist to his gaze. He held a handful of wet gravel and sand among which glinted bright specks.

"Ughh!" he ejaculated. "Gold!"

"Bad. White man come," grunted the chief.

"Some day, long after Sheepeaters gone," assented the Nez Percé.

The solemn, still day wore on. The pointed lodges of elk hide and the brush shelters, the columns of blue smoke rising upward, the active raven-haired squaws with their colored raiment flashing in the sun, the hunters dragging carcasses over the stones, the ragged, hollow-cheeked children asleep on the ground—all attested to a settle-

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ment of permanent camp. Soon pots were steaming, fragrant viands broiled over the red coals, cakes of bread baked on the hot flat stones.

At sunset the band feasted. Only Tomanmo did not share the sense of well-being after long hardship. While he ate he watched the changing colors on the steep slope, the darkening purple at the base, the merging of gray into the gold-flushed snow high on the peaks.

DUSK fell, and then silent night, with the dark velvet sky studded with cold stars. The fires burned low, gleaming red over the haggard visages of the sleepers. But Tomanmo did not sleep. He stalked to and fro, listening as a chieftain who expected the voices of his gods. A low roar of running water permeated the silence and the sharp yap of a wolf, far up the valley, accentuated it.

Tomanmo's ears, attuned as those of the deer to the whisperings and rustlings of the wild, registered other sounds. He sought out the sleeping Nez Percé and roused him with a moccasined foot.

"Ughh!" exclaimed the brave, sitting up.

"Come," said the chief, and led him away from the circle of dying fires and sleeping savages. "Listen."

Across the bench, away from the murmur of stream and song of pine, close under the black looming slope, Tomanmo bade his scout bend keen ears to the silence.

For long there was nothing. The valley seemed dead. The mountains slept. The stars watched. Wild life lay in its coverts. Then there came a ticking of tiny pebbles down the slope, a faint silken rustle of sliding dust, a strange breath of something indefinable, silence, and then again far off, a faint crack of rolling rocks, a moan, as if a subterranean monster tried to breathe in the bowels of the earth, and, at last, deep and far away, a rumble as of distant thunder.

"Hear?" queried the chief, with slow gesture toward the looming hulk.

The Nez Percé's somber eyes, mirroring the stars, dilated in answer. Tomanmo was assured that his own sensitive ears had not deceived him.

"It is the voice of the Great Spirit," he said, solemnly. "Tomanmo is warned. This mountain moves. When the sun shines we go."

YEARS later, long after Tomanmo had gone to join his forefathers, three adventuring prospectors, brothers named Emerson, toiled down into the valley from the south and late in the day unpacked their weary burros and made camp.

"Reckon it's the place all right," said Sam, the eldest. "Thet old Nez Percé gave me a clear hunch."

"Wal, I shore hope it ain't," replied Jake, the second brother, with a short, grim laugh.

"Why?"

"Hell, man, look around!"

Sam had been doing that, avidly. The long valley, shut in by the rough red and green wall on the south and the insurmountable and prodigious slope of talus on the north, evidently had taken his eye. But Sam was thinking of the isolation, the possibility of finding and working a gold claim without sharing it with other prospectors or being harassed by robbers. The dark, caverned and notched wall on the east side, where the stream cut its way in cascades down to the valley, had a fascinating look to Sam Emerson. Those cliffs would hide gold-bearing ledges of quartz.

"Jake, I didn't befriend that poor old Injun for nothin'," replied Sam with satisfaction. "This is the valley."

"Wal, Sam, we never seen things alike, even as kids," rejoined Jake, resignedly. "To me this is shore a hell of a hole. Gettin' out will be worse than gettin' in, an' that was a tough job."

"I'll grade out a trail," said his brother, cheerfully, "if that's all you're rarin' about."

"It ain't all. It ain't even a little," retorted Jake, nettled by the other's imperturbability. "This is a gloomy hole. The sun'll come late an' leave early. It'd be hotter'n hell in summer an' colder'n Greenland in winter. It's too far to pack in supplies. It's too lonely. Shore, I know you an' our gun-packin' cowboy brother here like loneliness. But I like people. I like a barroom an' to set in a little game now an' then."

"Jake, thet last objection of yourn may soon remedy itself. You may see this valley hustlin' with miners, an' a gold-diggin's town springin' up overnight like a mushroom."

"Wal, it won't last long, I'll gamble. Look at thet slope. Five thousand feet of silt an' gravel on end, fresh as if someone was diggin' above an' slidin' everythin' down. No grass, no brush, no trees! Nary a damn' rock! It's alive, Sam, thet slope is, an' some wet day it'll slide down an' obliterate this valley."

Sam was impressed, and gazed up at the sinister slope. He had to tip his head far back to see the snow-patched summit.

"Queer lookin', at thet," he said. "But I reckon it's been there just as long as these other mountains."

JAKE turned to the younger brother, Lee, who stood leaning on his rifle, looking about with piercing hazel eyes. He was a stalwart young man with the lithe build of a rider.

"Wal, Kalispel," drawled Jake. "You ain't often stumped for speech. Are you linin' up with Sam in favor of this ghastly hole?"

"It's great, Jake."

"Ah-huh. Well, just why? I reckoned you'd stand by me, considerin' your weakness for horses, girls, an' such thet can't be had here."

"I like it, Sam. You know I don't care a heap about diggin' gold. Too darn' hard work for a cowboy! But I love the wildness an' beauty of this valley. It's a paradise for game. I'll bet I saw a thousand head of elk today. An' deer, bear, goat, sheep—even lions, in broad daylight! I'll hunt game while you fellows hunt gold."

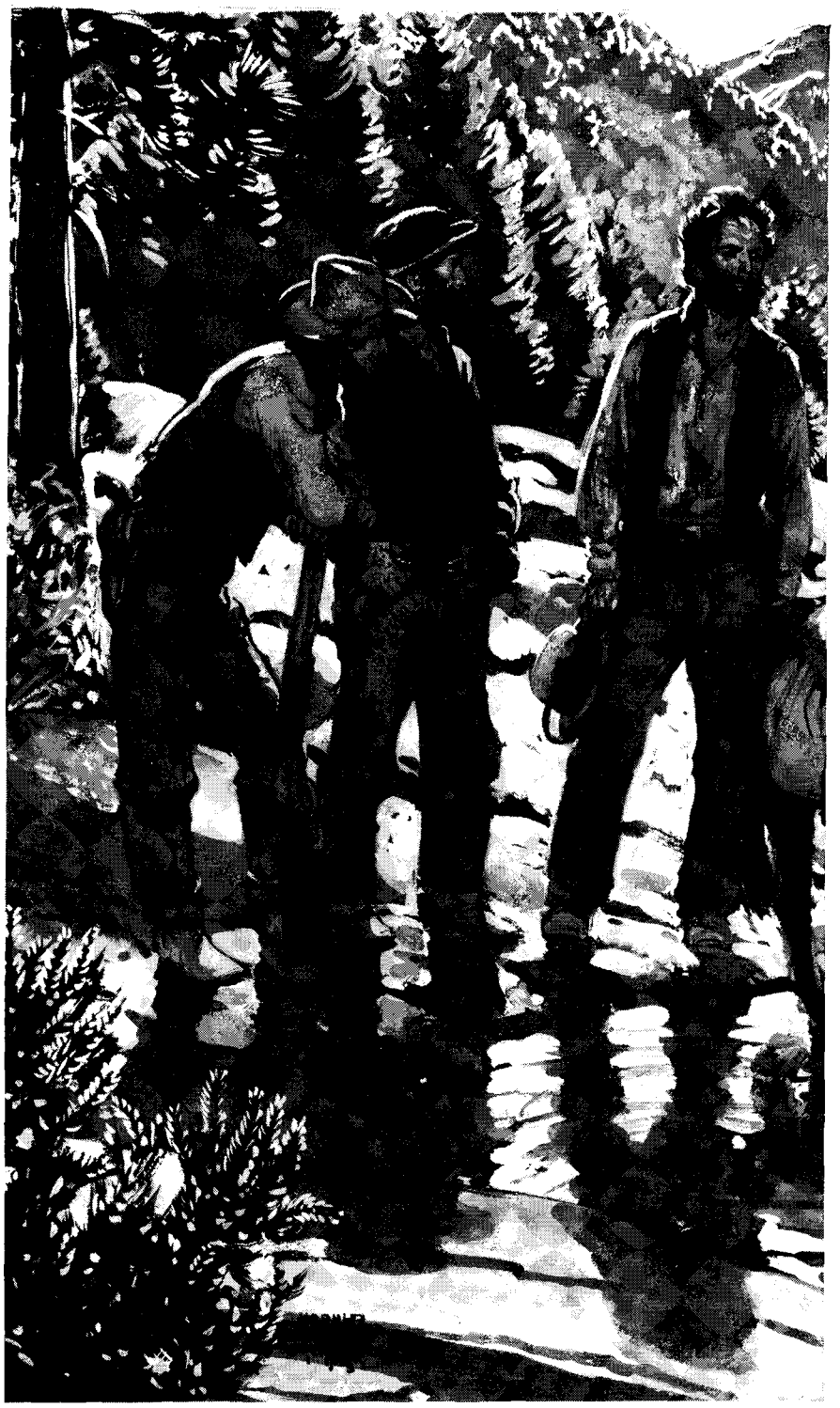
"Humph! Sam, what you think of Kal's shiftin' to your side?" Jake asked.

"All proves I was right draggin' Lee off thet bloody Montana range," replied the eldest brother, forcefully. "I feel relieved 'cause he won't be lookin' for thet hard-lipped sheriff, an' for all we know some more of them ridin' gents. . . . Rustle some firewood an' water now while I unpack."

Lee Emerson, nicknamed Kalispel by the first outfit he had ever ridden for in Montana, laughed at his loquacious brothers and, laying aside his rifle for a bucket, he made for the stream. It was a goodly current of water, dark green in color, still high and somewhat roily from melting snow. In places it was running swiftly, in others tarrying in pools formed by huge boulders. Kalispel stepped out on a sand bar and filled the pail with water as cold as ice. As an afterthought he scooped up a handful of wet sand. He saw grains of gold glistening in it.

"By thunder!" he ejaculated. "As easy as that! . . . Sam will be wild. I'll let him discover it. . . . I wonder. Minin' might beat runnin' cattle. Reckon I was sick of the range."

Thoughtfully he returned to camp. There seemed to be a vague portent in connection with their arrival in this wild valley. Jake came staggering in under an enormous load of dead wood. Sam had spread supplies out on a tarpaulin and was awaiting the water to mix dough.



"This is the valley all right," Sam Emerson said. "—An'

"About a week's rations, not counting meat," he said. "If we make a strike here, two of us will have to go to Salmon an' pack in grub."

"Ah-huh. An' if we don't strike it we'll starve?" Jake asked humorously.

Sam had no answer for that and silence fell upon the trio. Kalispel performed what camp tasks offered, and then unrolled his canvas and blanket in the lee of a fallen pine. Next he found a bit of soap in his bag and a towel that resembled a coal sack. Repairing to the stream he enjoyed a wash in the icy water. After that he sat down to wait for supper.

THE valley changed every hour. Shadows were dusting the far corners. He saw a black bear amble along the lower reaches of the stream, where it turned into the dark canyon. A herd of deer had come down off the south slope. Eagles soared above the sunlit crags. The upper third of the north slope blazed with gold and the snowy summit had a rosy flush. The place had a fascination for Kalispel that he could not define in a moment. The longer he gazed the more he appreciated things not strikingly noticeable at first.

On all sides the formidable walls frowned down. White and black tips of mountains peeped above the ramparts. Purple veils deepened in the notch where the valley turned to the east. He had thought at first glance that the valley headed at the eastern end, but he decided that the stream split there, one fork leaping down off the ledges, and the other turning with the narrow valley into a defile. It was a big country, just what his gaze encompassed, and incredibly rough on the heights. The gold faded up off the north slope and the whole atmosphere changed as if by magic. The steely grays and blacks stole upward out of the valley, as if now free of their archenemy. And night was at hand.

Kalispel thought that he would find enough loneliness here even for him. Not often did he yield to the memory of the past. But he did so now. No doubt his brothers Sam and Jake had found him in the nick of time—otherwise that wild Montana range, where he had gone the pace of hard cowboys, would soon have seen his end.

Still, he could excuse it all to himself.

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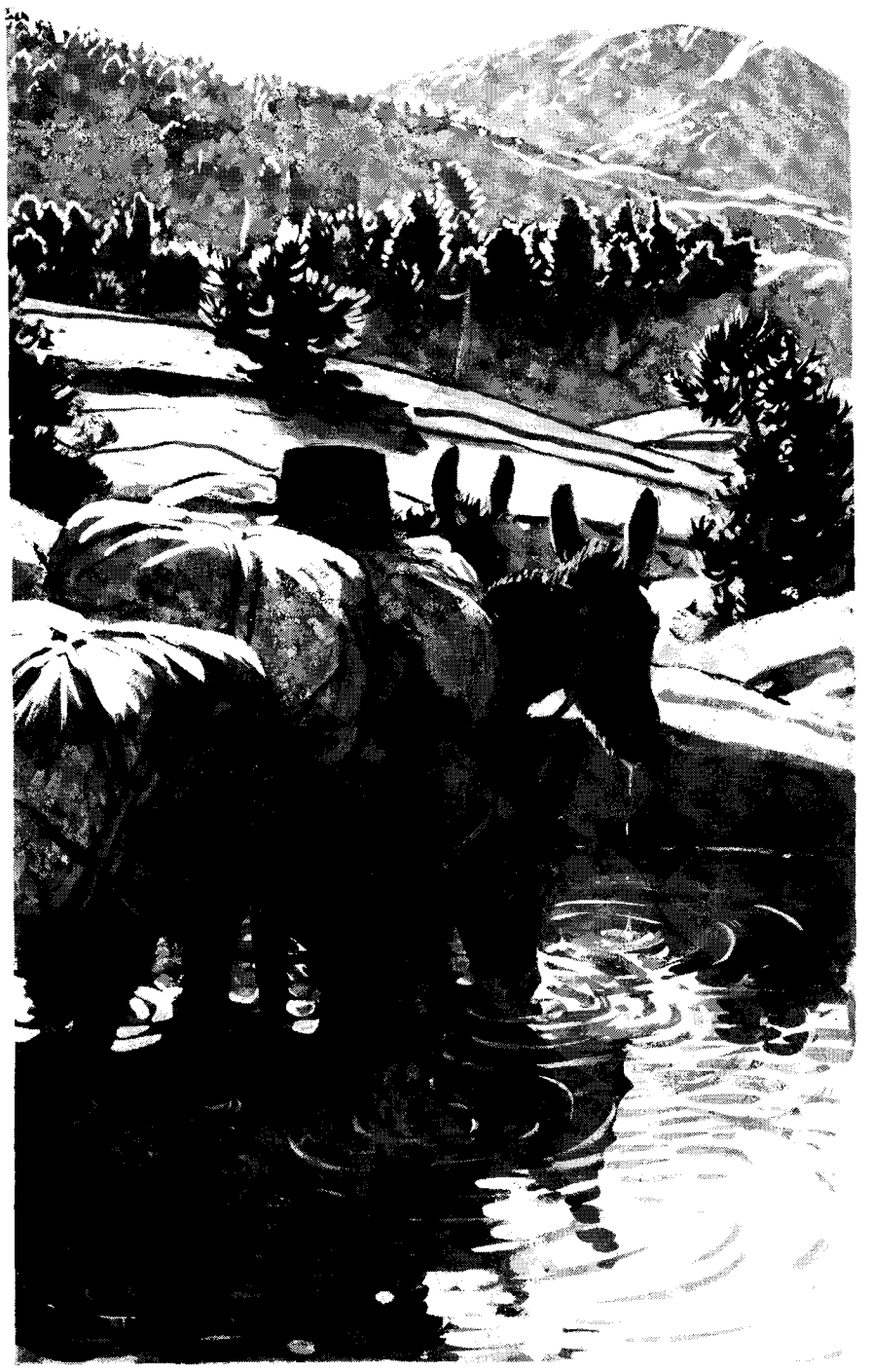

gettin' out," Jake retorted, "will be worse than gettin' in"

His serious blunders, his shooting scrapes, his defections which, if continued, would have made him an outlaw, he could trace to circumstances for which he was not to blame. What Kalispel had longed for was a little ranch, with cattle and horses of his own, a wife to keep him straight, and a chance to realize the promise he knew he possessed. But he never could save a dollar; his several attempts to gather a herd of cattle had led to questions he could only answer with a gun; and nothing but trouble had ever come of the girls who had attracted him.

His brooding reflection was interrupted by a low rumble of thunder.

"Say! So early in spring?" he muttered, looking up in surprise. The sky was clear and cold, already showing tiny pale stars. "That was an avalanche somewheres. Strikes me these Saw Tooths might cut loose a lot that way."

He returned to camp and the blazing fire. Jake was lighting his pipe with a red ember. Sam bent his ruddy, bearded face over some task.

"Did you fellows hear thunder?" asked Kalispel.

"Shore did," replied Jake. "Sam says it wasn't thunder."

"Slide somewhere, then?"

"Son, thet wasn't thunder or slide," answered Sam, looking up. "My Nez Percé friend told me we'd know the place when we came to a valley under a high white mountain face thet talked. I reckon we've found it."

"How do you account for that rumble?" queried Kalispel, puzzled.

"Damn' if I know yet. Must be earthquakes."

"Nix," said Jake. "Thet was just a slide rumblin' down somewheres. These hills must be full of high, bare slopes like this one. It gives me the creeps. Don't you remember some of the steep Lemhi slopes? An' thet knife canyon over on Trail Creek?"

"Wal, what's the odds one way or another—if there's gold here."

"Suits me. The spookier the better," returned Kalispel, and sought his bed.

HE LISTENED for a while, but the rumbling sound was not repeated. Then he fell asleep. When he awakened it was broad daylight with a rosy flush upon the peaks. His brothers were bustling about camp. The ringing bugle of an elk brought Kalispel to a sitting posture, wide awake and thrilling.

"Kal, go out an' bust thet bull," said Jake. "The valley's alive with game. It shore does seem different by day."

"Son, take a peep in thet pan," called Sam, sonorously.

Kalispel got up and pulled on his boots, then stretched his tall frame. Sam, impatient at his nonchalance, thrust the pan under his nose. Kalispel saw a thin layer of sand and gold, about half-and-half.

"Dog-gone! Looks like a strike," rejoined Kalispel, lazily.

"Nothin' to rave about," replied Sam, setting the pan down. "But if we can find the lode thet came from we're rich. You'll have the ranch your heart desires, an' a thousand hosses, an' ten thousand cattle before the year is out."

"Rich!" ejaculated Kalispel, incredulously.

"We'll sell out for a million. An' damn' me, I've a hunch we've struck it this time. But even if we can't find the lode there are good diggin's all up and down this bench. One way or another!"

"Sam, are you talkin' sense?"

"Kal, he's been up since daybreak, roarin' around," interposed Jake.

"If it doesn't turn out my luck to have other prospectors driftin' in here," muttered Sam, somberly. "Thet has happened before."

"What difference would it make, Sam, if we located first?" asked Kalispel.

"Wal, a lot. If we can't find the lode we can clean up a fortune off this bench—giving us time."

"Ah-huh. Sam, do you trust that Nez Percé?" added Jake, scratching his stubbly chin.

"You bet. He'll not tell. An' let's not borrow trouble. We ought to be singin'. Come on an' eat. After thet we'll set to work. We'll move our camp out of these rocks. There's a likely sheltered spot across the stream. Kal, you fetch in some meat an' hang it up in the shade. Then you might scout around a bit. Have a look at the outlet of this valley. Jake, you stick your pan in every sand an' gravel bar along this stream. I'll take a pick an' look for the lode."

KALISPEL found it impossible not to respond to Sam's forceful optimism. Sam had always been a born prospector. Always seeing the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow! And he had always been poor. He had never made a real strike. On more than one occasion he had almost had fortune in his grasp. This time would probably end like all the others. Yet Kalispel felt himself profoundly stirred by his eldest brother's inevitableness. Kalispel did not have the gold fever in his blood. He was not given to false hopes. As a cowboy he had been the poorest gambler on the whole Montana range. But he responded to the thrill, the dream of what impetus it would give life actually to find gold.

When camp had been moved to a more sheltered spot, Kalispel took his rifle and made off for the widest part of the valley. He had gone quite a distance when a small group of deer, does and fawns, trooped out of the brush to stand at gaze, long ears erect. As he approached them they bounded away as if on springs. Soon after that he sighted a buck, which he shot. It was too heavy to pack into camp, so he dressed it on the spot and carried in the choicest quarters.

Retracing his steps, he halted in a sunny spot with fragrant sage all around and there he flung himself at length, as had been his wont so often on the cattle range. He liked the intimacy of the great walls. The monotonous purple reaches of the Montana ranges had palled upon him.

"Dog-gone!" soliloquized Kalispel. "I'd like to settle in this country."

When he returned to the camp he found it deserted. Evidently neither Sam nor Jake had been in since morning. That augured well for the first day. Kalispel set to work at camp tasks, pausing once to laugh when he heard himself whistling. He put things in shipshape, halting only for the mixing of biscuit dough, at which he was a signal failure. But he liked to swing an axe, which art he had mastered during his boyhood along the hardwood creek bottoms of Missouri.

MEANWHILE the colored lights of the valley had succumbed to waning afternoon. Kalispel began to grow anxious about his brothers. Presently Jake appeared some distance up the stream. He looked a tired man. Kalispel hallooed and waved. Jake made a weary response. Upon nearer view Jake was a sight to behold. He was the dirtiest, muddiest, wettest, raggedest object of a man Kalispel had ever seen. He carried under his arm his gold pan, and in his left hand something small and heavy wrapped in a bandanna handkerchief.

"Dog-gone it, Jake!" ejaculated Kalispel, undecided whether to laugh or whoop. Then, as Jake staggered into camp, Kalispel met a wonderful look in his eyes.

"Boy, looka here," panted Jake, and he forced the bandanna into Kalispel's hands.

The contents were soft, wet, heavy, significant to the touch. Kalispel knew what it contained without being told, and suddenly he was mute. Jake fell on his knees beside his pack and began to fumble around in it.

"Whar's my weighin' scales? . . . My scales—gotta have them! . . . Ah-ha! . . . Kal, cluster around now an' pour out thet gold."

Kalispel did as he was bidden, and as the tiny golden stream of grains and nuggets thudded into the scales he became aware of trembling hands and knocking heart. Three times the scales had to be emptied before all the gold could be weighed.

"Ten ounces—an' over," boomed Jake, breathing thickly. "At eighteen dollars the ounce. . . . Hundred an' eighty dollars! . . . An' as Sam ordered I only panned one pan at each bar."

"Gosh!" ejaculated Kalispel incredulously. He fingered the shiny nuggets, some of which were as large as peas. All were smooth and worn, due no doubt to the action of water and gravel. A great part of the gold was like fine sand, and it slipped from Kalispel's palm in a yellow stream. Suddenly he let out such a cowboy yell as had never before pealed from his lungs: "Whoopee!" The stentorian sound rang along the walls and beat back in hollow echo. It was answered, instantly, by a halloo from upstream.

"YOU hear that?" shouted Kalispel. "Shore. Thet was Sam. . . . An' there he comes."

"Gosh! Is he drunk, staggerin' along like that?"

"Boy, Sam's packin' a heavy load. A rock!"

"Rock! What'd Sam be packin' a rock for? . . . He hasn't got his pick an' crowbar, either. . . . *Jake!*"

"Boy, I reckon I'm a little weak on my pins." Jake sat down heavily.

Kalispel stared, his thoughts whirling. Sam came on sturdily, but manifestly under great physical strain. He plunged into camp to thump his heavy burden upon the ground in front of his brothers.

"Look at—thet," he panted.

Kalispel saw a thick slab of white quartz, brilliantly veined and belted with gold. It appeared to be the most beautiful inanimate object he had ever beheld. But he could not speak, and Jake strangled over incoherent words.

(Continued on page 48)

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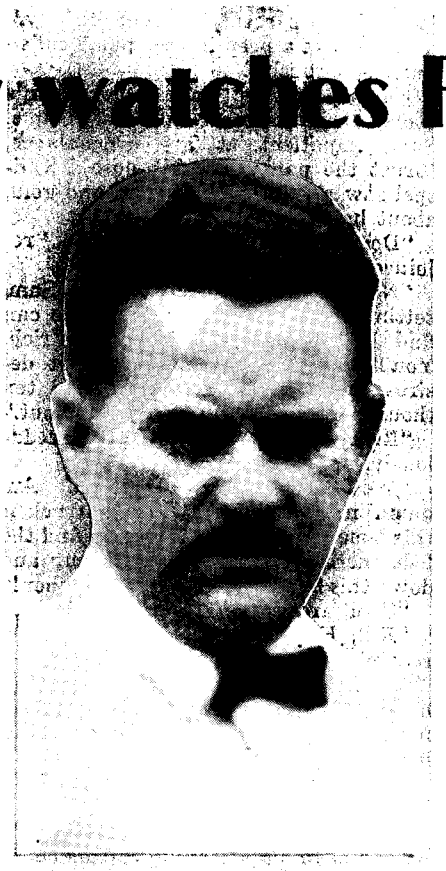
A Doctor Watches Football

By Bill Cunningham



Acme

Dr. Edward J. O'Brien was the referee of the Army-Yale game last October 24th. Here's his story of the accident which resulted in Cadet Sheridan's death—the first close-up of the tragedy. Eddie O'Brien, brilliant young Boston surgeon, has been a referee for twenty-six football seasons. He has four sons and hopes they all become football players

"Sons of Mars and Thunder!
Rip that line asunder,
And march on to VICTORY!"

TWELVE hundred and fifty West Point cadets were on their feet as one man; their stirring battle hymn echoed back from the red cliffs of West Haven. Across the field the Yale stands were roaring like a glorified madhouse. The eighty thousand spectators massed in the great Yale Bowl that crisp afternoon of last October twenty-fourth had just seen a dramatic but scoreless battle fractured by balancing touchdowns upon two successive plays.

Army had scored first with a brilliant maneuver after the game was three quarters old. Yale had immediately equalized when Dud Parker took the ensuing kick-off and raced eighty yards through the entire soldier team for a touchdown.

And now Army was preparing to kick again, while Yale deployed and waited for the ball. Down there on the field the referee, a stocky little figure in white shirt and knickers, shouted the routine, "Are you ready, Yale?" then, "Are you ready, Army?" The rival captains, two powerful tackles with shoulders like walking-beams, each lifted an arm that said "Yes."

A shrill whistle cut through the din from the stands, then BLOOP!—the sound of a heavy toe driven into taut leather—and there, in a high, arching parabola, went the tumbling ball.

The Army team raced into Yale territory on the trail of the ball. Down the side line, flying with the speed of the wind, came Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Jr., the Army's right end. "The grandest kid in the corps," Captain Walter Wells, the Military Academy's intelligence officer, had called him when he introduced me to him the previous week.

Ten yards to Sheridan's left raced Ray Stecker, the Army's fleet halfback. The kick curved to their side. Both players put on added speed. The nearer the receiver was dropped to the white gallows of Yale, the better the Army's chances of eventually gaining possession at midfield.

Down curved the ball into the outstretched arms of Yale's burly Bob Lassiter. His ticklish task now was to feint the first tacklers into false shots, thus clearing sprinting space for himself.

He made his first feint toward the flying Sheridan, then swung at a sharp angle toward Stecker. Simultaneously, both cadets launched their bodies into space. Good tackling calls for a hard, honest shot through the spot you think the runner will occupy. You may miss him yourself, but the chances are preponderant that you'll make him a stand-up target for somebody else.

Twice in a Lifetime

So both Sheridan and Stecker took that hard, honest shot. Both, after a fashion, connected. All three bodies went crashing to earth in a terrific spin. Two of the players dragged themselves to their feet as their team-mates ran up and the officials plowed in. The third lay still.

It was Sheridan, "the grandest kid in the corps."

Instantly, the referee was on his knees beside the stricken boy. That referee is a doctor. From Sunday to Friday night, through the fall of the year, he is the very professional Dr. Edward J. O'Brien, rated as one of Boston's most brilliant young surgeons. But from Friday night until Sunday morning he is Eddie O'Brien, rated generally by coaches, players and football throngs as the best referee in the East and one of the best in America.

Dr. O'Brien's quick eye had noted a bluish tint creeping into the pale face of the unconscious cadet and a difficulty about his breathing. Into the mind of the doctor flashed the memory of a similar scene in a Dartmouth-Vermont game nineteen years before. That distant day, upon Hanover Plain, he, as now, was the referee. He was only a struggling young medical student then and the few dollars he collected by refereeing football games were helping finance his medical education.

That day, as here, upon such a play—a kick-off—a Vermont player had been stunned in an effort to tackle. A well-meaning but inept gentleman was dousing water into the face of his stricken gladiator and vigorously slapping the palms of his hands.

When O'Brien finally strolled over for a look at the boy he saw that, despite the trainer's now faltering ministrations, the face of the player was slowly turning black. This meant to the medical student but one thing—suffocation.

Taking instant command, he found the boy's teeth clenched tighter than a steel trap. Using his referee's whistle, the only instrument available, he succeeded in prying the lad's teeth apart and further rapid investigation revealed that the player had swallowed his tongue. This condition was instantly remedied, consciousness quickly came back after artificial respiration, and a few deep breaths and the boy was as good as new in short order.

A picture of this flashed across the surgeon's memory now as he knelt beside the stricken Sheridan. A quick investigation revealed, however, that his jaws were relaxed. Whipping a clean handkerchief out of his pocket, the doctor wrapped his hand in it and took the cadet's tongue in his fingers. There was absolutely no nervous or muscular reaction. To the medical man this said that the phrenic nerves had been paralyzed and this meant serious injury—perhaps a broken neck.

Surgeon or Referee?

Moving the other players away from where the boy lay, Dr. O'Brien—the surgeon now and no longer the referee—ordered the Army trainer to apply artificial respiration until help could come from the bench. The Army coaches, with no idea of the seriousness of the situation, sent four husky cadets galloping on from the side lines. As quietly as possible, lest panic of a sort might be created, Dr. O'Brien halted the four substitutes and sent them back for a stretcher. A man with a broken neck or a fractured skull must be moved with the greatest care.

As they carried Sheridan to the side lines, the two professional personalities of the surgeon-referee came into sharp and sudden conflict. Everything in his medical training urged him to go with the stricken boy to wherever they should carry him. Yet here all around him hung the suspended scenery of a feature football game of the year. Eighty thousand spectators, twenty-two players, and three other officials were waiting for the game to go on. For a moment the surgeon triumphed over the referee, and the doctor was upon the point of flinging his whistle as far as he could throw it and leaving the game to

(Continued on page 44)

Cadet Richard Sheridan was fatally injured in making the now outlawed flying tackle. This picture shows him practicing the tackle early last season

Keystone-Underwood

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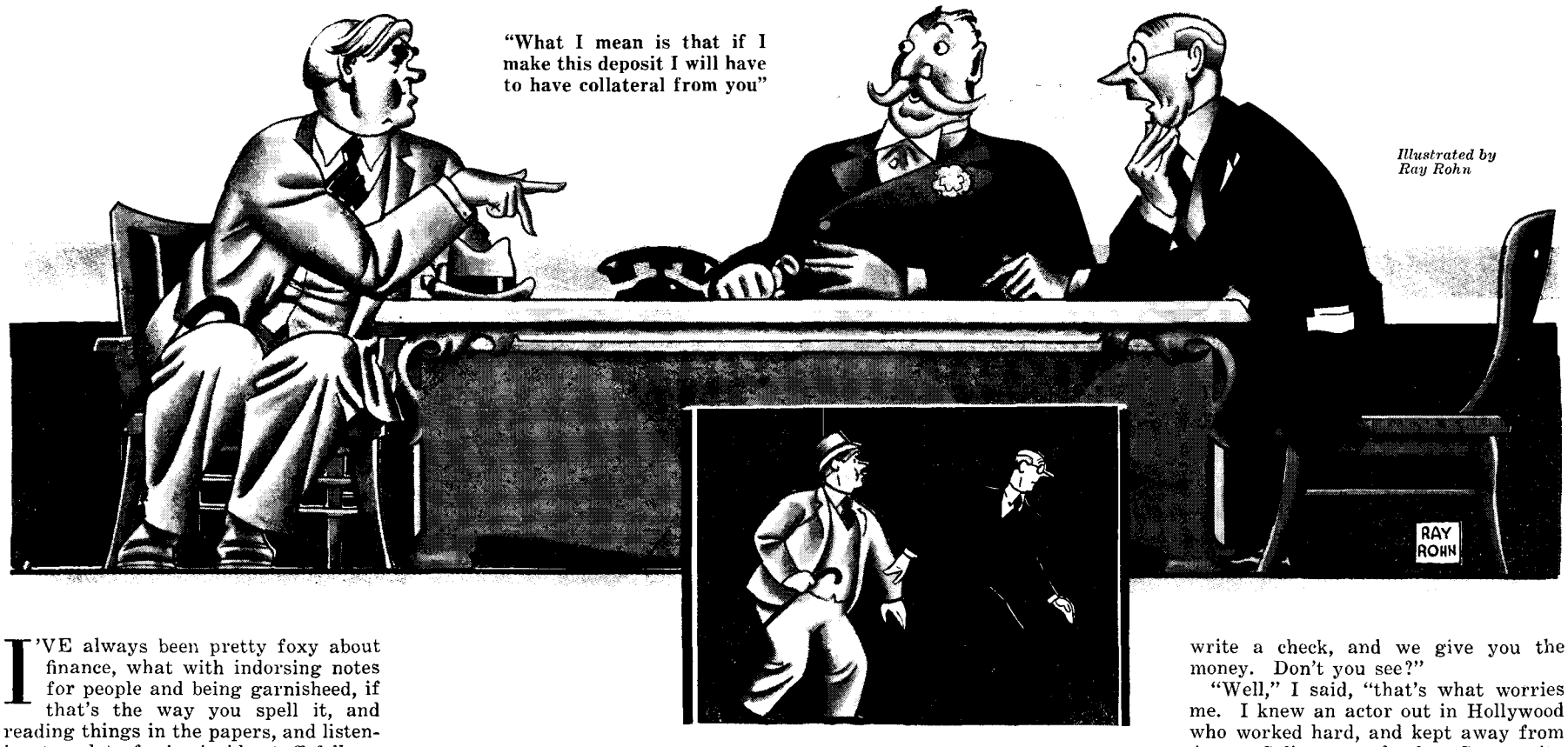


"What I mean is that if I make this deposit I will have to have collateral from you"

Illustrated by Ray Rohn

A Financial Deal

By Don Marquis

I'VE always been pretty foxy about finance, what with indorsing notes for people and being garnisheed, if that's the way you spell it, and reading things in the papers, and listening to a lot of wise inside stuff fellows are always spilling to you. So when I got back from ten weeks' work in Hollywood with ten one-hundred-thousand-dollar bills pinned with a gold safety pin inside my monogrammed shirt, and was giving out interviews telling what's wrong with the art of the cinema, I made up my mind I'd be pretty careful with that money.

But the safety pin got to rubbing sore spots on me here and there, and I was not getting any sleep, thinking of that money wadded up under my pillow, and wondering if people in speakeasies were sort of sensing that I had it on me, and so I listened very thoughtfully when a taxi-driver said to me one night: "I tell you what I'd do if I was you: I'd put that million dollars into a bank somewheres."

So I went into a bank, and a man in a kind of Confederate uniform began to get suspicious of me after a while, and turned me over to an official whose desk was right out in the open, with no screens around it or anything, and he wanted to know what I wanted.

"Well," I said, "I'd like a private room."

"Huh?" he said.

"It would be just a little embarrassing to me," I explained, "to take my shirt off right out here on the main floor of the bank with everybody coming and going."

I tapped the bulge on my chest where the money was pinned, in a knowing, significant kind of way. He twigged at once. He was a vice president, it turned out, and he had a long, sensitive kind of nose that twitched when he was on the same street with money. So he said:

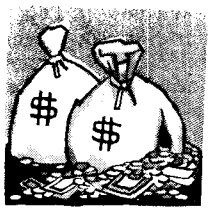
"How much of it have you got on you?"

"A million," I answered. I added: "A cool million." "Cool" seemed to me to be impressive.

THE man turned pale. His hand went out automatically, his fingers working horridly, as if he would tear the shirt right off of me. I dodged. "A private room, or nothing," I said firmly.

"Come to the president's private office at once," he cried hoarsely. And he scuttled off in front of me, murmuring: "A million, a cool million."

The president was a baldish gentleman with the face of a postgraduate stud-poker player; but when he found that there was an actual million in cash in the same room with him, the cords in his neck quivered and he began to tremble all over. In a moment he got control over himself and began to talk rapidly about interest on savings accounts, and investments he could put me wise to, and trust funds he could fix up so I need never touch any of the money myself again, and a lot of things like that I didn't understand.



"But what I want to know about is the collateral," I said.

"Collateral?" He looked puzzled.

"I'm not such a greenhorn about banks as you may think I am," I said. "Once I went into a bank and tried to borrow some money, and they asked me: 'Where is your collateral?' I didn't have any, and so they wouldn't lend it to me. How about the collateral for this deposit?"

"I'd put that million into a bank"

"But you don't have to put up any collateral with us in order to leave your deposit," he said. "All you need to do is to give us good references, and leave the money." Just like that.

"I guess you don't understand what I mean," I said. "What I mean is that if I make this deposit I will have to have collateral from you."

The president and the eighteenth vice president who had brought me in to him looked startled, and their mouths dropped open. It seems I had sprung an entirely unfamiliar idea on them.

"But that isn't the way it works," they said. They smiled reassuringly. "When you deposit money in a bank, the bank doesn't give you collateral."

"Why not?" I inquired.

"That isn't the way it's done."

"But it should be," I said. "They take my money. And what do I get?"

"You get a record of the deposit," the president said. "And a check book so you can draw against it."

"That doesn't seem to me to be enough," I replied. "When I went to that bank, years ago, to get some money, they wouldn't let me have it because I didn't have collateral."

"Naturally that bank wouldn't give you money without collateral," said the president. "You didn't have any money in that bank, did you?"

"Well, you haven't got any money in me right now, either," I said. "It seems to me that what is fair for one is fair for the other. Why should I give you that million I slaved a whole ten weeks for—practically a lifetime of effort, if you know anything about moving pictures—unless you put up something against it which is worth a million?"

"But you don't seem to comprehend at all," said the president. "You have your money on deposit with us, and when you want to use some of it you write a check, and we give you the money. Don't you see?"

"Well," I said, "that's what worries me. I knew an actor out in Hollywood who worked hard, and kept away from Agua Caliente and the Community Chest, and didn't buy any stock in the company he worked for, and came home nights, and he saved two million dollars, and it was a little nest egg for him, and he was planning to get a new divorce and get married and live happily ever after; and he took that money and deposited all of it in a bank. And they gave him a check book, just like you said. And one day he wrote a check and went around to the bank with it, and they wouldn't give him any money, after all. They said that bank was closed. And they never did give him any of it; and now he can't afford a divorce or anything, and his life is practically ruined."

"I can explain what must have happened very easily," said the president cheerily. "You see, that bank had failed. You understand that, don't you?"

"IN a way I do," I replied. "But not completely. I've been figuring on it, though. And it seems to me that if the bank had put up collateral with him, at the time he made his two-million-dollar deposit, he wouldn't have lost everything he had, even if the bank did fail."

"But it's never done," they cried.

I buttoned my shirt up again, and arose. "I don't want to seem hard-boiled," I said; "at least, not offensively so. But it's got to be done that way with me."

I went to a dozen or so other banks before I found one which was willing to put up collateral to get hold of my million dollars; and then one came across in a big way. They took my million and gave me a check book and bushels and bushels of collateral, big clothes hampers full of it. When it was dumped in my little apartment there wasn't room to sleep or eat or shave.

Then something happened to the bank, and the first thing I knew I found that I owned all those concerns which were represented by the collateral. And now I'm in a terrible mess, because all those concerns owed money to everybody, and I am being dunned for the money they owed, because now I own them. I will think a long time before I go to Hollywood again and come back with another million dollars. Somebody even got the shirt. I have stuck to a few plain, simple, workable financial principles all my life, and it has always resulted in somebody's getting my shirt.

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You can avoid Taxes

The men who made the new tax bill, which irks everybody, were afraid of November 8th. Fear made the bill so obscure that Internal Revenue experts actually have had to show many of us how to avoid taxes. Mr. Shepherd combs out the tangle in this article and shows why the bill must be changed

By William G. Shepherd

SO YOU'RE trying to dodge our new taxes, are you? And your wife is helping you. Maybe, for instance, she's playing the one-check trick and you praise her brains and somewhat doubtfully let her do it. You know what a successful trick that is. She used to sit down and write little monthly checks to one and all to pay the family bills. And then, at the cost of several two-cent stamps, she'd mail off the little checks, and bill-paying for the month would be over. But now see what the thrifty little woman does; see how she dodges that tax of two cents on each check. She totals up the family bills and cashes one check for the entire sum. She does not *mail* the cash to each one of your creditors. A postage stamp used to cost two cents, now it costs three. So she carries the cash to each storekeeper and pays him in person.

It used to cost only two cents to make and mail a check; now it costs five cents. The overhead of the check-using system has increased 150 per cent. No wonder your wife stopped it. The government loses even that two cents, in postage, which she used to use for each check.

Well, never mind. Everybody else is trying the same sort of dodging in various ways. And most of them are not succeeding any more than you are, if that's any comfort. However, it's fun trying, for the new tax bill was a hurried hodgepodge, with just enough seeming loopholes in it to taunt you and almost all of us into trying to beat it, here and there. But we won't. We won't beat it any farther than Congress or the Federal Tax Bureau wants us to. In the face of one of the most gosh-almighty national efforts on record to slip past Uncle Sam's tax collectors, this writer, after due and most painstaking examinations at the seat of taxation in Washington, reports that none of us is succeeding and that none of us will. We're paying whenever and whatever Uncle Sam really wants us to pay and we shall continue to do so.

The funny part of it all is that we ever attempted to dodge these new taxes. I spent many hours in an office in Washington where both the evading and the avoiding of taxes come to the surface. Let's see what we all have really been trying to do. In the first place we have all acted as if Uncle Sam were some blundering individual who was trying to put something over on us. There wasn't much sense in this, as I saw the picture in that office. We behaved as if Uncle Sam were some sort of dictator who had gotten himself, and incidentally us, into a peck of trouble, and that he was now putting the bee on us by forcing us to help him out of the mess. He might have been some meddling outsider, like the Corsican Napoleon was to France, or the Austrian Hitler is to Germany, for all we cared!

We've all been acting as if Uncle Sam were someone else than ourselves. We individually divided the United States into two parts:

1. Uncle Sam.
2. Me.

Well, however we've tried to divide it, our plans won't work. Uncle Sam, who is all of us, needs the money (which means that all of us need it) and he's going to get it. We ourselves have set up the machinery and given him the power by means of which he *will* get it.

Your Unknown Friend

But what a lunge we all did make to dodge the tax bee back there in July and August, when the taxes were new! Some of our amazing efforts will be described later on. We were all in on it. Your wife, for instance, was probably as desperate a would-be avoider as the biggest oil company.

In the Internal Revenue office in Washington, we Americans, though most of us may not know it, have also set up machinery which serves just as effectively to protect us from unjust or unintended taxation as it does to impose fair taxes. We have guarded our pocketbooks against this strange rowdy, Uncle Sam. It wouldn't be safe to let a cruel old wretch like him have his complete way with us.

Probably you've never heard of the "Isham decision." All of the Internal Revenue experts know of it. It's part of their Bible in collecting taxes. True enough, it was old Uncle Sam's Supreme Court that rendered the decision, but that must have been done when the old dictator was asleep or carousing or something.

This decision declares that you are not committing a crime when you seek to avoid taxes by legal means. *Avoiding* taxes is not a crime. But *evading* taxes is a crime. They took great pains in the Internal Revenue office to make this clear to me. When your wife cashes one good-sized check, for instance, on the first of the month, pays a two-cent tax on it and then carries around jots of cash from store to store to pay the family bills, she's avoiding taxes—or thinks she is. That's perfectly legal. You may take the word of the United States Supreme Court itself for this. It's this way:

Way back in 1864, when we had a two-cent stamp tax on checks to help fight the Civil War, the government took a notion that a certain young man in Negaunee, Michigan, or his business associates in New York, were trying to cheat it out of taxes.

This young man was a humble fellow; only an iron company's superintendent, but what a soft tax cushion that young man made for all of us—after a hard fight. The sum involved was only five dollars. But young Mr. E. B. Isham had drawn a *draft* for five dollars on his company in New York, trying to cheat, you see, by not using a taxable check.

Well, he didn't go to jail for it, though he did have to go clear up to the United States Supreme Court in Washington.

The Supreme Court grew almost indignant in the young iron man's favor. He hadn't committed any crime. And what was more, the high court itself, in that noted decision, gave a tip to Americans how they might legally avoid, at times, the check tax. This tax was a two-cent stamp on every check over twenty dollars. Just to help show how young Isham had *legally* avoided the tax, the high court went on to say that —watch these words—"a careful individual" who owed twenty dollars had the legal right to pay his debt by handing his creditor two checks of ten dollars each, *and yet pay no tax*. He might do this, the court said, habitually and persistently, and yet be subject to no legal censure.

This famous decision is a cushion or a bumper that has saved many an individual or corporation from catastrophes.

It means that if there are any legal ways of avoiding taxes you have a right to take them.

Look for a Way Out

By being stupid or lazy, you may pay unnecessary taxes; taxes which Congress in making the new tax bill never intended you should pay. Or, on the other hand, by being the sort of "careful individual," mentioned by the nine eminent gentlemen in black robes, you have a right to seek out legal ways of avoiding payment of taxes to the government. "Don't be a dumb-bell, blindly stumbling into tax payments," was what the decision meant—"use your brains."

But don't use your brains to lie or cheat or hide facts. That's evading taxes; and that is criminal.

The experts in the Internal Revenue office have the duty, in making out their tax decisions, of trying to work out what Congress really intends when it passes any certain tax measure. The law says they must try to do this. This allows a slack for a taxpayer that is often a godsend. This office decides, if you get in a tax jam, or if you ask it a question about your taxes, whether you are merely being a "careful individual"; whether you are being a lazy, stupid taxpayer, who'd rather pay than worry, or whether you're hiding facts and trying to cheat.

A striking instance: How about that payment, Mr. Farmer, that your coöperative gives you for your produce? Or, the payment you get daily from the dairy? Or from the cannery? Or the elevator? Or what about the payment your wife gets for her eggs and butter? These payments are always made with pieces of paper, aren't they, just like

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You can have a good time dodging the new taxes, but you'll find that your old Uncle Sam isn't being fooled

Illustrated by J. N. Darling

checks? And checks of any sort must be taxed two cents each, mustn't they, regardless of size? These pieces of paper that bring you money at the bank, just as if they were checks, haven't been taxed at all, have they? I wonder if you've been thinking that someone—the bank or somebody—was taking a sneak on the government, by not taxing these "checks." Not at all. No one has evaded taxes in these cases.

The government knows all about it. This is a case of Uncle Sam, through the Internal Revenue office, helping people not to evade taxes but to avoid taxes that were not intended. It shows that he's not all gouge.

Congress, as we've seen from Mr. Isham's notable case, could not fix a limit on the size of checks for taxation. It was necessary to tax *all* checks regardless of size. And yet it would have been really a crime of stupidity to tax the farmer on the small and almost daily checks he and his wife receive for their produce. As stuff ripens from day to day or milk is produced from day to day, it must similarly be sold from day to day.

That more or less small daily sum, Mr. Farmer, is your equivalent of, let us say, a daily income. Congress, both Republicans and Democrats, didn't want to make you pay a daily tax; that would be as unfair as taxing wages or salaries at a daily rate, just as if pay day came every twenty-four hours.

There was great talk and argument in Congress over the question of not taxing checks of five dollars or less. This exemption was intended to protect the farmer or the firm that buys from him in small lots. But having those famous five-dollar checks of the Isham case in mind, Congress decided to tax all checks and leave it to the Internal Revenue office to protect the farmer.

That's exactly what the Internal Revenue office has done. Here's an example of a notable order for payment to a farmer, that was presented to Congress and copied into the Record:

> Main Office
> Washington C. H., Ohio
> THE BROWNELL CO.
> Poultry and Eggs
> Highest Prices for Quality
> No.....
> 1932
> Pay to the order of.....
> .....Dollars
> THE BROWNELL CO.
> Payable at the
> Washington Savings Bank
> Washington C. H., Ohio

This is *not* a check. And here's why, as Internal Revenue experts explained it to me:

It is *not* an order to the bank to draw on the company's deposits in the bank for a certain sum of money. That would make the document a taxable check. It merely says that the sum is "payable" at that bank. And the document is not negotiable or transferable.

"Technically," one of the Internal Revenue experts told me, "if the company or the farmers' coöperative or the dairy does not authorize the bank to charge its account with any such instruments and the bank is not under obligation to pay them there is no tax liability, even though the bank pays the farmer from its own funds.

"At the end of the day the bank adds together the sum of all such requests that have been granted and notifies the company or the coöperative of the total. The company then draws one all-inclusive check on its account in the bank for the day's business, puts a two-cent tax on this check and repays the bank."

There you have it—Uncle Sam himself helping you to avoid taxes.

Congress, in fixing the check tax, worked on the theory that the size of the average check is about $175. They expected the government to collect about $95,000,000 a year in check taxes. But after the system had been operating for about two months there were doubts of reaching this mark.

Your wife, by cashing one good-sized check, and motoring around with the cash to pay her bills at the rate of one cent a gallon tax on her gasoline and four cents a gallon on oil, to say nothing of two and one-fourth cents a pound tax on tires and four cents a pound tax on inner tubes—and the tax on the car itself—is not the only person who is legally avoiding check taxes. You may ask for a "counter check" at your bank, fill it out like a check and draw the cash, without paying check taxes. Some banks have a "receipt form" which a depositor may fill out, acknowledging that he has received a certain sum from his account. This is not taxable. I found one bank right in Washington which had such forms on an open desk in the lobby for the convenience of depositors. On them in prominent red letters appeared the words "Non-taxable."

As matters stand at this writing, with the tax law two months old, you can go to your bank in person and draw cash from your own account, without paying the check tax. But to do this you must not use a check form from your book; you must ask the bank for a counter check form or a special receipt form. Checks must be negotiable to be taxed. Pay no tax for drawing money, personally, from your savings account; the Internal Revenue experts tell me it does not expect you to do so. The bank will advise you.

Many banks, during the Spanish-American War, had checks printed with the stamps embossed on them and sold them, for the cost of the stamps, to depositors. Congress did not provide for the use of stamps this time because the check tax goes off July 1, 1933, and people might not want to have a lot of stamped check books left on their hands.

Fifteen Days of Grace

Your tax-avoiding wife, or your tax-avoiding self, for that matter, is as guilty as any of the big oil companies, or other great corporations, of trying to dodge Uncle Sam's bee. There was a gap of fifteen days between the passage of the tax bill and the beginning of its enforcement. Great oil companies rushed supplies of gasoline and lubricating oil into the hands of retailers to avoid the coming tax, for the law imposes no tax on goods that were in the hands of dealers on the opening day of enforcement. The movement of gasoline and oil was so far above normal during these fifteen days that it is estimated that about $19,000,000 in taxes was legally avoided for the public—if your filling station man didn't charge you a tax anyhow.

The larger tire makers of the country could have legally avoided a tax on rubber if Congress had imposed a tax on crude rubber. Some of the larger companies are said to have had supplies on hand sufficient for one or two years of operation. The smaller companies buy crude rubber from hand to mouth. Thus, if the tax had been placed on crude rubber, the larger companies would have been perhaps entirely freed of the rubber tax—for this tax applies for only two years—while the smaller companies would have been forced to pay it. This is why taxes were fixed on manufactured tires and tubes. It's a very high tax, some say unreasonably high: about seventeen per cent.

The big banks of the country did nothing wrong in advising wealthy clients, just before the tax went into effect, to hurry up during the intervening fifteen days and establish irrevocable trusts for their heirs. This would avoid a maximum tax of over thirty per cent on gifts or an estate tax, imposed on wills, of forty-five per cent on sums in excess of $10,000,000—a good and legal way to save many millions of dollars.

None of us did wrong, in a legal sense, in avoiding the effect of the new taxes. The only way any of us can go wrong is to evade them by misrepresentation.

Yet the fact remains that this hastily made tax bill has too many complications and too many loopholes. There is, too, much public misunderstanding about it. It is *not* a *retailer's* tax, but a manufacturer's tax.

There isn't a store-front in America that does not cover some perplexing tax puzzle. I know, because I asked a tax expert to stroll along a shopping street with me and point out the problems that various storekeepers are scratching their heads about.

A soda fountain came first.

"What's his tax problem?" I asked.

The expert laughed.

"It's one of the toughest of them all," he said. "The new tax law makes that soda fountain man a manufacturer. No wonder he's puzzled! You know that

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Sometimes it's a mule, sometimes it's a plow—and sometimes it's a woman. But the principle always remains the same

You've got to Rule 'em

By Roark Bradford

GILES never was a man to worry about the weather, but all his troubles this morning could be attributed to too much rain.

Ever since he became foreman of Little Bee Bend plantation he had been willing to let the Lord arrange the rain and sunshine as He saw fit. Giles was content to adjust as best he could the machine of fifty families of Negro share-croppers and a lot full of cotton mules to the Lord's pleasure. Occasionally, if the weather got "too tight," he would call on B'r Charlie for a prayer, one way or the other, but Giles was too practical-minded to believe for an instant that the Lord would listen to a mouthy, one-legged preacher-blacksmith for advice about how to run His business.

Yet as Giles rode along the turnrow in the "windmill" field he could blame every present worry on the fact that it had rained steadily for three weeks immediately after the cotton was planted.

"If," he soliloquized, "hit wan't nothin' but de grass in de cotton, us'd git dat in no time." The cotton was ankle-high and the Johnson grass half-knee-high; the cotton was receiving its first working and things were not going smoothly.

During those three weeks the croppers had waited for the fields to get dry enough to plow, a number of the younger men had "gone off to the hills" for adventure, and some of them had not returned. Giles knew they would be back in a day or so, and that he would "cuss them out" for being away. But that would not kill Johnson grass.

Likewise, the idleness had softened the muscles of the mules and the mules needed every ounce of muscle they could carry to pull a double shovel through the fields during the hot month of May. Now they would have to "go easy" for a few days until their muscles became tempered once more.

Probably the worst result of the rain was its effect upon the owner of the plantation. Giles was devoted to his "bossman," declaring time and again that he "got more sense den any *white* man I ever seed. He never bothers about de way I runs de place. He jest gits de rations hyar, and cusses a little when things gits slack. But he never wearies about how I handles de place."

Giles accepted the responsibility of operating the plantation, and he ruled the croppers with a firmness that bordered on fierceness. Of course the bossman had his jobs to do. The bossman had to arrange with the bank about getting money to buy rations with, and to buy mules and plows, and to pay the interest on the mortgage. But Giles ran the place.

THE long rainy spell, however, got the bossman restless. He cussed and reared and made himself ill-tempered. The feeling was quickly transmitted to the field hands, so they got restless and short-tempered too. Instead of sitting in the shelter and waiting for the Lord to send better weather, they fretted and worried. Talk got started that the bossman was going to turn cows into the grass. That would mean no cotton crop. No cotton crop meant no rations and no clothes. The men discussed rumors of wages in cash money being paid in "public works" that were supposed to be indefinitely situated "down the river," and the women talked of going to Shreveport and getting jobs in the laundry. The morale was low. Giles felt his grip slipping.

As soon as it got dry enough to plow, Giles started things going. He started things very well, considering. He started on a morning when the bossman had to stay in town on business. He got word scattered around that work was to start, and most of the men were on hand to catch their mules.

Giles tolled the men off in small groups of four or five whose crops were adjacent. Men worked in groups, and they "swapped work" in the various crops. One man would start plowing, the next would skip over ten rows, and so on, until all of them were distributed down the turnrow. As soon as a man finished his ten rows, he drove down beyond the last man, and began ten more rows.

Behind the men were the women and children. Each had a large eye-hoe and it was their business to chop the grass that was left on the narrow ridge left by the plows, and to thin the cotton to hoe-width.

Giles rode from field to field, inspecting work, ordering changes, adjusting plows, seeing that the mules were not made too hot, and seeing that every man, woman and child kept busy. He surveyed with a frowning glance the two-hundred-acre cut known as the "windmill" field. He could see nothing but grass. "I hates grass like Satan hates prayer," he grumbled. At the far side of the field, a group of women and children were hoeing. They seemed to be letting the plows gain on them too much. "But hit ain't no need in gittin' riled," he added. "Patience and work what hit take to git dis grass."

Nearer than the women, but a half-mile away, were the plowmen. They were going much faster than Giles expected. "Rushin' de mules, maybe," he figured, and he urged his horse to a faster running-walk. "I got to keep my patience to dey gits harded up, and den I'll make dese niggers eat grass."

As he rode up to the newly plowed furrows the odors of grass dying in the hot sun, the bitter-sweet scent of young cotton, and the freshly turned damp earth smote his nostrils. He sniffed, and studied the furrow. It had been plowed by Doc. Giles could identify the work of every man on the place, and he knew Doc's work would be all right. Doc was the best "all-around man" on the place. He could do anything, and always did it well.

Illustrated by Harry Burne

GILES urged his horse over ten rows, and looked at the work of the next man. He grinned appreciatively. "Nud sho' kin handle de fool outn a plow!" he exclaimed. He studied the graceful arch of fresh dirt against the young cotton. It was not too close, but just close enough. "He can't do nothin' else, but hit ain't de man been bawn which kin double-shovel like him!" He looked for another minute, feasting his soul upon the work of a profound artist. Then he moved over.

The next man's work made him frown. "Good thing de bossman don't see dis," he figured. "He'd git to cussin'

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"Don't leave yo' back door open," Giles cautioned. "Maybe Betsy don't keep me at home as much as she make out"

again, and things don't need cussin' today. Patience is what hit needs." He waited for five minutes until the man who was plowing the unsatisfactory furrows came to the turnrow.

"Take hit stiddy, Joe Boody," he said kindly. "Hit ain't in how many rows you and old Hawk gits plowed. Hit's in how good y'all plows 'em. Make Hawk wawk ha'fway betwixt de middle and de cotton, and dat'll make de plow drag about right. He'll wawk dat slant efn you makes him, but he'd druther wawk in de middle whar it's level. Rule yo' mule, son. Don't fight him, but rule him."

JOE BOODY grunted and turned his mule into the next row. "Gee, Hawk!" he commanded, and the mule veered to the right, walking on the side of the row.

"Dat's hit," encouraged Giles. "Make yo' off-plow clip dat grass mighty nigh right up ag'in' de cotton. But not too close."

The mule walked correctly for a few steps and then stepped back to the middle where walking was easier. Instead of making him get back, Joe Boody began struggling to hold the plow in place.

Giles rode on. "Old Joe Boody," he concluded, "never will rule a mule. But long as he kin pick five hund'd pounds er cotton a day in de fall, he kin plow for me any way he like." Giles had made that same excuse for Joe Boody's poor plowing each spring, and each fall he made a similar excuse for Nud's sorry cotton picking. Nud couldn't pick cotton any better than Joe Boody could plow.

When he got to the next man's work he drew rein sharply. "Now!" he exploded. "Do, Lawd, keep my hands offn dat nigger or else I'll kill him!" He struggled visibly to control his temper, and finally succeeded. "Jet," he said, "is de onliest absolutely downright *sorry* nigger on de place! He can't do *nothin' good!*" He looked down the row, determined to control his anger and at the same time longing lustily to put violent hands upon the man who had plowed the furrow.

Fifty yards away Jet, long, humped and shiftless, with his head between his shoulders and his mind a mile away from his work, shambled toward the end of the row. Giles waited until he drove up before he started talking.

"Nigger!" he yelled, "can't you see dat plow is beam-deep in de ground? Look at dat mule's sides heavin' for wind! Don't you know you'll kill old Shotgun, pullin' him like dat? Don't you know you's plowin' plumb *under* de grass? Don't—"

"Whoa, Shotgun," Jet drooled, and, suddenly realizing the foreman was talking to him, he looked and asked: "Say which, Mist' Giles?"

Giles got so mad he shook like he had a buck ague, but he held his patience.

"Jet," he said, his voice sounding much calmer than Giles felt. "Fou'teen years ago next June, comin', hit was a nigger named Jim Haley plowin' for me. Jim was plowin' jest ha'f as sorry as you is, and hit made me just ha'f as mad. So I hit Jim Haley wid my fist, jest one time."

Jet dropped his mouth open, asking the question without taking the trouble actually to say the words.

"I hit him so hard," Giles replied, "dat he's still mad at me."

Jet grinned. "Yessuh," he said slowly. "Is I'm plowin' bad?" He rolled his eyes lazily, inspecting his own work. "Hit don't look so good," he admitted, and, pulling his rope line, commanded: "Haw, Shotgun!"

"Wait," Giles instructed. His rage had spent itself and he was all business. "Let dat mule blow some more. And take dat plow outn de ground. Put dat buckhair clevis in de bottom hole and take up about two links er traces."

"Hit plows more easier when hit's deep," Jet started. But a look from Giles stopped him. He immediately began making the adjustments ordered, and Giles wheeled his horse and rode over to where the hoe hands were working. He studied the women and children for two full minutes before he spoke. He noted that Little Sook, who was in the fields her first time that morning was showing considerable promise, and that Bing and King, the Gailliard twins, who also were making their first appearance as workers, weren't doing so well, despite the minute instructions—and frequent canings—from the Widow Duck; that Mamie T, the best hoe hand on the place, was lagging behind—carrying a child that would be born before Christmas, maybe; that Widow Duck was making all hands chop clean, even if she couldn't make them move rapidly. In the brief survey he grasped every detail that would have any bearing upon the work that summer. Then, for the moment, he ceased being the foreman of a two-thousand-acre cotton plantation.

"Hy-dy, ladies," he greeted, as though he had just that instant come up.

A chorus of "Hy-dy, Mist' Giles" responded, with the children rolling their eyes in awe, and the women giggling as women do when Giles rides by.

"I swear, Widow Duck!" he exclaimed gallantly. "You's gittin' younger ev'y day you lives! You keep on, and I might ride by yo' house some night!"

THE Widow Duck, buxom and easy-going, chuckled devilishly. "Whatso ye sows, so shall ye reap. I'm home most ev'y night— You, Bing! Look what you doin'! Don't chop up so much cotton. You do right or I'm gonter whup you good!"

"Dat hoss er yo'n is mighty fat to git rid out at night," challenged Mamie T. "I bet you wouldn't take de trouble to put de saddle on him at night."

"Hit ain't de hoss keepin' Mist' Giles home at night," declared Charity. "Hit's Miss Betsy. She keeps him home *ev'y* night!"

Giles was surprised at this outburst. Charity was one of Grant's daughters, and Giles had forgotten that she was growing up. Last year she had been just a child. Now she was a grown woman. And she apparently knew what the other grown women knew: that Giles ever was a free talker with the women, but that he took it all out in talking.

"Don't leave yo' back door open, honey," Giles cautioned. "Maybe Betsy don't keep me at home as much as she make out like."

Charity snickered. "Efn you find my back door ain't open," she offered, "well, don't take time to knock. Jest pull de latch and wawk in."

Everybody laughed. "I swear, Charity is a *case!*" declared Widow Duck. "A natchal *case!*"

The laughter suddenly was interrupted by an ear-splitting shriek, and Little Sook doubled up, rolling and writhing in the furrow.

"Stepped on a buckthawn," announced Widow Duck. "Hyar, baby, hold still whilst I pulls hit out."

She caught at the child's foot, but Little Sook struggled away from her.

"Be still, now, honey," Widow Duck soothed. "Let Mis' Duckie git hit out," and she grabbed, gently but firmly, the child's ankle.

But Little Sook would not be soothed. She yanked away from Widow Duck once more. Widow Duck grabbed again, less tenderly this time, and Little Sook, now completely panicky from both pain and fear, jumped to her feet and ran.

GILES, who had watched in silence, immediately spurred his horse after the hysterical child. With almost a single movement, he swung from the saddle, grabbed Little Sook, threw her to the ground and sat astride her. He inspected the injured foot briefly, and noted that the thorn was driven in too deeply to be pulled out with his fingers.

With no more display of feeling than if he had been mending some broken harness, he took out his knife, opened the small blade, spat tobacco juice upon the blade and upon the wound, and then made a short, deep incision in Little Sook's foot. Little Sook shrieked once, and fainted.

Giles yanked the thorn out with his fingers. Then, in the same businesslike manner, he got up, lifting the child in his arms as he did, and mounted his horse.

"She'll be all O. K.," he promised over his shoulder as he rode off.

By the time Giles got to his house Little Sook had recovered from her faint, had sobbed heavily, and finally had fallen into a deep natural sleep. Giles rode up, stepped from the saddle to the porch, and walked in.

"Hyar, Betsy," he said, briefly. "She stuck a thawn in her foot and I had to go git hit wid my knife."

BETSY was seated at her sewing machine. On the floor by her were bolts and bolts of canvas "Lowells" and a pile of finished cotton-pickers' sacks. Without a word, she got up, took Little Sook from her husband, and laid the child on her bed. Then she brought a basin and a kettle of water from the kitchen, and bathed the wound.

"Purty bad," she commented. "Did you tell Crickett and Big Sook?"

"Naw," said Giles. "Crickett plowin' in de Roos fawty and Sook is choppin' on New London."

The foreman's wife applied some iodine and made a dressing. Giles watched for a while, and then inspected the completed cotton sacks.

"Make most of 'em ten foot long," he ordered. "And de rest of 'em eight. Ev'body gonter got to bear down dis fall when pickin' gits goin', and hit ain't gonter be no grown fo'ks draggin' nothin' less 'n a ten-foot sack. Only de chilluns gits eights." He looked over the detailed work in one sack, and found it excellent. "And make one fou'teen foot long for Joe Boody," he added. "Dat boy can't plow much, but de way he kin pick cotton is a song in my soul. And I don't want to weary him wid

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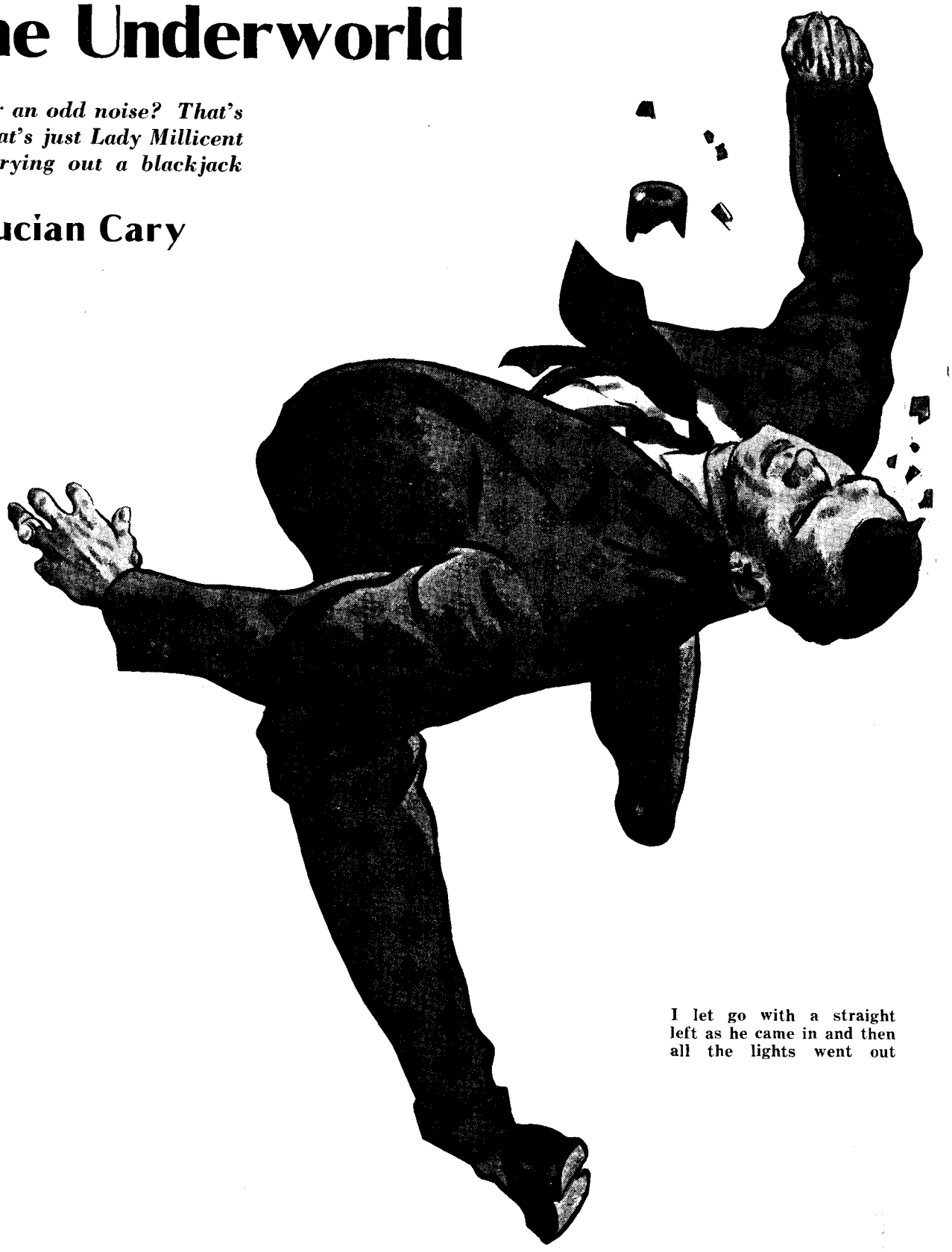
So this is the Underworld

Did you hear an odd noise? That's nothing. That's just Lady Millicent in Chicago trying out a blackjack

By Lucian Cary



I let go with a straight left as he came in and then all the lights went out

I FOUND Spike O'Donnell in that Loop restaurant that is preferred by detectives and politicians and actors. Spike had dined well. He was smoking a large cigar. He was clearly at peace with the world. But there was a strip of adhesive tape on his temple and now and again he rubbed the top of his head tenderly with the tip of his forefinger, as if tracing the outlines of a sore spot.

"What's the matter with your head?" I asked. "Did somebody bop you?"

"Love," he said, "is a wonderful thing."

"It's a wonderful thing for the newspaper business," I said.

"Listen," Spike O'Donnell said, "and I'll tell you about a mistake I made. You can't print it in the papers but at least you'll have the satisfaction of knowing the inside story."

A week ago, come Sunday, I got a call to go and see George H. Ainsworth, the banker, on Astor Street. He was walking up and down one of these libraries that look like the inside of a church. Old oak, stained-glass windows and that sort of stuff.

He was an awful fussy little man. He says to me, "O'Donnell, I hear you're the best bodyguard in Chicago." I says that's right, that's what they pay me for. Did you ever notice that these guys that sling millions around get excited when you say it'll cost them a hundred a week and expenses? Ainsworth says to me, he says, this ain't no dangerous mission.

Just then the butler dragged in a young fellow with a snub nose and freckles.

"So," this Ainsworth says, "it's you, is it?"

"YES," the young fellow says, "it's me." You could see he wished he was somewheres else.

"O'Donnell," the big shot says, "this is my nephew, David Cook."

"Pleased to meet you," I says.

"How d'you do," this young chap says, very pleasant.

"Now," Ainsworth says, "the situation is this: My wife and daughter are in Majorca. I have cabled them to come home but they can't get here in much less than ten days. Everybody I know that might be useful is out of town. And Lady Millicent is arriving tomorrow noon."

He fumbles around in the papers on his table and hauls out a cablegram and a letter. "It seems," he says, "that my wife invited the girl to visit us in Chicago and her mother has accepted and sent her on. I have never seen her. All I know about her is that she is twenty-one, that she comes of a noble but impoverished family, and that she is the champion golfer of her section.

"David here can play golf if he cannot do anything else. He will entertain Lady Millicent until my wife and daughter arrive. And you, O'Donnell, will follow her wherever she goes and see that nothing untoward happens to her. Is that clear?"

"Yes," I says.

"It is very clear," Cook says, "except that—"

"Except what?" his uncle says.

"Except that I can't believe she needs a bodyguard."

"I wish," his uncle says, "to assure myself that Lady Millicent is as safe in Chicago as she would be at home. Most important people in Chicago have bodyguards, whether you know it or not."

So, after a lot more talk about expenses and cars and this and that, Cook and I left. He says to me, "Where do you live?" I told him I live on the South Side in Fifty-fourth Place. He says he lives even farther south so we will now put a taxicab on our expense accounts.

On the way out he sits in the cab smoking cigarettes, very glum. I says, "Cheer up, my boy. It's pretty soft taking a girl places on somebody else's money." He says, "Did you ever see a lady golf champion?" I says, "No." He says, "Most of them are much bigger and stronger than I am. I do not desire to lead lady wrestlers around, no matter who pays the check. You may like Amazons but I am for less powerful girls."

WHEN the Lady Millicent got off the train the next day I looked for this Cook to take notice. Because the Lady Millicent was no lady wrestler but as sweet a little blonde as you could find anywhere. She couldn't have been more than five feet two and she couldn't have weighed much more than a hundred pounds and every pound was in the right place. I says to myself, there is a lady if there ever was one. This young Cook was polite enough but you could see he wasn't interested.

They had lunch at the Drenton Hotel and then we started for Onwentsia in this Ainsworth's roadster, with me and the golf clubs in the rumble. After a couple miles I heard the Lady Millicent say, "Mr. Cook, are you dead set on playing golf this afternoon?" He says, "Is there something you would rather do?" She says, "Yes." She says that she can play golf in England or anywhere else but that she has understood that in Chicago one may see battles between gangsters and that she would prefer seeing such a battle to any golf.

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Illustrated by Mario Cooper

Cook says, "Lady Millicent, somebody has been spoofing you. While I must admit that there have been battles between gangsters in Chicago, they are no commoner here than in most large cities, and are, in fact, very rare. I have lived in Chicago all my life and I have never yet seen a gang battle."

"Oh," she said, "I am frightfully disappointed."

SO WE drove on to Lake Forest and they played eighteen holes and he beat her by two strokes and he was much friendlier on the way back. In fact, anybody sitting in a rumble seat could see that they were very good friends.

"This has been very nice," she said, when he pulled up in front of the house on Astor Street. "Positively topping. But I am still wondering if it would not be possible to see some gangsters—I mean when they are not shooting." She turned around to me. She says, "O'Donnell, I am sure you know where we could see a gangster." "Yes, miss," I says. "I know a couple of places where they hang out. You could go to one of these places for dinner."

"Oh," she said, "how perfectly ripping!"

I explained to her that it would not be necessary to dress and while we waited for her to change, this young Cook says to me, "Where were you thinking of going, Spike?" I says to Joe Spinelli's place. He says, "I have often been there and I have never noticed any gangsters." I says that is because he would not know a gangster if he saw one. He says doubtless that is the explanation. Then he said he had to telephone and he went into the library. When he came back he said we were to take the limousine instead of the roadster.

When we got to Joe Spinelli's place Lady Millicent said to me, "O'Donnell, please dine with us and then you can point out the gangsters to us."

So I sat down and had dinner with them. I saw Hymie Weinberger with his girl and I told the Lady Millicent about them. And then I saw Abie the Gyp and Red Mulligan. I told her about them. I want to say she was one nice little woman. When she looked up at me with those blue, trusting eyes of hers my heart sort of turned over.

Then she asked me who the black-haired gangster in the gray flannel suit was—the one who had just come in. I said I did not know but I would try to find out. This guy changed his table so he could look right at the Lady Millicent. She looked at him and smiled, and the next thing I knew he came over to our table and sat down beside her.

THIS Cook took it all right. He leaned forward and said, "Mr.—?"

"Brown," this guy says.

"Mr. Brown," Cook says, "I should like to present you to the Lady Millicent Twelvetrees." And then he introduced the guy to me and ordered a drink for him. And Lady Millicent turned to him and said, "Mr. Brown, haven't you a nickname like the other men in this place?"

He gave her a kind of sidelong glance.

"Yes, Lady Millicent," he said, "I have. My friends call me Benny the Wop."

"Oh," she said, "may I call you Benny?"

He sort of bowed and said, "Lady Millicent, you may call me anything you like."

"Then," she said, "I shall call you Benny and I wish you would call me Milly."

He raised his glass and said, "To your blue eyes, Milly."

She bowed to him and smiled and said, "Benny, do you ever pause in your pursuit of murder to do simple things such as dancing?"

And this guy says, "Milly, there has never been anything in my life half so important as dancing with you."

Then Lady Millicent said "Let's go."

On the way out I had a chance to stop long enough to speak to the bartender and ask him who this guy was. He sort of grinned and said, "That's Benny the Wop." I says, "What gang?" The bartender shook his head. "Come on," I says, "you know me." And he says, "I know you all right but I don't know this guy's gang—except—" "Except what?" I says. He says, "All I know is he lives down around University Avenue."

So we went out to the North Side looking for a band that this Cook liked. They got a table, the three of them, and I hung around as close as I could, and this Benny the Wop dances every dance with Lady Millicent. And I never saw two people dance together better or with more enjoyment. But I begin to see that this was too much of a good thing and where does it stop? So while Lady Millicent is dancing with Benny the Wop I get this Cook's eye and beckon him outside.

"Look here," I says, "this may be a lot of fun for the Lady Millicent and something to tell the other girls about when she gets back to England, but this guy really is Benny the Wop and how are we going to get rid of him, because he doesn't seem to know that she is just slumming? He has fallen for the girl."

"What would you suggest, Spike?" this Cook says.

"Well," I says, "one thing I would suggest is that if you are half a man you will cut in on this guy and give him a chance to find out that he is not ace-high."

"Suppose he doesn't like it?" this Cook says.

"Well," I says, "what if he doesn't? You don't think he is going to pull any rough stuff in this place, do you? And, besides, I am here to protect you."

"Very well, Spike," he says, "it is up to you. I object to being drilled by a gangster but with you it is a business."

I SAW it was no use to talk to him. So I waited. When the place closed up they all went out to get in the car. I was right there. I handed the Lady Millicent in. Then I motioned to Cook to get in. And when he was in I turned on this guy Benny and I says, "We are now going home, Mr. Brown."

"O'Donnell," the Lady Millicent said, "we were thinking of going places and we would like to have Benny come too."

"Lady Millicent," I said, "I regret to say that I have orders from Mr. Ainsworth to protect you. I don't want this Benny along."

And I leaned over and whispered in Benny's ear, "I got you covered."

Lady Millicent leaned out of the car. "I'm so sorry, Benny," she said. She held out her hand to him. And he kissed her hand. "Until we meet again," he said, "I shall think of nothing but your eyes."

So then he said, "Good night, Cook, and thank you very much," and he turned to me and said, "Good night, O'Donnell, and thank you, too."

When we got back to Astor Street I told the Lady Millicent that such men were not the kind she should be nice to.

"But, O'Donnell," she said, "he was so amusing and such a good dancer."

"That's all right," I said. "But if that man turns up again you must let him know immediately that he is not in your class or he will make trouble and perhaps shoot somebody."

"O'Donnell," she said, "I am frightfully sorry if I have caused you anxiety."

"That's all right," I says.

On the way home I gave this Cook a piece of my mind. He didn't say a word no matter what I called him for about twenty blocks and then he turned on me and says, "O'Donnell, you bore me. Would you take twenty bucks to stick around by yourself tomorrow night while the Lady Millicent and I go places?"

"I would not," I says.

"Then you are not as bright as I thought you were," this Cook says. "Because you will find yourself sticking around by yourself without any twenty bucks to ease the pain."

WELL, the next night they had the limousine around again and I got up beside the chauffeur and this Cook says to drive out Michigan Avenue and on to the South Shore Country Club. So we ran along and I figured he would try to lose me at the club. And I would still have been figuring that if I hadn't heard the door when we were stopped by a traffic light. Those two got out of the car and ran across the street and flagged a taxi going north.

"Boy," I says to the chauffeur, "here's where you do some driving or lose your job."

He did the driving. After about ten miles in and around the North Side that taxi stopped in front of a place in Rush Street. I told the chauffeur to pull up. When they had gone in I followed them. It was just about the classiest speakeasy in Chicago. I waited a few minutes and then I went up and told the doorman who I was.

The second room, if you know the place, has a bar along one side and a row of booths along the other. Each

(Continued on page 32)

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The Lonely Voyage

One of the weirdest sea stories ever told—and one which will serve to illustrate the truism that what the world regards as failure may be something quite different

By W. Townend

IS Captain Bradley on board?" I said.

The watchman, an elderly man with a weather-beaten face, took his pipe from his mouth and shook his head.

"No," he said, "I've not seen him this evening, sir."

"I'll wait, then," I said. "He told me to meet him here."

It was dusk and very cold. Dark clouds obscured the sky. A keen wind whistled across the docks from the Bristol Channel.

"Blowin' up for a dirty night," said the watchman. "You'd better come into the galley, sir. It's warm there, at least."

We sat side by side on a bench opposite the stove with our backs to the bulkhead.

"Snug in here, isn't it?" said the watchman. "Would you be carin' for a cup o' tea, sir?"

I said no, I'd had tea already, and thanked him.

"Just as you like, sir," he said.

He stretched out his thin hands to the red glow of the fire. His wrinkled, lean, square-jawed face was illumined by the reflection from the grate. He was old and, I judged, not very prosperous or robust, yet when he turned and grinned at me I saw in his mild, gray eyes an expression of almost boyish contentment. Here, I thought, was a man who enjoyed what life had brought him. I wondered why.

"On all night?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, on all night."

"Don't you find it very lonely on board ship by yourself?" I inquired.

"Lonely!" he said. "With a dozen ships within hail and the cars running along Bute Street! What makes you think I'd be lonely by myself?"

I HEARD a scuffling in the corner of the galley and by the light of the oil lamp fixed on the bulkhead above our heads I saw a huge gray rat watching us with little bright eyes.

"Look at that rat!" I said and clapped my hands.

The rat vanished and the watchman smiled at me.

"You object to rats, sir?" he said.

"I hate the things."

"I've known worse company than rats."

"Oh!" I said. "And where was that?"

"On board ship." The watchman no longer smiled. His face was grave. "You don't understand, of course. But I was all alone except for the rats. That was why I welcomed their society."

"Was this when you were a watchman on board ship?"

"No, sir, it was when I was a captain."

The way he spoke, no less than what the old chap said, startled me. I felt that he was struggling against a desire to talk. I felt that he wished to tell me something about himself yet was afraid that I might laugh at him.

"You were captain of a ship," I said, "and there was no one on board but you?"

"That's quite correct, sir," he said. "Quite. There was no one on board but me. There were hundreds of rats, though."

"And where was this?"

"THE Indian Ocean, sir. Far away south. Bound from Adelaide to London River."

"And you really mean there was no one on board the ship but yourself?"

"I mean just that, sir," he said, and uttered a little laugh. "You think I'm making it up, don't you? I don't blame you, exactly. Why should I? If I said I was once in command of a fine big steamer, who'd believe me? No one in Cardiff, I'm sure. Fellows would say: 'Don't you believe a word old Jack Hubbard says! He's a liar. He was a second mate before his health broke down, and nothing else.' But that's not so, sir. I was captain. I had command of a ship near as big as this. And now — now, sir, I'm watchman — and happy—happier than ever before."

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

I didn't understand a word. I felt weak and sick. I said: "Nan, what are you talking about?"

"Happy!" I said, staring at him. "Why not?"

For some minutes the strange, whimsical old man was silent and then he said:

"My experience is it don't do a man no good to talk, especially about himself. I never talk. I makes it a rule. Because if I once begun, I'd go on and on and never stop, not this side o' Davy Jones' locker. That's my opinion, to say no more of it." He broke off abruptly and once more sat silent. He gazed into the fire and seemed to be considering whether to tell me his story or not. Presently he said: "What you said just now about being lonely brought it all back. I'd like to tell you if you'd care to listen. It might be of interest. Though I've got to drag another man's name into it, he's dead, so what odds? They say if you can't say owt good of a dead man don't say nothin' at all. I say if he's dead and you're speakin' the truth you won't do him no manner of harm, not if he hasn't got no relatives to feel aggrieved. And, in any case, you could have read all about it in the papers at the time it happened.

"Well, sir, to begin at the end and not the beginning, I'll say life's a hard business. What's more, you don't make it no easier by pretendin' it ain't. If you do what's wrong, you must take your medicine one way or another. Don't dodge paying the price. It's no use trying, anyway."

He was talking as though to himself. He leaned forward and peered into the red glow of the fire with his hands clasped about his bony knees.

"It's easy enough to be happy," he said, "when things are coming your way; it's not so easy when you feel you've got nothing much to be happy about. The trouble was, when I was forty—that's thirty years ago, for I'm seventy now—the trouble was I thought I'd got life under my feet. I was popular and, so I thought, clever and I made money easy and spent it quick.

"I WAS going to marry Nan Johnson, the finest girl in the world, when I'd a few hundred pounds in the bank, and I was happy. I always had been happy and I always would be. Well, it only shows you, doesn't it? I didn't know; that's what was wrong with me. I just didn't know.

"Nobody ever had more friends than I had. Nobody ever had a better time. I'd go into any port in the world you like to mention, almost, anywhere; and there I'd find friends ready to hand, waiting for me, lined up on the pierhead, so to speak, when the old Loxwood—that was my ship, sir—tied up alongside. Nothing I liked better in the world, sir, than to find myself among friends. I had a good time and I thought life was fine.

I'd made up my

"Well, sir, if there was one friend I valued more than all the other friends I'd ever had, it was Sam Fisher. We'd been boys at school together, so we'd had plenty of opportunity to find out each other's faults. I don't know about mine, but Sam hadn't any. Or so I thought. He was a white man, Sam was, through and through. A prince. He wasn't a sailor. He'd got more sense. His father commanded one of the big China clippers, the old Firefly, and it just about broke his heart when Sam said he'd go into business.

"Sam was wise, of course. At forty, when I was earning about twenty pounds a month and what I could make on the side out of commissions, discounts, bonuses, and one thing and another, Sam was pulling down a clear fifteen hundred pounds a year and expenses on top, traveling all over the country for a firm that imported soft goods from the Continent at a price English firms couldn't touch.

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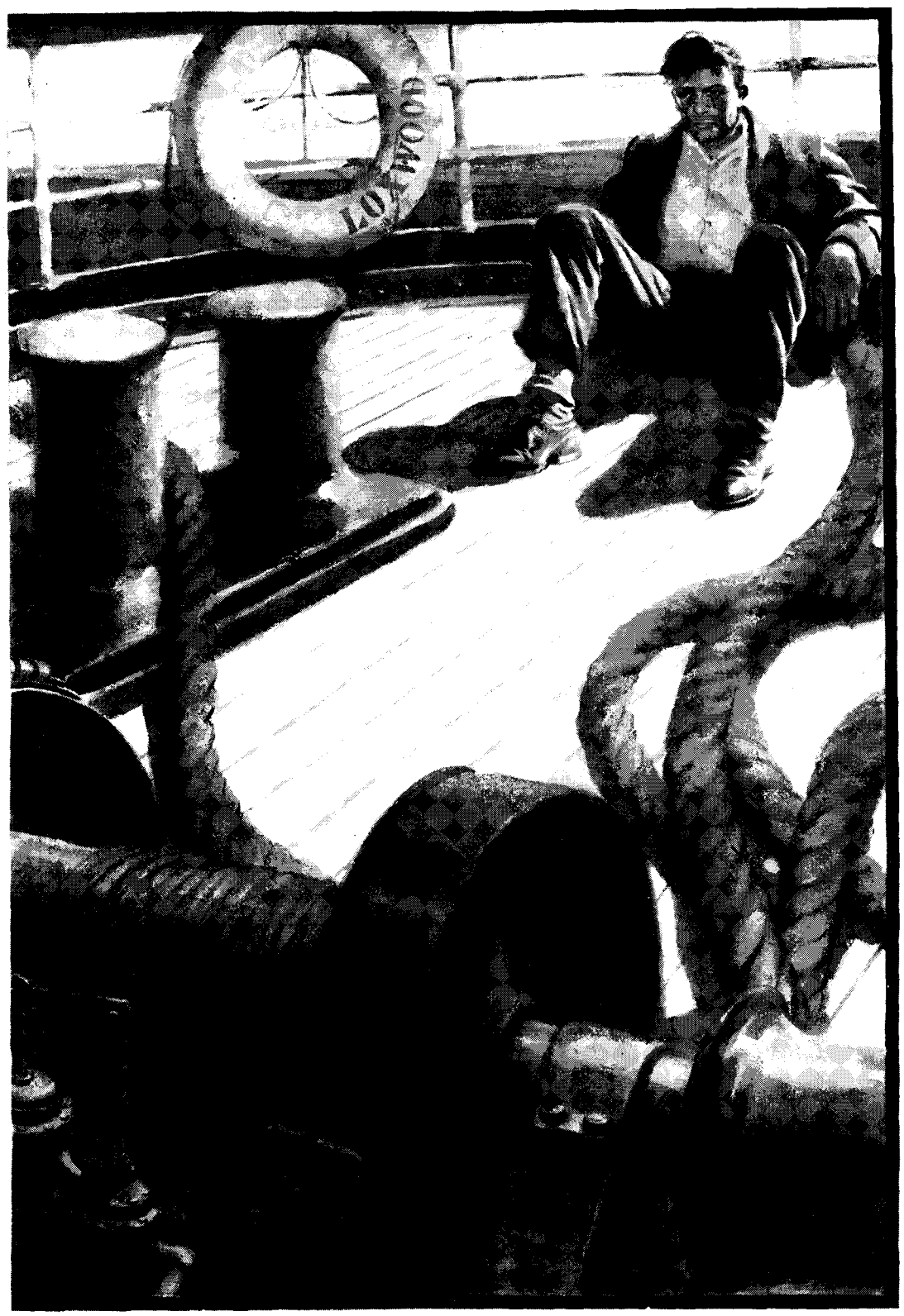

mind that I couldn't endure the suspense any longer. The loneliness was killing me

"Not that wealth made any difference to Sam. He was the same good old Sam I'd known when I was ten. Generous wasn't the word for it. He'd as soon give you a five-pound note as look at you. If he liked you, that was. I thought the world of Sam. There wasn't anything I wouldn't have done for him if he'd asked. He did ask. He asked for money and I let him have it. And why not? Wouldn't he have done the same for me? He would, of course. No doubt about it."

HERE I interrupted the chronicle.

"You said he was rich!" I said.

"He was rich," said the old watchman, "if you consider fifteen hundred pounds a year rich, with expenses thrown in! But that didn't stop him spending more than he could afford. I'll tell you the way that it come about:

"The Loxwood reached Cardiff from Rotterdam, where we'd discharged a cargo of iron ore. A clerk from the office brought me a letter. It was from good old Sam and marked *Private and Confidential*, also *Urgent*. Something was wrong. I tore open the envelope and read what Sam had to say. Well, sir, poor old Sam was in trouble. I wouldn't have believed it. Not if I hadn't read it with my own eyes. Sam wanted money. He wanted two hundred and fifty pounds. He wanted it bad.

"I could repeat the letter now word for word. But I don't have to. The sense of the letter was that unless he had two hundred and fifty pounds by return he'd be ruined. He'd misappropriated some money what belonged to his firm. He'd have to replace it without being found out or he'd go to prison. Could I help him? Of course I'd help him. A man must stand by his pal, mustn't he? Sam had done wrong. He'd taken the money, thinking he'd pay it back in a day or two, and lost it betting.

"Poor Sam, I thought. Poor old fool, I thought. I thought of his wife. I'd liked Mabel, always. I'd been in love with her once myself, in a manner of speaking, and I thought what would she do, poor lass, if Sam went to prison? And I made up my mind I'd send him the money that night. The point was, how? Where could I get the money in Cardiff at five o'clock on a winter's night? Well, sir, it so happened I had the money on board the Loxwood. I had the money in the ship's safe. I took the two hundred and fifty pounds then and there—not my money, the owners'—and went ashore and sent it off by money order to Sam. And that, I thought, was the least I could do, for Sam's sake, and Mabel's sake, too.

"Next morning I was up and about at dawn. I had to get that two hundred and fifty pounds somehow so that when I went to the office at ten o'clock to see the managing director to talk business I'd have the money ready for him, every cent. I had to get that two hundred and fifty pounds or go to prison myself. D'you see, sir, the fix I was in? Well, I got the money. Would you like to know how, sir? I borrowed it from a moneylender. I borrowed two hundred and fifty pounds on terms that frighten me now when I think of them.

"I'M TALKING of thirty years ago now, sir, when a moneylender could charge what rate of interest he liked, and so, though I borrowed only two hundred and fifty, I had to pay back three hundred and fifty with interest on three hundred and fifty, and the security I gave was a house I was buying by installments for a home to live in when I married Nan. You understand, sir, I trust. I mean, you understand that if I couldn't pay back the moneylender, or if I fell down on the interest, I'd lose my home and—and everything else, almost. I mean by everything else, sir, Nan. I couldn't marry her. You follow me?"

"I do," I said.

"And you're not tired of hearin' me talk, sir?"

"It's all most interesting," I said. "What happened?"

"Officially, in a manner of speaking, nothing. I had the two hundred and fifty pounds to hand in to the cashier at the office. And then I got a wire from Sam to thank me and bless me and say I'd saved him and I'd never regret it. And I saw Nan and didn't dare tell her about the money, because the one cause of disagreement between us was Sam Fisher. She didn't like him and said so often.

"I was only in Cardiff a day or two. We loaded coal for Alexandria and were away again almost at once. I wrote to Sam and said I hoped he'd let me have the money back as soon as he could, and I told him about the moneylender and the interest and the home I was paying for. I had a reply from him at once, saying that he was more grateful now he knew the whole story than he could find words for and he'd known I'd come to his rescue and I was a good Indian and he'd do the same for me any day and he hoped when I was home I'd find time to come and see him as he wanted to thank me himself. He was glad I'd sent him the money, he said. He wouldn't have known what to do if I hadn't. He gave me his word he'd pay it back within six weeks. He'd send it direct to my bank. I wasn't to worry. I didn't. Silly, wasn't I?

"WE REACHED Cardiff again nine months later, this time from Hamburg. My financial affairs were getting a trifle mixed. I went to the bank and found that the money hadn't been paid into my account. I didn't know what to do. I had the interest on my loan to pay, of course. I had a sick mother to help. I had to help my young sister whose husband had just died and left her without a penny. I had Nan. At this rate, I thought, I'd never be married at all. But what was wrong? I wondered. Sam wouldn't do anything mean. Poor Sam, I thought. Either he was ill or he'd lost his job or—or I couldn't imagine what.

"I wrote him and said I wasn't able to come and see him as we were sailing immediately, and what about it? I wanted my money. He didn't answer. He must be away, I thought. I wired and he wrote and said he was sorry we couldn't meet. He hadn't been at all well, he said.

"And then, sir, then Nan chanced to say in the course of conversation that she'd seen Sam Fisher here in Cardiff a month back. He'd spoken to her and asked how I was getting on. I said: 'He wasn't hard up, or anything?' and Nan said no, he wasn't. 'He wanted to take me to the theater,' she said, 'but I wouldn't go. He was three-parts drunk and he'd have kissed me if I'd given him half a chance and he was throwing his money around like a fool!' I didn't like hearing that. Not what Nan said about him being three-parts drunk but about throwing his money around like a fool. I thought I'd go and see him and ask why he hadn't paid me the money same as he promised. I didn't doubt Sam, if you get what I mean. I mean, I thought Sam had been waiting till I come home, like, to pay me the money.

"I was busy what with one thing and another and I hadn't a chance to leave Cardiff till the day before we were due to sail. I reached London in the middle of the day and went to Sam's home and saw Mabel. She was glad to see me. She said wouldn't I come in and have a drink? I said no, I was in a hurry and where was Sam? She said Sam was fine. Sam always was, she said. Sam was coining money. Sam had bought her a fur coat. Sam had bought her a diamond brooch. Sam was wonderful.

"AND where was Sam? I asked once more. Good old Sam, I said. Good old Sam was away from home and what about our having a feed together? I said I must see Sam as soon as I could. Mabel was sorry. She thought I'd take her out somewhere. She said, if I wanted to see him so much, good old Sam was in Bristol. She'd heard from him that morning. I said I'd go and see him. Mabel said: 'Don't you lead Sam into mischief, Jack. I know what you are!' I thought, like hell you do!

"I found Sam in a small writing-room at the hotel where he was staying.

(Continued on page 39)

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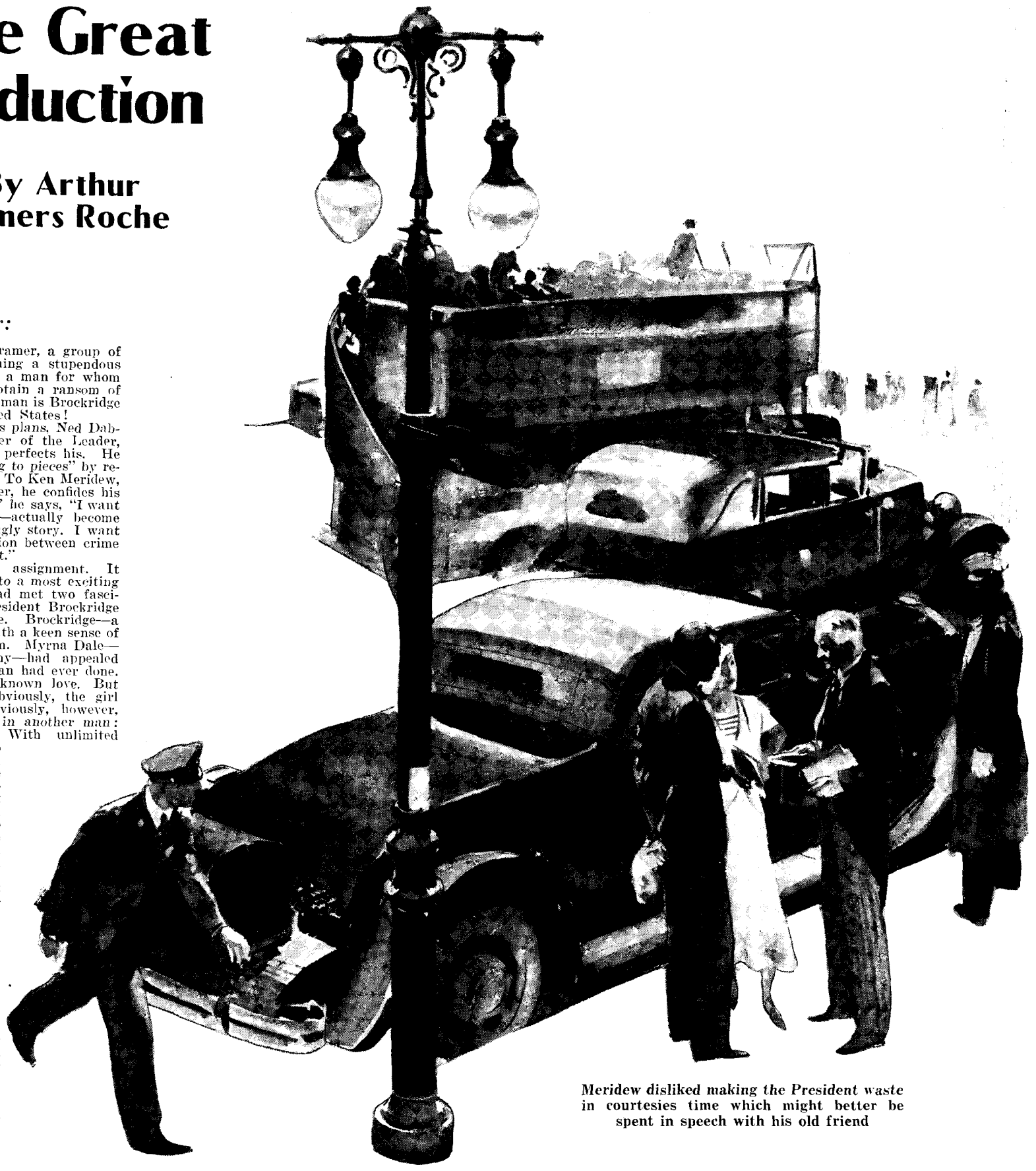
The Great Abduction

By Arthur Somers Roche



Meridew disliked making the President waste in courtesies time which might better be spent in speech with his old friend

The Story Thus Far:

DIRECTED by one Bramer, a group of racketeers are planning a stupendous coup: the kidnapping of a man for whom they believe they can obtain a ransom of five million dollars. The man is Brockridge—President of the United States!

As Bramer perfects his plans, Ned Dabney, owner and publisher of the Leader, a New York newspaper, perfects his. He hopes to "rip racketeering to pieces" by revealing it as it really is. To Ken Meridew, his most brilliant reporter, he confides his ideas. Then—"Meridew," he says, "I want you to 'turn racketeer'—actually become one—and get the whole ugly story. I want you to show the connection between crime and our local government."

Meridew accepts the assignment. It comes as a fitting finale to a most exciting day, during which he had met two fascinating personalities: President Brockridge *and* a girl—Myrna Dale. Brockridge—a sixty-year-old widower with a keen sense of humor—had delighted him. Myrna Dale—young, beautiful, wealthy—had appealed to him as no other woman had ever done. Hitherto he had never known love. But now? He wonders. Obviously, the girl likes him. Equally obviously, however, she is deeply interested in another man: President Brockridge! With unlimited funds, Meridew goes to work. From old Michael Blannard, a retired police captain, he obtains valuable advice. "You've got to pretend you're a lad who's got himself into trouble and wants to lie low for a time," Blannard tells him. "I'll phone Jim Cattrone about you."

In a saloon on West Twenty-third Street Meridew finds Cattrone. He hands Meridew a card. "See Bramer," he tells him. Going out, Meridew sees someone coming in. A girl. *Myrna Dale!*

III

FAT women leaned from windows, watching their progeny who played on the blistering pavement. The Ninth Avenue Elevated trains roared a block away. Shirt-sleeved men lounged listlessly in what shade they could find. Trucks lumbered by and the stout mothers in the windows screamed warnings at the heedless children.

All in all, it was a typical hot July afternoon on the lower West Side of New York. Prosaic, uncomfortable, drab.

Yet to Kendrick Meridew, standing across the street from Jim Cattrone's speakeasy—if so obvious a survival of the old saloon could be so misnamed—the town, even this hot and smelly section of it, was laden with mystery, charged with menace.

Last night Ned Dabney had presented an idea to him; today Michael Blannard had shown him how to make practical that idea. And because of Dabney's idea and old Mike's practicality, he, Kendrick Meridew, had just interviewed Jim Cattrone, and that bootlegger had given him a card to one Carl Bramer, who resided—or at any rate could be found—at the Rockwood Hotel, on West Street.

It was too unreal. He felt as though he had been pitchforked into the midst of a dream, that, awake, he had been somehow induced to act like a sleepwalker.

He had gone to see Cattrone with a feeling that he was silly, but with the feeling, too, that a beginning must be made somewhere. And, at worst, a plunge into the underworld would be exciting and even amusing. But now the whole idea seemed not merely absurdly far-fetched, but sordid and nasty.

AND what was Myrna Dale doing in sordid and nasty surroundings? Or could he have been mistaken in his recognition of her? The girl had been in his thoughts, he admitted to himself, almost continuously since he had met her yesterday. A chance resemblance, a trick of carriage or of wearing clothing—anything—might have deceived him.

He pulled his cap down closer about his ears, as gunmen—if the films could be trusted—wore theirs. Also, he pulled it down over his forehead. It was a poor disguise but Myrna Dale would hardly recognize him. And he must take the chance that she would. Because he wanted to *know* if it had been she whom he had seen pass by him into Cattrone's back room.

And he had not been mistaken! Fifteen minutes after he took up his stand across the street she emerged from the saloon. Meridew, as he saw her, twisted his body until he was staring into the not too attractive windows of a delicatessen shop. From the corner of his eye he watched her as she strode east.

He did not accost her. There had been something swift about her entrance into the back room that seemed to indicate to him that she was making an effort to be unobserved, and there was something almost furtive now in the way she hastened from the neighborhood—putting it quickly behind her.

Almost from the side of the Chief Executive of the nation she stepped to the side of a notorious racketeer. And of what avail would it be to follow her, to let her know that he was aware of her visit to Cattrone?

IT WOULD only embarrass her, and would not be without embarrassment to himself. And perhaps, he told himself, there was some perfectly natural explanation for her visit. A lovely thing like Myrna Dale was not proved unlovely because she called on Jim Cattrone. Girls went everywhere nowadays. They sought thrills in places that their mothers never dreamed existed. It made her a bit cheap—but hardly anything more than that. And if cheapness seemed incompatible with her character—what, after all, did he know of her character? Not much was revealed in a few minutes' chat, in a few dances.

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He stared again at the card in his hand. Should he call on Carl Bramer or abandon this wild-goose chase? Then something stubborn within him reacted to the situation. After all, to quit before one had even *tried* . . .

Decision suddenly arrived at, he moved rapidly away from the neighborhood, traveling west, toward the Hudson River. He found the Rockwood Hotel to be a dingy four-story building somewhat south of the Christopher Street ferry, on West Street.

He entered a narrow door and found himself in a sort of combination office and lobby. A fat man, shirt-sleeved, looked up truculently from a crumpled newspaper. Two other men, who might have been longshoremen, eyed him coldly from the plain table at which they played cribbage.

There was no clerk behind the desk, no bellboys in evidence. "Hotel" was a glorified name for this shabby rooming-house. There wasn't even a restaurant, so far as Meridew could see, although the inevitable bar, unpatronized at the moment, was visible through an open door.

"CARL BRAMER in?" asked Meridew. Deliberately he affected curtness.

"Never heard of him." The fat man returned to the perusal of his newspaper. The two obvious longshoremen resumed their interrupted game of cards.

Meridew smiled easily, and continued:

"Never heard of Jim Cattrone, either, eh?" he asked.

The fat man put his paper down.

"Plenty air outside, dick," he said. "Get a load of it."

"Oh, yes?" Meridew's manner was still easy. "And what makes you think I'm a detective?"

The fat man yawned.

"Say, what do you care what makes me think?" he demanded. "I do it almost any time. Just now, I'm thinking you'd rather walk out than be thrown out. What about it?"

"And you'd do the throwing?" asked Meridew. "Naughty, naughty! Jim Cattrone wouldn't like that, and maybe Carl Bramer wouldn't, either. Not until he has the talk with me that Cattrone sent me to have."

"Says you," said the fat man.

"Says this," said Meridew.

He produced the card on which Cattrone had scribbled Bramer's name and address. The fat man eyed it.

"Well, why come in here and name names?" he asked angrily. "All you got to do is show the card. Gabby guys don't get along so well. Anyone ever tell you that?"

"Your own failure was due to loquacity?" asked Meridew gently.

"To what? A humorous lad, eh? Well, well, I love a laugh on a hot day," said the shirt-sleeved one. "Upstairs; one flight; second door on the left."

Meridew bowed low.

"And for such graciousness—words fail me," he said.

HE WHEELED and mounted the stairs, convinced that he had made the proper opening impression. Wanted men, who sought security from such as Cattrone, and who were backed by Mike Blannard, must be hard. Mike Blannard would use his connections with the underworld to aid no weakling. That was certain.

He found the door described to him and knocked upon it. A smooth voice ordered him to enter. Obeying the injunction, he found himself in a room larger than he had expected, and certainly much better furnished. There was a comfortable-looking divan, a writing desk that would not have been incongruous on Park Avenue, an attractive rug on the floor, and several large armchairs.

In one of these lounged a well-built man, carelessly but expensively dressed, whose face was expressionless as he looked at his visitor.

"So you're Pat McGrath, eh?"

Meridew met the opaque brown eyes steadily.

"I'm not wearing a sign with my name on it," he said.

The expressionless face suddenly became alive. The brown eyes gleamed.

"If you were, the name wouldn't be McGrath; it would be Meridew," he said.

It was a situation that Meridew would have liked to be able to meet easily. Instead, he flamed with color. Hating himself, hating the unexpected ineptness with which he and Mike Blannard had stumbled into such a situation, he turned stumblingly toward the door.

"What's your hurry?" asked Bramer.

"It isn't often I get a chance to talk with a lad that knows all about governments and finance and such matters. Sit down and have a little drink."

Meridew turned back.

"How did you know me?" he asked.

"YOU'RE modest, Mr. Meridew," said Bramer. "You can't run a column on a big New York daily and expect to be unknown. You've been pointed out to me in theaters, in restaurants. I've even done a little pointing myself. Now, isn't it nice that Jim Cattrone didn't recognize you? Quick-tempered wop, and full of suspicion. He might think you were going to do a series of articles about his bootlegging, and might have tossed half a pound of lead your way."

Beneath the man's derision, Meridew's color rose.

"Whereas you," he began chokingly, "being a guileless and gentle soul—"

"I'm not a gangster," said Bramer curtly. "Gangsters work for me—when I need them. I am not, Mr. Meridew, an ignorant man. And it would never occur to me that a writer like yourself would waste his time on petty bootlegging. But it would occur to me that it must be an important—certainly interesting—matter that would cause Mike Blannard to send you to Cattrone, that would cause you to pretend to be wanted by the police. You see, Cattrone phoned he was sending Mr. McGrath down to me, and said that McGrath was recommended by Mike Blannard. And that was pretty fishy. Old Mike doesn't help crooks. He might help a boy innocently in a jam, girl trouble or something like that, but he wouldn't send him to a man like Cattrone. He'd help him hide, but not to join up with Cattrone. So I did a bit of thinking after Cattrone phoned. And then—when *you* come in here—it won't wash, Mr. Meridew."

Color and anger left Meridew. He laughed lightly enough.

"Well, it's been a pleasant call, Mr. Bramer. I trust you'll do me the honor of returning it some day."

"That might happen," returned Bramer evenly. "You won't mind answering a question, will you, Mr. Meridew?"

"Why not ask it?" parried Meridew.

"Did you know—did old Mike mention my name to you?"

"He did not," replied Meridew promptly.

"And if you were lying I'd know it," said Bramer.

"And in that case?"

"In that case, Mr. Meridew, we wouldn't be talking in quite so friendly a fashion. I happen to know you didn't mention me to Cattrone. I asked the wop that when he phoned me. Just a natural caution that you may understand."

Meridew shrugged, with a carelessness he did not feel.

"Because," went on Bramer, "if your coming to me weren't an accident, a coincidence, I'd be pretty insistent about finding out what sort of game you and Mike are up to. As it is—good afternoon."

MERIDEW felt like a small boy dismissed coldly from the presence of an elder. He turned toward the door. Not even Bramer's quiet chuckle could make him turn back to face more of that mockery which he had felt rather than heard or observed. . . .

Down the narrow stairs, through the office, and past the fat, shirt-sleeved man and the two longshoremen, Meridew, his head buzzing, walked. He felt more than humiliated; he felt small-boyish. Bramer had somehow made him feel worse than blundering; he had made him feel unsophisticated.

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Illustrated by John Gannam

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She Walked away With it

By John B. Kennedy

A boring social round, amateur theatricals and irate society drove Hope Williams out of the Social Register onto the stage. There she walked into fame. Literally. Which only goes to show what ranch life, plus natural talent, willfulness and a lofty sense of indifference can do

Hope Williams (right) with Beatrice Lillie in Shaw's Too True to Be Good

White Studios

Tony Von Horn

Vandamm Studios

A CABINET meeting in the White House was about as private as a Tammany clam-bake compared with what was going on here—here being the board-room of the Social Register. They were met for momentous business. The case of Social Register versus a pretty young woman was to be tried.

The pretty young woman had offended. Sometimes they do, for, as has been previously observed, the good are not always good-looking, nor the good-looking always good. The young woman was not present to defend herself. That is not the way the die-hard deities of the Social Register operate.

They heard the charge. They pondered it. They struck her name from the rolls of the Social Register, casting her into outer darkness. She had been found guilty of the heinous offense of making a livelihood—on the stage.

The lady was Miss Hope Williams.

Exactly six years before that awesome board tossed her out, Miss Williams had made her social début with the customary ritual.

She married before she was twenty and that was another select blow-out. She was divorced at twenty-three; but society took no note of that, or of the tragic death of her ex-husband in an airplane accident. She was out of the Social Register.

It Happens Every Time

Take a bright young thing of well-to-do family, educated at Briarly—a girl with the boyish, lissome figure that remains fashionable among debs and sub-debs. Take this bright young thing and put her into the social swirl at the time before Wall Street did a humpty-dumpty; let her go in for all that young people go in for—bridge and riding and polo and cocktail parties where they talk about all the plays they have seen and all the books they haven't read. Take a bright young thing and give her this card-party, house-party, wild-party routine—and what happens? If she's at all as bright as she looks, she revolts. She goes her own way.

The Amateur Comedy Club presented her opportunity. Social youngsters with either talent or impulse, or both, for self-expression comprised this garrulously gay group. Hope Williams quickly found that she belonged. She's naturally a comedienne. Pert, provocatively shaped nose, tilted chin and boyish blond tresses, with a crisp intonation and alert glance as she speaks. Plus a stride of which she was unaware.

Clever youngsters, these, producing plays that were sometimes within, sometimes without their capacities. Their association was made piquant by the spurring jealousies that haunt the talented. A fresh personality appealed to the jaded coupon-clippers of Manhattan. There was a rival—almost as fresh, almost as saucy in style as Hope Williams. But not so quick on the trigger. She had a wise-crack—this rival—that ended a brisk scene. Through some excitement before an unusually crowded house, she missed fire. Hope came through with the lost line and brought down the house. It doesn't much matter what that line was—most wise-cracks don't matter once they've been cracked. But by the breaks that are as ordinary in theatrical careers as they are extraordinary in most others, there was present a dimple-cheeked man who liked the way the boyish ingénue saved the situation.

The following morning a telephone rang. Sleepily, after a strenuous night of play-acting and a far more strenuous night celebrating the performance, Hope told the maid to tell the party to call back later.

He called back—in person. He was Mr. Arthur Hopkins, one of the most discerning judges of plays and players.

After his visit there was mild uproar in the Williams household. Mr. Hopkins had offered her a part in a piece called Paris-Bound.

"Impudence!" said somebody. "What does he think you are—an actress?"

"I hope so," said Hope.

"Of course, you're going to send him about his business," said somebody else.

"No," said Hope, "I'm going to join him in it."

Family Against Footlights

The moment the news leaked—and that's the thing surest to happen when those who make it try to bottle it up—that Hope Williams, society deb, had signed a professional contract, a crisis came. The wrench from family to footlights was not easy. Yet because it was a wrench she faced it through.

In Newark, New Jersey, some weeks later, the memory of family disapproval bringing no balm to her soul, she made her professional début. There wasn't much for her to say, although in that Philip Barry play many good things were said. Mr. Barry has that fortunate trick. Laughs were frequent; but the aisles managed to keep clear. Nobody suffered fractured ribs from merriment, until probably the most inane line in the play was uttered. Hope uttered it. Standing at a corner of a stage drawing-room, she said:

"I'll go and get Clara now!"

Even if you hold that line up to the light you'll find nothing funny in it. Yet the way it was said, and the walk across stage that followed it, brought down the house.

"If you want the most unpleasant sensation possible on the stage," she says, "try that. Try saying something perfectly natural, try moving in a perfectly normal way—and then hear a crowded audience roar with laughter.

"I thought some terrible thing had happened to my clothes. But before I was halfway across the stage I had summoned a lofty indifference to that audience. It was the only thing to do, since I couldn't very well pause and feel myself all over to see if everything were still hanging together.

"In the wings was Mr. Hopkins.

"'You've knocked 'em,' he said jovially. 'It's your walk.'"

Imagine being told that your walk was a knock-out asset when you had been emboldened to believe yourself an actress! Hopkins' judgment was right. The Williams walk was the hit of that show—a long-paced, mannish stride contradictorily feminine as the slim, forthright figure passed quickly over distance.

"Since that time," says Miss Williams, "I've walked enough on stages to qualify as a contestant in the Olympic Games."

It should be explained that this stride was not acquired in finishing school or drawing-rooms. Hope Williams, in her

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Curious, Nixon strained his ears to hear what animated the group

For Official Ears

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frederick Skerry

Illustrated by Henry Luhrs

NIXON, the new deputy sheriff of Dadd County, relied upon his newness for a swift and unobtrusive invasion of Forks Village and the surprise and arrest of Budd Dill. Swift because he knew Budd could now be found there, unobtrusive because he had heard discussions of the characteristics of Budd's friends and neighbors. A narrow, brazen lot they must be, according to account; primitive in their passions and superstitions, resentful toward intruders in their community, which, hemmed in by hills and wide river junction, was a law unto itself. Nixon had timed himself to arrive at dusk, when men would be home from their stubborn fields.

Storms, however, do not wait upon undersheriffs or the business of the law; and the sudden cloudburst, that transformed the road into a river of mud and reduced driving to a blind man's risk, caught Nixon while he was yet a mile from Forks Village. A nerve-racking course it was; he was glad to see the yellow gleam from the windows of the slab-sided shack that served as general store. He had not intended to advertise his coming by stopping at this clearing house of information. But he did not wish to burn out the sheriff's car. Still, he reasoned, the rain that made his driving dangerous would also prevent others from traveling—perhaps to warn Budd Dill.

AS THE car slithered to a stop, its headlights faintly illuminating three ramshackle flivvers, now glistening with a temporary gloss, a man crossed the porch and entered the store. Upon his entrance and his almost imperceptible gesture one of the five men who sat about rose from a box and quietly disappeared through a back room. It was like the changing of sentries; as if one of the six must be constantly on guard. The newcomer was shaking the wetness from his coat when Nixon opened the door.

The seated men glanced up casually. Two of them attempted nods of greeting, but all silently continued their various occupations — puffing pipes, whittling sticks, and what not. He who had preceded Nixon kept his back to the deputy, as if unaware of his arrival. Nixon regarded the stolid figures with dislike and strolled to a far corner, where the storekeeper was tying up packages.

The violent drumming of the rain on the roof slackened noticeably, and voices became audible. The storm was passing as quickly as it had come.

"Looks like I might get through to Heddon, now," observed Nixon misleadingly, cocking an ear toward the grimy rafters.

"Looks like," agreed the storekeeper, without enthusiasm. With the group across the room, he was not deceived by the deputy's reference to Heddon. Nixon might as well have announced his mission, so accurately had it been surmised in Forks Village. There the identity of the killer of the cheating cattle dealer in Centerville was suspected, but, though probable cause could undoubtedly be found by the prosecuting officer, Budd Dill did not happen to be the man.

Nixon hitched up his trousers, bit a chew off the plug he had purchased, and picked up his change. But, noting the interested attitudes of the men across the room, he delayed his departure. Curious, he strained his ears to hear what animated the group.

"So he done it, Lafe, hey?" asked one, deferring the operation of fitting a stem to a corncob.

Lafe, he who had preceded Nixon into the store and now wore his damp garment again, nodded solemnly. Attentive, his auditors waited while he filled his pipe.

"Rain caught me comin' back," Lafe began deliberately between long puffs. "Went over aimin' to borrer a spray nozzle. Gettin' pretty black by the time I got there, and there's a light in the kitchen. But nobody round. Didn't see Bess nowheres. There's dishes and such on the table, and I says to myself, 'Maybe that heifer's took sudden again.' And I start for the barn, thinkin', 'Godfrey mighty! If Riah ain't had enough trouble over Bess and that boy at Sheaf's without the heifer floppin' on top of that!'

"THERE ain't a breath of breeze stirrin' now. Everything waitin', hushed-like, for the rain. Nobody in the barn. No sign of life, 'cept the stompin's and sniffin's. I'm outside again, scratchin' my head and wonderin', when the shot comes from in back. Then I knew what happened—suspicioned, anyhow."

Lafe stopped to relight his pipe, took time to puff it until it glowed anew. Impatiently listening, Nixon drew a step or two nearer.

"Well," Lafe continued, "when I get round in back, there's Riah standin', with the gun in his hands, lookin' down on the still heap which, I notice, is Bess. He's feelin' pretty bad—he was right fond of Bess."

Slowly nodding heads expressed agreement with this opinion, and Lafe went on: "'Pretty bad for you, Riah,' I says, 'but public sentiments . . .'

"'Public sentiments be danged!' he says. 'I know now—when it's too late—what a plumb fool I was to listen to a lot of gossip, women's gossip—and a lot of talk from jealous menfolks, too. They couldn't have Bess, so they turn on her like a lot of wolves. 'Course that kid had to come visitin' the Sheafs, 'stead of stayin' outside, where he belonged.'

"Riah's feelin' right bad. 'Well,' I says . . ."

Nixon strode to the seated group. Though these people were a lawless lot, it didn't seem possible that, brazen as they were, they would openly incriminate one of their neighbors. Yet the difficulty of finding a fugitive denizen of this district had long been recognized by law officers. "Who," Nixon demanded, "is this Riah you're talkin' about?"

Lafe looked up into the stern face. "Why," he replied, with mild surprise, "Riah Dill. Thought everybody round these parts'd heard of Riah Dill and Bess."

"Do I understand you to say," said the deputy, "that he's murdered her?"

"Might call it that," Lafe admitted.

"As deputy of this county . . ." Nixon began sternly.

"Oh," Lafe broke in, "I don't reckon there's much you can do about it. Like I says to Riah, you can't run counter to public sentiments. And public sentiments was against Bess. What could happen once might happen again. . . ."

"But," wondered Nixon, curiosity overcoming his official zeal, "what about this fellow at—Sheaf's place?"

"Oh, him!" said Lafe. "Well, he said he never did nothin' to Bess. But Riah swears he knows better. Riah says if the kid hadn't tormented her she'd never 'a' bit him."

"What?" cried Nixon, staring. "A dog!"

"WHY, certain." Lafe looked at him innocently, while his friends grinned widely. "The best coon dog in these parts. But, y' see, there's a feelin' round here that if a dog bites a child the child will die if the dog don't."

"Shuh!" exploded Nixon, glaring at the upturned faces. He whirled on his heel and banged the door behind him. And presently was heard the snarl of gears in low speed.

Lafe knocked the ashes from his pipe and stood up. "Lucky I knew that car," he said softly. "Reckon Budd's 'most across the river by now."

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The Terrible Cossack

By Frank Condon

Not, as the title implies, a Russian tragedy. No, indeed. This is an epic of tender love basely requited

Our strong man suddenly leaped into the air and fell on Bull

WE GET into Reedsburg on a rainy afternoon, all three of us, Whitey, Roscoe and self, and the reason we pick on Reedsburg is that we know Mr. Kelly, president of the Reedsburg Overhead Door Factory. Mr. Kelly is an old-time friend, and we first met him out in Shanghai, where we were working for the hotel people. He is the salt of the earth, always doing kind deeds to people, and many a time he said to us, over there in China: "Boys, if and when you get up against it hard, come to Reedsburg and I will give you a job in the factory." In the course of events, times being what they are and money a strange substance we used to finger, we arrive in Mr. Kelly's town and look around.

Well, we do not get any jobs in the Overhead Door Factory. And why? Because people are not using doors any more, either overhead or underfoot, and the door factory is closed tighter than a Pharaoh's tomb. . . . Mr. Kelly is in town and seems actually glad to see us, which shows you the kind of man he is in a depression.

"Boys," he said, shaking hands, "do not worry. I can't give you three good jobs, because my joint is waiting for them to quit hoarding, but times will soon be better. We are just turning the corner, according to the best corner people. Go down to Mrs. McFee's boarding-house and get yourselves settled."

"We are flat," said Whitey, meaning how would the good Mrs. McFee get hers?

"That is all right, Whitey," Mr. Kelly assured us. "Do not worry about living expenses, for I am behind you."

Food contacts thus established, we became temporary residents of Reedsburg, a nice town with a half-finished city hall, and sat down to wait for the signals to change. During the ensuing weeks we made honest efforts to obtain employment, which was like looking for anything else of which there is none.

Roscoe improved his idle hours by getting romantic with a girl he met outside a skating rink, the worst place anybody could meet a girl. Her name was Ruby Lee, a red-headed manicure with bright eyes and carmine lips. At intervals Roscoe turns to sentimental experiment, which is the same as a fly deciding to have fun with a sheet of No. 1 fly-paper. He is the kind that believes he is starting a mild flirtation, when in reality some gentle creature has already picked out a house and names for the twins. It was so with Ruby Lee. She made up her mind the first week, and from then on Roscoe spent his time trying to get off the hook.

"I will tell you how I feel concerning Reedsburg," I announced. "If we can get something to do, we will remain. Mr. Kelly is the world's best, but I am not going to have him paying my bills."

"That is the way I feel about it," Whitey agreed. "Something is sure to happen. I ran across a man today."

WHITEY is usually running across something, and, having time on his hands, he had been prowling through the Reedsburg freight yards, where he uncovered a rare specimen named Ben Roach. . . . When he first looked he stared in disbelief, for Ben Roach was pushing a flat car. . . . Ordinarily, in freight yards, they use locomotives to shunt flat cars, or iron bars, which they stick beneath a wheel and pry, but in the Reedsburg yards, when they wanted a car moved from here to there, with no engine handy, they called in Benjamin Roach.

"This is the world's strongest man." Whitey said in great excitement. "I talked to him. He was formerly a miner, and has the mind of a South American flea."

"What good will a strong man do us?" Roscoe inquired, and Whitey pointed to the promising local conditions. Reedsburg was a community of sporting citizens, with a brick coliseum, boxing clubs, a ball team and a dog-racing plant. The townsmen were warm about wrestling. In fact, we had attended a wrestling hippodrome, with all the town present, cheering the gladiators and hoping to see a leg pulled off. The local king was one Bull Pascal, world's champion if you listened to the boys on the corner. The papers called him "Champ."

"You mean the car-shover might make a wrestler?" we asked Whitey.

"NOT might," he cried. "This simple fellow can be transformed into a wrestling Titan. He is stronger than a mule and twice as dumb, the ideal balance for a wrestler. Why not rope him in, teach him how to wrestle, make a pot of money and pay Mr. Kelly?"

This had a reasonable sound, so we paraded over to the freight yards to survey Ben. No freight cars were being moved that morning, and Mr. Roach was at his ease in a switch shanty, but walked out immediately. Whitey introduced us and we stood on the cinders in mild stupefaction. He was in his undershirt, and while I have seen muscles in many lands there were none like these. He was covered with a soft matting of hair. His hands and wrists were enormous and his legs crowded down into his overalls, thick and monumental. His face was the round, innocent map of a man unworried by intellect.

"Son-of-a-gun," said Roscoe admiringly, knowing brute strength when he sees it.

Whitey conducted the researches, and we learned that Ben had no home or ties.

"What do you do around here?" Whitey pursued.

"I work in the yards."

"You're pretty strong?"

"Sure I am."

"How much do you weigh?"

"I dunno. I ain't weighed."

"What do you get?"

"Sixteen a week," Benjamin replies.

"You want a better job?"

"Sure I do. What?"

"Twenty dollars a week," said Whitey, "and no flat cars to push. How would you like to be a wrestler and get rich?"

"All right," said Ben.

"Did you ever wrestle—know anything about it?"

"No."

"Well, if you want to roll in money," said Whitey, "come with us and do as I say. I'll start you at twenty a week and pay your board till we get going. How does it sound?"

"Sounds fine," said Ben.

"Come and see me tomorrow," Whitey directed, writing down our address. And, after some idle remarks, we drifted.

"Up to now," Roscoe commented, "everything is pretty. The twenty a week sounds bogus. He will eat another twenty."

"Mr. Kelly," Whitey said confidently, "will be glad to join us and finance the early stage. We won't owe a dime in this town. Ben Roach, without any training, can break Bull Pascal in four pieces."

IT WAS a pleasant thing to know we had something to do—a sort of job. Whitey hunted up Mr. Kelly and laid the facts before him—that we had unearthed a phenom pushing flat cars, that he could be taught the noble art of wrestling, and that we would all make money with the world's strongest man, for no matter how sick business is, people keep on going to wrestling matches.

Mr. Kelly, being the liberal soul he is, and interested in sports, was with us from the start and expressed a desire to look at Mr. Roach. "He's coming over tomorrow," said Whitey. "You can see him at the boarding-house, or I'll bring him around."

Mr. Kelly approved of Ben Roach at a glance, and instructed Whitey to go

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ahead. The twenty a week was guaranteed and Casey Wills, friend of Mr. Kelly's, was appointed training instructor. We hired a camp two miles from Reedsburg, known as Gray's Mills, sixty a month, and Ben Roach moved in. Then began the making of an athlete and the first move was to change his name to The Terrible Cossack, an idea from Whitey.

WE STOOD him on a pair of scales and found he weighed 230 pounds in his skin, and with the arrival of the first meal it was observed that Ben Roach was a food destroyer. He went through six courses without glancing up and, when consulted, said he liked any kind of food.

Whitey thought to inform the newspapers of the arrival in America of a marvel from Manchuria, a wrestler of superhuman strength who had already killed a coolie with a playful slap. The papers of Reedsburg opened up wide. That is one odd thing about newspapers —they will always print news of wrestlers, and why I cannot say. Sporting editors stare with cold suspicion at fighters and fight items, but love to mull over the prospects of a new wrestler, and when Whitey discovered that weakness, he borrowed a typewriter and wore all the letters loose.

Gray's Mills was an abandoned farmhouse on a hill, and it was soon evident that Ben Roach's only notion of training was to eat. Casey taught him the Chinese arm-lock, Japanese roll and Russian flying mare, but Ben's interest was passive and his eyes brightened only at the smell of frying beefsteak. He added five pounds the first week, although Casey forced him to run to improve his wind. It needed no improving. Nothing about him required improving. He was perfect and grew stronger daily, and meantime Whitey flooded the public prints with news, hinting that when the Cossack was ready for his American invasion he would probably start for New York, and not waste time on the small-fry wrestlers of Reedsburg. This was a poke at the local behemoths, especially Bull Pascal, and soon we began to have inquiries from townsmen, including Joe Saltus, who managed Bull Pascal. Saltus came in a red automobile and asked for Whitey.

"What is all this?" he asked. "A lot of boloney?"

"It is no boloney," Whitey said.

"You got a wrestler or what?"

"WE GOT the world's greatest wrestler," Whitey said modestly. "We got a wrestler who could walk into the ring with the six best and stuff them all down each other's throats. Did you ever hear tell of Hackenschmidt, the Russian Lion?"

"I did."

"Our man," said Whitey, "could throw Hackenschmidt with one hand."

"To me, it sounds like hot air," said Mr. Saltus, who has heard plenty of hot air in his day.

"Sometime you might have a chance to bet on your Bull. If we decide to wrestle in Reedsburg, you might get in on it."

"Who did your man ever beat?"

"They were all Manchurians," said Whitey, "and you wouldn't know them."

"You mean somebody wants to bet money on your side?" Saltus asked in astonishment.

"I don't say we'll start in this town, but if we do, I'll talk to you, Mr. Saltus, and if we wrestle here, naturally we want to collect some easy dough."

"You can get me on the phone any time," Mr. Saltus concluded and he went away without even looking at our hairy wonder.

Casey Wills discovered that in a long career of training athletes, he had never come across one like the Cossack. Casey said that human strength reaches a certain point and quits, but that Ben Roach was a monstrosity. He was dumb and learned nothing, but to offset that, he could tear the plates off a battleship with his finger nails, and Casey said he felt sorry for any antagonist, if Ben tackled in earnest. True, he was a trifle too good-natured, yet in a playful moment he almost broke Casey's leg and was astonished when the bystanders leaped in.

There was no cloud in the sky until the afternoon Ruby Lee rode out to camp with Roscoe. She had reached the point in her relations with him where she was worrying about his health. Roscoe was none too happy, for, having worked hard to win the dame's affections, he was now working twice as hard to escape. Ruby held his hand all the way out in the car.

Betraying girlish curiosity over camp activities, she asked questions and they drove her around the hill, and introduced Ben Roach, who had finished lunch. She was apparently the first female our Cossack ever encountered at close quarters. Prior to that, he must have seen women passing in the distance. Ruby had on a red dress, along with her glossy hair and scarlet lips, and Ben shook hands, looked hard and went into a tailspin. That's the way it is with men who are not used to women. Never good at conversation, the strong man lost the power of speech completely.

NOBODY suspected that through this simple passage of events a great and wordless passion had suddenly sprung into being. Sentimental matters take shape like lightning and what we had on our hands, without knowing it, was a two-hundred-and-thirty-five-pound infatuation.

The first intimation that anything was wrong with our meal-ticket was when his once ruddy appetite began to fail. Casey Wills found him toying with a lamb chop, whereas he had been wont to toy with a lamb. Breakfast, once a major ceremony, became a gesture, and Ben looked at waffles and hot cakes with the detached interest of a dyspeptic. Becoming alarmed, we shoved him on the scales and found, sure enough, that he was coming down.

"This will never do," Whitey said. "What's the matter with you? You feel all right, Ben?"

"Sure, I feel all right."

"Why don't you eat?"

"I ain't hungry no more."

Casey Wills walked about in a state of bewilderment and for several days the thing remained a mystery, and again Roscoe entered the scene with Ruby clinging to him like an ivy. This time she wore a pink dress, fish-net stockings and one of those little hats that come down tight like the upper half of a quinine capsule. I happened to be standing near by when she spoke to the athlete. I saw the look on that unshaven mug and knew instantly why Ben Roach no longer cared for food in any form, which news I conveyed to Whitey.

"You may be right," he said in surprise. "Ruby hasn't paid much attention to him. She's so in love with Roscoe she can't see anybody."

"We better do something," I advised, and later on we shared the secret with Roscoe in a little conference.

"THE fact is," we said, "Ben has fallen in love with your lady friend."

"How do you know?" he asked in a hopeful tone.

"We think so. It is so far a theory. Something is the matter with him and we believe he is love-sick."

"What can we do about that?"

"Well, for one thing, you can resign as head sweetheart—that is, if you wish to go on not starving to death. You can give up Ruby, and hand her over to Ben."

"Can I?" Roscoe asked in a cold voice. "A lot you know about giving up women."

"The first thing is to make certain," I suggested, and we sought out our Cossack, who was in the gymnasium, lying on his back, staring at the ceiling with a far-away look. He arose without animation and said he felt all right, but not hungry.

"You don't get enough relaxation," Whitey told him. "You want to move around more and see a good movie now and then. You ought to go riding in the automobile and look at the woods. You're going stale, Ben."

The powerful Ben made no answer, being uninterested in woods and movies.

"With some nice girl," Whitey continued, as though the thought suddenly occurred to him. "Maybe Ruby Lee."

We watched the expressionless pan and saw it light up.

"You wouldn't mind going around with Ruby Lee, would you?" Whitey inquired. "I mean, just to break up the training grind?"

"Sure," said Ben, "I wouldn't mind. But would she go with me?"

"She'll be crazy to go with you," I put in. "There is a girl who admires strong men."

"I'm ready any time," he stated and he meant it.

We at once entered into negotiations and found Ruby patiently waiting for Roscoe to take her home. She was sitting in Mr. Kelly's car, fixing her lips with the usual lipstick, without which the modern dame is helpless.

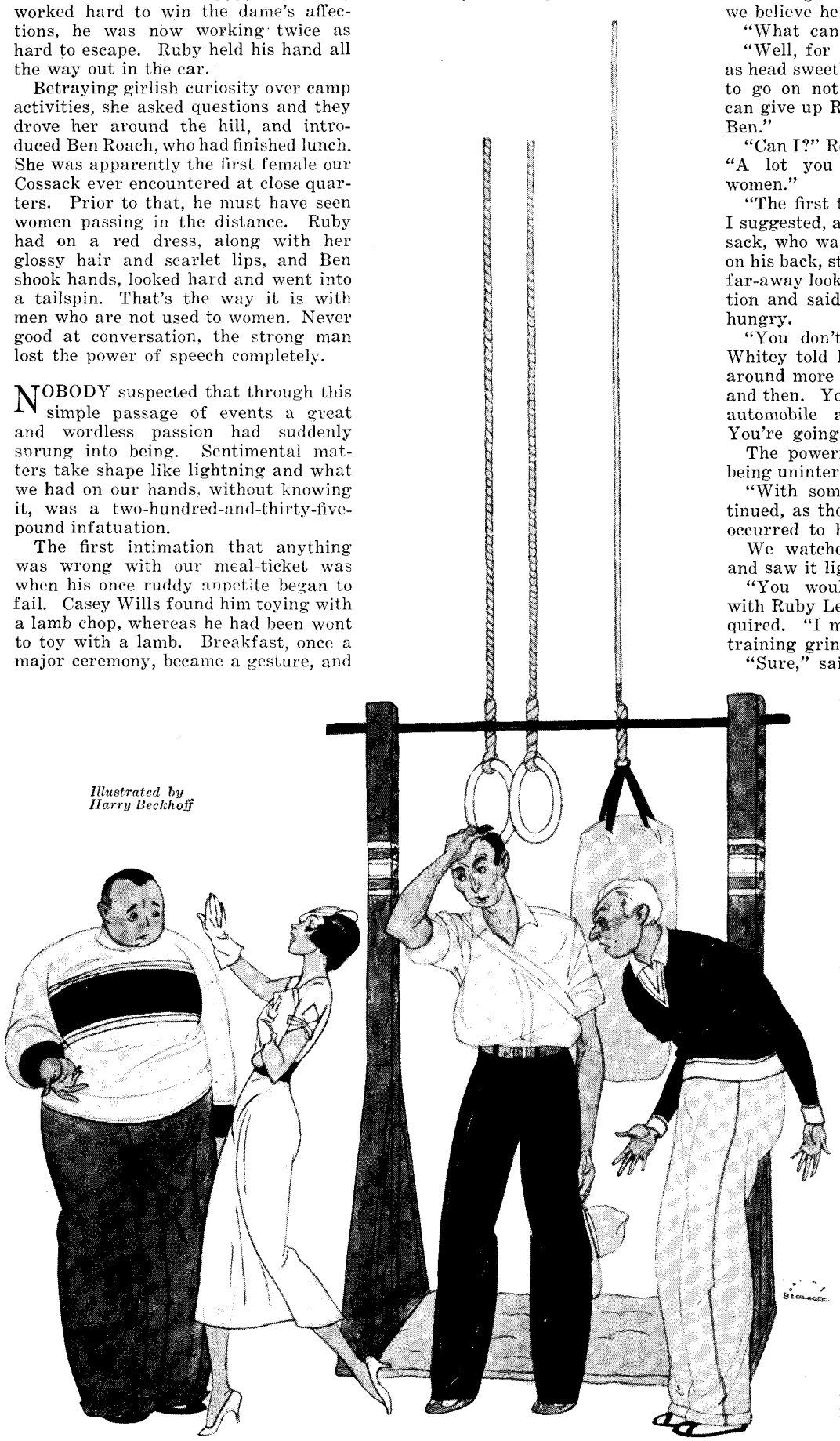
"Here's the way it is, Ruby," Whitey said and he explained in a few brief sentences that The Terrible Cossack had been taken down with a loss of appetite, a lowering of the morale and a disinclination to throw Casey Wills on the floor, all of which was a serious threat against our future welfare. Ruby listened and putted out with the lipstick.

"I don't like that guy," she said in a chill tone, and we went all over the argument.

"Yeah, but I don't like any guy like that," Ruby repeated, staring fondly at Roscoe, who looked hastily away.

(Continued on page 35)

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff



"I quit," she said. "No more Manchurian Cossacks for little Ruby"

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Beat 'em, Boy!

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

The romance of a business man named Pat, who once played football—quite a handicap

I'VE got an idea, Mr. Merrill," Pat Burr was saying, "I'd like to discuss with you. If you're not too busy."

"Of course not," Mr. Merrill said. "Oh, by the way, did you get an appointment with old Gregory?"

"For Monday morning in his office," Pat replied. "Well, about this idea of mine—"

"Why not for lunch?" Mr. Merrill asked. "You could drive a better wedge at lunch."

"I'll try to fix it up. Now you see, Mr. Merrill, I've been thinking about cigars. Advertising for cigars. I heard George Hall saying we were going after a cigar account and I believe I've got a swell idea. You see, cigars—"

"I meant to tell you, too," Mr. Merrill said, "that I've fixed you up at the Country Club. You'll make some valuable contacts there. Why not show up at the dance tonight?"

"Thanks," Pat said. "Well, about this idea of mine, I've figured out that the trouble with cigar advertising is that—"

"And say," said Mr. Merrill, "before I forget. I talked with Evans of The News. They are going to run a story on you: 'Why I Chose Advertising.' With a picture of you in your football togs. Good publicity for the agency."

"I see. And now about this thought of mine about cigars—"

"By Jove!" Mr. Merrill said. "I'm due at Otis' right this minute. See George about that story, will you? Right away."

The same old bunk. The same old stall. And Pat was getting pretty average sick of it. Merrill didn't care about his ideas. Or his ambition, either. All Merrill cared about was cashing in on an athletic reputation. It was a wonder Merrill hadn't made him come to work in football pants. Work? Playing golf with a lot of vice presidents. And getting frozen out the minute he had got a prospect interested. This story, now. *There* was a great guffaw. Pat could see the caption now: "Last Year's All-America Man Tells News Reporter Why He Chose Advertising as Career."

"Listen," said George, when Pat came into his office, "I've had everybody in here this morning but the space buyer's aunt. We ought to have a Turkish Corner around this carnival somewhere so you birds who haven't anything to do could—"

"I was to see you right away," Pat said, "about some story."

"Sure," George answered. "Sure. I'm supposed to drop everything and help you get your name in the paper again. 'Why I Chose Advertising.' Well, that's easy!"

"It's begun to puzzle me these last five months," Pat said.

"Stop tickling me," George said. "You're not so dumb. Or are you? Anyway we can't tell the public we hired you because a lot of executives will let a famous athlete talk to them when a real advertising man couldn't get past the information desk. Well, shall we inform them that you felt advertising was the motive power of modern merchandising? That'll be original. Tell them you hoped to bring to the development of this vital new science ideas—"

"Yes," Pat said, "tell them I thought I had ideas. That will be a laugh."

"Nobody will see the humor of it. Look here, what's biting you? Aren't you Merrill's fair-haired boy? Don't you sit around in his office half the time—"

"Sure," Pat said, "singing Boola Boola, holding hands."

"Isn't your job soft enough?" George asked. "Or would you like a folding bed in your office?"

"That's not it," Pat said.

"WELL," George asked, "what is? Aren't you contacting the biggest people in town? Isn't the boss putting you into all the clubs? Haven't you got an expense account a yard long? What do you want? Christmas every Tuesday?"

"I want," Pat said, "to be a real advertising man."

George whistled.

"Don't you see?" Pat said. "All this is swell now. But in a couple of years no one will remember whether I played football or intramural mumblety-peg. Then where will I be?"

"I'll bet that was what kept me awake all night last night," George said.

"I suppose," Pat said, "you wouldn't believe me if I said I didn't come into this agency to cash in on a football reputation. I'm smart enough to know I'll never get ahead that way. All I want is a chance to—"

"There!" George said. "You've broken my heart."

"I got into advertising because I thought it was a whale of a business. Yes, and because I thought I had ideas. I have, too. I've got one now. About cigars. And let me tell you—"

"Tell Merrill," George said. "Please!"

"He wouldn't listen. Never does."

"You mean to tell me Merrill wouldn't listen?"

"No."

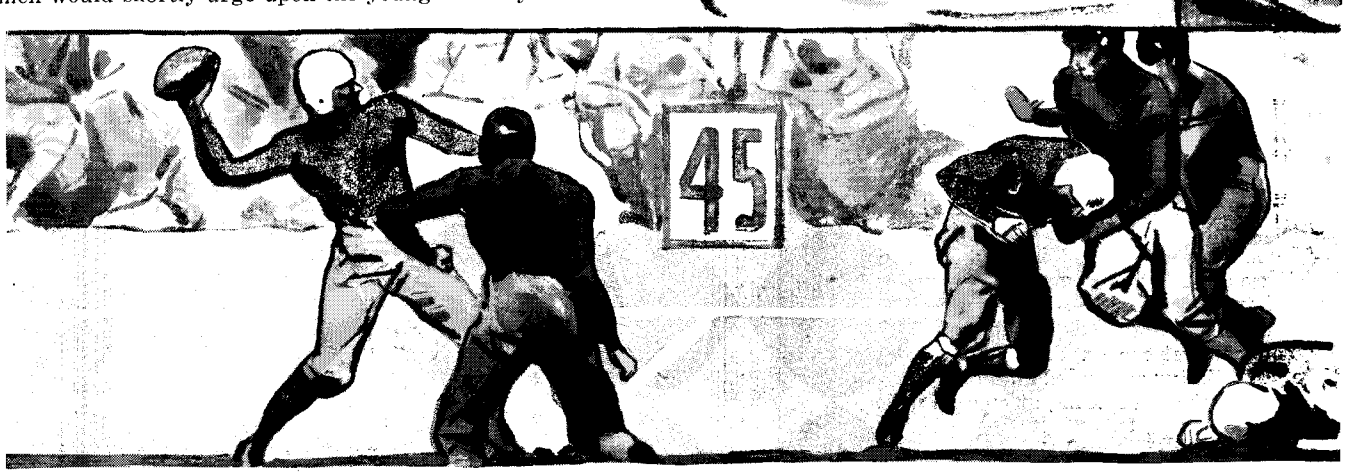
"A strange coincidence," George said. "I'd kind of made up my mind not to, too."

That afternoon while thirty thousand people, many of them full grown, were roaring loud preliminary roars at thirty thousand other people, promising the painful practices which their young men would shortly urge upon the young men of the other people, there came to section seventeen, row nine, seat six, a curiously cynical, aloof and disillusioned spectator. Pat hadn't seen a football game since graduation and you would have thought that, scenting battle from afar, he would have champed and stomped and whinnied, barely able to contain himself. Instead, his mood was dark, morbid, and he had come alone to make the most of it.

For three years he, Pat Burr, poor sap, had helped provide these shows, along with other equally deluded youths who had believed that it was sport to prance around out there attempting to insert one another's faces in the turf.

THE real truth was—Pat figured it out—he'd simply been a giddy gladiator. Pictures in the papers. Headlines and hurrahs. Bands, banquets, bunk. "Last Year's All-America Tells Why He Chose Advertising as Career." A swell career! A swell soft job that would last just as long as his football reputation.

Right in tne middle of these melancholy mental mutterings Fate took a hand. Fate took a hand and inconsiderately ushered to



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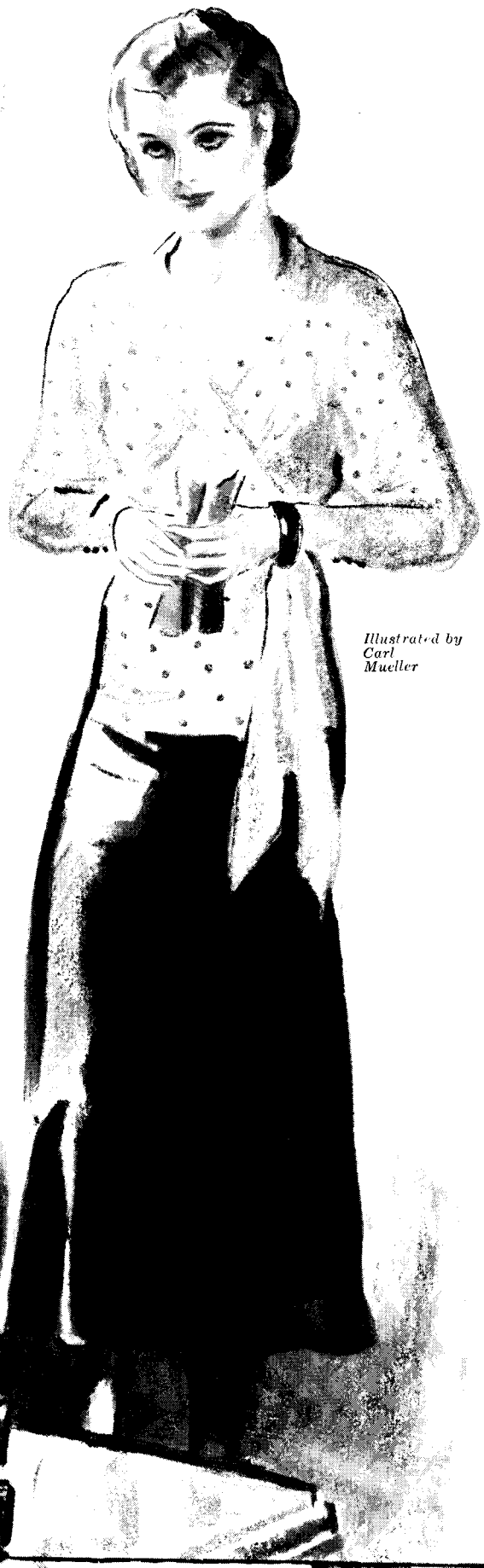

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

seat five, row nine, in section seventeen, the most upsetting girl in any given grandstand in the world. That showed you, Pat thought bitterly. An elegant example of the kind of luck he had, dog-gone the luck! Good Lord! You spent three bucks to come out here and be depressed in peace and quiet. And what happened? Wham! There plumped down right smack next to you just the type of girl who wouldn't let you call your soul your own. The type there ought to be a law about.

The game started. Pat tried to watch it. Someone on the Big Red team made a touchdown.

THE girl leaped to her feet. "Whee!" she caroled, jumping up and down. "Whee, whee!"

"That's one of my main feet you're getting all excited on," Pat said, "if you don't mind."

"Oh, almost not at all," she answered. "Did you see it? Whee! And isn't he miraculous? A touchdown! Through the whole team. Whee!"

"He fooled the boys," Pat said. "It wasn't fair. He didn't yell out which way he was going."

"Yah!" she scoffed. "He'll be an All-America!"

"Now won't that be just goody-goody grand?" Pat said. "An All-America. Now there's a swell ambition!"

"You're evidently not a college man," she said, "or anything," and turned away.

"I've got a coonskin coat," Pat said.

The silence was unbroken save for sixty thousand other people.

"You ought to smell it," Pat said. "Made right out of coonskins."

"Father," the girl said clearly, "will you change seats with me? This character is beginning to annoy me."

Well, that was that, Pat thought. She hadn't made a monkey of him, anyway. As yet.

A large, impressive-looking individual with eyebrows and a jaw designed to brook no nonsense, rose, made the exchange, and leaned toward Pat.

"My daughter says that you annoyed her."

"Sorry, sir," Pat said. "I didn't mean to."

"Yes you did," the large man stated, firmly. "I heard every word you said. You goaded her. Deliberately. And she's all upset."

Pat looked contrite.

"Have a cigar," the large man said. "I wouldn't have believed it possible. You see," he continued, "athletics are a rather touchy subject with my family. The fact is, I have views."

"I feel that way myself," Pat said.

"All this!" the large man stated, gesturing.

"That's just it," Pat replied.

"These exhibitions to assuage the public lust for combat should be staged by troupes of paid performers, hardened and mature," the gentleman observed.

"There have been certain whispers," Pat said.

"Exploiting boys!" the older man proclaimed. "The flower of our youth. That's from a speech of mine. Warping the foundations of our educational ideals."

"That is, too," his daughter said.

"MAKING public characters of boys," the large man said, ignoring this, "subjecting them to adulation, flattery—"

"Bands and banquets," Pat put in.

"Exactly. Good. I'll use that. Bands, banquets, banners—"

"Bunk!" the girl completed.

"What equipment is this giving them to battle life?" her parent asked. "Celebrities at twenty, ending their careers. And compensated afterward by some soft job that lets them, for a year or so, cash in on an athletic reputation."

"A dizzy business, sir," Pat agreed.

"It's rather unusual to meet a young man with corresponding views. My name is Pringle. D. R. Pringle. And I'd be glad to have a talk with you and find out how the younger generation looks upon this situation. You see I'm president of Pell Alumni Association and have been doing everything I could to try to get athletics back upon a proper healthy basis at our university. Be glad if you'd drop in to see me. Tower Building."

"Thanks," Pat said. "My name is Burr. Although I hardly feel—"

"And this is my daughter Polly," Mr. Pringle said with cordiality.

"How do you do," said Pat, "and sorry if I've made myself unpopular."

The melancholy minor wail of "Holdem, holdem," rose about them like a tribal supplication.

"Sorry," Pat said once again.

"Holdem, holdem!" Polly answered. "Hold that line!"

She was the most upsetting secretary in any given office in the world. "I'm here to take dictation," she said

Almost the first person Pat encountered at the club that night was Mr. D. R. Pringle.

"Well, well," said Mr. Pringle heartily. "With a party here?"

"I'm just a brand-new member," Pat replied.

"Fine. My daughter is about here somewhere. She'll be glad to meet you again."

"I'll bet," Pat said.

THE thing to do was go and find her. Now. Go up and ask her if she'd listen just a minute while he told her that he wasn't, customarily, the kind of goat he had appeared that afternoon. The thing to do was tell her frankly it was all her fault. And that, in simple justice, she should let him hang around awhile to see if he got over having dizzy spells and spots before his eyes about her. That was only reasonable.

And then Pat saw her and he knew that it would never do a bit of good. The girl affected him, in that red evening dress and with those eyes and how she did her hair and everything, like leaning out of nineteenth-story windows. Worse. And permanently.

And then, at just exactly twenty minutes after ten, the age of miracles began again. For Polly Pringle saw him, waved and, while his heart turned cartwheels, came directly over to him.

"I want to talk to you," said Polly, "Let's go on the porch."

Pat couldn't, it was obvious, believe in it. The situation, manifestly, made no sense. Yet here he was. And here was Polly Pringle.

And it was then, right then, out of a clear sky with a moon and lots of stars in it, that Polly Pringle turned on him and hissed.

"I know exactly who you are," she hissed.

"For Pete's sake!"

"Exactly," she repeated. "And I'll tell my father on you, too, you great big crafty ape."

"BUT, my Lord!" Pat said. "What's all this about? Why, Polly—"

"Don't you Polly me!" she threatened. "I should think you'd be ashamed. After this I don't suppose poor Bob will ever get a chance. Perhaps it's just as well. Perhaps my father's right and everything is just as well. If this is how they turn out!"

"Now, listen here," Pat said. "Stop panting for a minute, will you? What the dickens have I done?"

"Sitting there!" said Polly. "Lying like a trooper. Just because he makes cigars. I'll fix you!"

And before the poor, bewildered youth could diagnose the play she shot off tackle and was down the field. To fix him. That was obvious.

Now what had he done? And who was Bob? And what the dickens had he lied about? And what, in Pete's name, did cigars have to do with it? Pat didn't have the least idea. At just the one outstanding moment of his life, so far, this gorgeous girl had turned on him. She'd turned on him and flung these words with all the shocking violence of hand grenades. The thing to do was track this woman down at once and take a large firm grasp on her and haul her out and sit her down and slap a lot of questions at her. Yes or no? And quick about it, see?

When Pat found Polly Pringle, just an hour later, she was, he noted with some satisfaction, in a corner on the porch. Well, that would save him dragging her. She was involved, of course, with some peculiarly unimportant-looking youth whose crass vapidities went or, unchecked, at Pat's approach.

"I beg your pardon," Pat said. "Isn't your name Brown?"

"Why, no," the lad replied.

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"Not Cuthbert R. Y. Brown?"

"Why, no."

"They said to tell you," Pat said, "if your name wasn't Cuthbert Brown, that you were wanted on the telephone."

The young man pondered this. "Does that make shensh?" he asked.

"That's just the way I felt," Pat said. "If I were you I'd go and make them clear the matter up."

"You're dog-gone right I will," he said. "No one can call me Cuthbert to the telephone and get away with it."

"You think that's quaint, I take it?" Polly Pringle asked when the young man who wasn't Cuthbert Brown had gone away to get it all cleared up.

"I had to talk to you," Pat said.

"You're just a trifle late. I fixed you long ago."

"That's just it," Pat said reasonably. "Fixed me how? For what?"

"You're Pat Burr, aren't you?"

"Yes. At last reports."

"And you're with the Merrill, Cheyne and Harvey Advertising Agency?"

"Yes."

"Well then," said Polly with finality.

"But—" Pat said.

"Have you the face," she said, "to stand right there the size of an ox and tell me Mr. Merrill didn't frame this whole thing up? I know. It's pretty plain to me. The foxy Mr. Merrill simply got the numbers of the football seats Dad ordered and then sat you next to us. So you could get in right, pretending to agree with him about athletics."

"Go on," said Pat, "and get around to Bob. And the mysterious cigars."

SO POLLY got around to Bob and the cigars. And everything. This Bob, it gradually appeared, was Polly's sole and very favorite brother. He was a freshman at Pell and wanted, more than anything, to be a football player. More than anything. And he'd been simply swell at prep school, where he'd been allowed to play, and Polly was just sure he had the makings of an All-America. And think how gorgeous that would be! An All-America. Right in the family.

"I'll make a note of that," Pat said, but this was naturally ignored.

The difficulty, it developed, was her father. Dear old Dad in many ways was quite astonishingly human for his years, but when it came down to the question of athletics he was minus many vital buttons. And he'd threatened he would yank Bob out of school and put him at some low, repellent job if Bob so much as tried to win his letter playing slapjack. But they'd worked and worked and worked on Dad and finally when they'd got him just a little wavery—

"Then," said Polly, "in you crash. And agree with all he says. An All-America agreeing with him."

"I see that part," Pat said, "but still there isn't any light on the cigars."

Oh, wasn't there? That was the whole thing, as he knew dog-gone well. There wasn't any use in playing innocent with Polly. Polly knew. She knew, for instance, that old Mr. Merrill was hot after Father's advertising.

"Advertising what?" Pat asked, beginning now to see a dim light through the fog.

Cigars, of course. Cigars, cigars, cigars. He knew darn' well her father manufactured cigars.

"Well, thank the Lord we've got around to that," Pat said.

The whole plot couldn't possibly be clearer. Not to Polly. She didn't care a rap who got the silly advertising, naturally. But just because they'd ruined poor Bob's chances she had gone to Father just as soon as she had found out who Pat Burr was. And she'd told him everything. And Father naturally thought the whole scheme very underhanded. And that would settle Mr. Merrill's hash. And Pat Burr's too, she hoped and prayed.

"You'll get your wish all right, as far as I'm concerned," Pat said. "See here. Impossible as it may sound, I hadn't the least idea who your father was. And as for Merrill having anything to do with my meeting you, good Lord! When he finds out all this and thinks I've butted in on some account he's after—"

"I don't believe a word of that," said Polly. "What reason could you have for telling Father—"

"I honestly agree with him," Pat said, "because I'm a living example. With a job where they won't give me a chance to do anything but try to cash in on a football reputation. But I won't have to worry about that. Not any longer than tomorrow morning. When Merrill hears why he has lost his chance at that cigar account."

"You mean," said Polly, "that he'll ask you to resign?"

"Not so at all," Pat replied. "He'll simply fire me."

"But if all this is true—" Polly began.

"Yep. True all right."

"Why, then," said Polly—"oh! I've done an awful thing."

"Right now," Pat said, "I don't see how it could be awfuller. The worst thing is, I thought I had a swell idea about cigars I tried to tell Merrill. He'll remember that and think I've tried to put it over on my own hook. Yes. The young man briskly seeks employment in the morning."

"But don't you hate me? Horribly?" asked Polly, piteously.

"Certainly," Pat stated. "Certainly. And it will take you years and years, devoting every minute of your time to it, to get around to my forgiving you."

"You're simply trying to be dog-gone awfully d-d-decent," Polly said. "And now I r-r-rather think I'll c-c-cry."

"A good idea," Pat said. "I'll cry too. I was about to, anyway. I'll tell you what. We'll kind of lean against this wall—like this—and you can kind of tuck your head down here—like that—and we'll go right ahead and cry in unison."

AT NINE O'CLOCK next morning, promptly, Mr. Merrill was concluding.

"We can't at any rate have blunderers about," concluded Mr. Merrill.

"But you'll admit I'm not to blame," Pat said.

"I only know," said Mr. Merrill, "that because of your activities a half-million-dollar advertising appropriation, which we were in a fair way of securing, will now go to another agency."

"Yes, I see that all right," Pat said.

"We will, of course, be glad to give you any reasonable reference."

"What could you say I'd done?" Pat asked. "Mr. Merrill, that's the only complaint I have to make. In five months here you really haven't given me a chance to prove whether I'd make an advertising man or not. Perhaps my ideas weren't worth a hoot. I think at least you should have given me encouragement by listening. Now take this thought I had about cigars. I really think I had a new slant there which any cigar advertiser would be interested in. Perhaps if you'd let me tell it to you now it might be the means of getting Pringle's business after all. Now my idea was—"

"Your ideas," said Mr.Merrill, "I will, henceforth, be permanently spared."

Well, that was that and was to be expected. Pat hadn't thought that Merrill would listen to him. Thing he ought to do was bust back in and smooth this little Mr. Merrill out all nice and level with the floor and set his nice carved desk on top of him and let him lie there while he listened. That or else go and back old Papa Pringle up against the wall and hold him there with one foot on his Adam's apple while he learned about the way to advertise. *There* was the individual who really ought to hear this swell idea about cigars. He made the things!

WHEN Pat gave his name to the girl at the information desk at the Pan-Havana Company he was, to his surprise, admitted to Mr. Pringle's office with practically no delay.

"Well, well, young man," said Mr. Pringle cordially.

Now that was odd!

"My daughter Polly kept me awake until a most unearthly hour," Mr. Pringle said, "telling me the injustice she had done you."

"Not at all, sir," Pat replied. "She had every reason to feel as she did. That's all forgotten and it's not at all why I am here."

"Well!" Mr. Pringle said. "What can I do for you?"

"You see," Pat said, "I had a thought about cigars—"

"Then you're still with your agency? My daughter seemed to fear—"

"Well, no," Pat said. "I'm making another connection. I simply had this idea about cigar advertising and I was anxious to learn if there was any merit in it. If you'd be good enough to listen—"

"Certainly," said Mr. Pringle. "But you mean to say that Merrill actually dismissed you? Because of what happened yesterday?"

"I'd rather not discuss that," Pat said. "All I wanted was to—"

"By George," said Mr. Pringle, "I call that pretty crude. And it just about settles things for Merrill, Cheyne and Harvey, so far as Pan-Havana is concerned."

"I wouldn't like to feel you'd counted them out because of me," Pat said, "or because of the way Merrill happens to look at things. They're a big agency, Mr. Pringle, and a good one, with some fine advertising men in their organization. Just because I didn't happen to fit in—"

"Look here," said Mr. Pringle. "You were with that outfit five or six months, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"You ought to know them pretty well, and what kind of service they're equipped to give their clients. Frankly, now, if you had half a million dollars to spend on advertising do you think that Merrill, Cheyne and Harvey could do a real job of it?"

"Why, yes," Pat said, "I do."

Mr. Pringle was the type of big executive who took a lot of pride in quick decisions. And he was usually fairly right. He wouldn't have been president of Pan-Havana otherwise. And now he hesitated very briefly.

"Well, go to it," Mr. Pringle said.

"I don't believe I understand," Pat said.

"Why," Mr. Pringle said, "you're our new advertising manager. If it appeals to you. I've been doing it myself since Prescott left us. And I've always thought a man with some agency experience— And I'm impressed with you, my boy."

"I hardly know what to say," Pat said, "except I'll jump at it. And work my head off. And I really think that I can swing it, too. You see this idea of mine about the copy slant on cigar advertising is to—"

"Nope," said Mr. Pringle, "not to me. What I want is results. I'll tell you. Wait right here and I'll send my secretary in and you can get your idea down on paper. As for me, I'm going home and get the rest I didn't have last night."

COULD this be true? The thing to do was pinch yourself till you got black and blue. Advertising manager of Pan-Havana! Salary? That didn't matter. Hours? There were twenty-four a day. And sweetest feature of all was the soul-satisfying thought of Merrill, listening. 'Permanently spared,' he'd said? Well, little Mr. Merrill would listen now. He'd listen by the hour and he'd love it!

Pat picked up the phone. "Will you please get me Merrill, Cheyne and Harvey? . . . Mr. Merrill. Hello. Mr. Merrill. This is Patrick Burr, the advertising manager of Pan-Havana. Shall I hold the line while you go get a drink of water? Yes—yes—yes, we've about decided on your agency. Quite so. Yes—quite. I'd like you to come over at once if it's convienent. And bring George Hall. And Barry Long. I've got a slight idea I thought perhaps you'd like to listen to."

And now, before they came, he'd have to get this thing on paper. How would he begin? Let's see. Now where the dickens was that secretary?

She was coming in, right then. The most upsetting secretary in any given office in the United States.

"I'm here to take dictation," Polly Pringle said.

"And I'm right here to give it," Pat replied. "And that," he said, "is just the way things should be. Here. Come here."

"But would that be quite business-like?" asked Mr. Pringle's secretary.

"You're dog-gone right," Pat said.

"But," Polly said, "I only met you yesterday. It will take years and years, devoting every minute of your time to it, before we get around to that."

Still, when the phone rang some time later, Pat said into it, "Oh, here already? Ask them if they'll wait. Indefinitely. I'm engaged."

"Write Your Own" Awards

In the opinion of the judges the following contributors composed the most successful versions of the "Write Your Own" plot which appeared in Collier's for August 6:

$100 Jennings Perry, Jackson, Tenn.

$75 John Marchand, 5923 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

$50 Dorothy Guernsey, 5 Prospect Place, New York City.

The constituent elements of Anton Chekhov's story "The Bet" were thoroughly analyzed and ingeniously reassembled by these writers. The resulting stories—in settings as various as a millionaire's mansion and an Aztec temple—are more than adaptations; they show the unmistakable signs of individual life. Mr. Chekhov, we feel sure, would have been pleased to see these mutations of the seed he planted.

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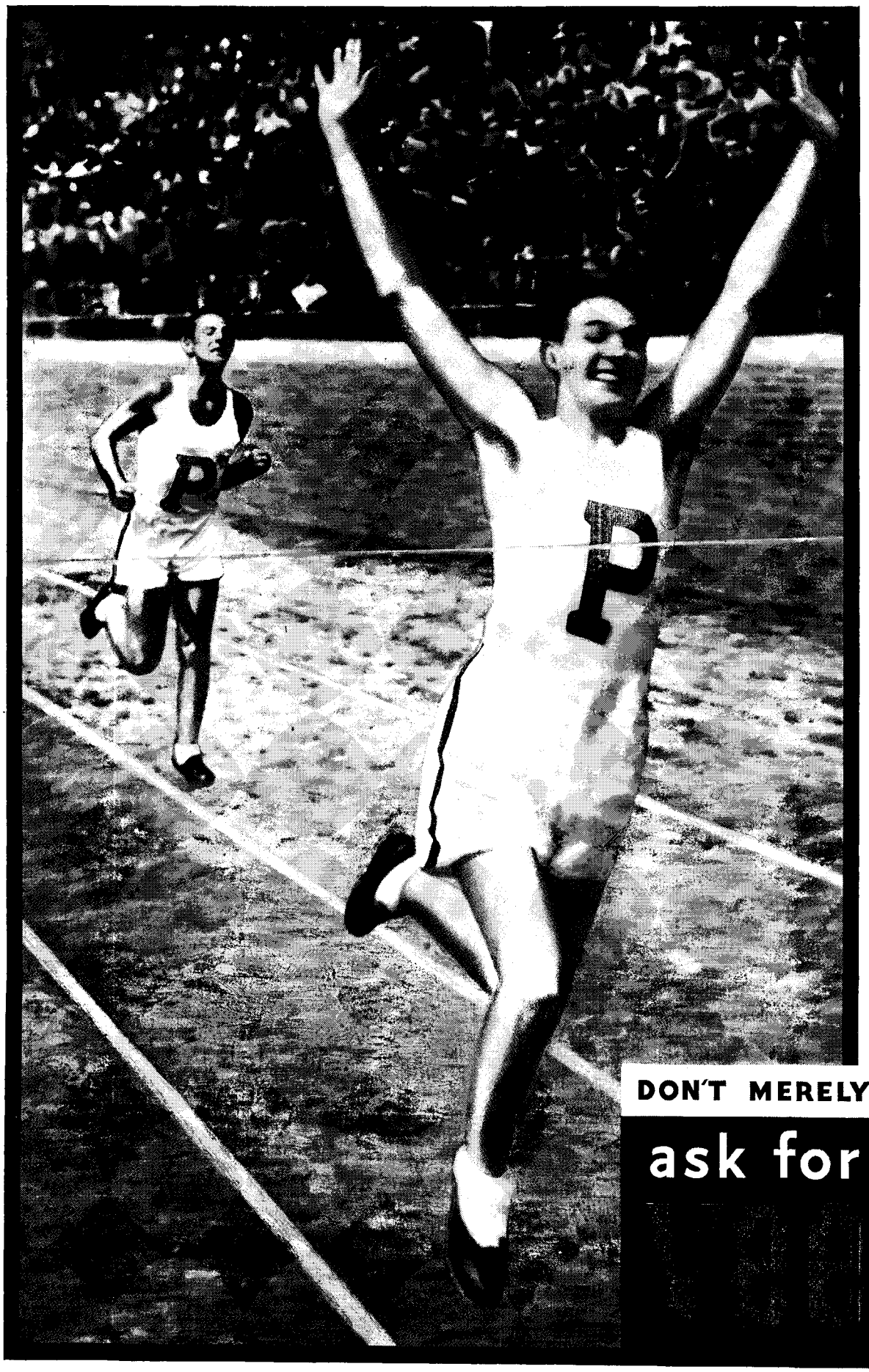
Both from Pennsylvania!

But not all Pennsylvania athletes have the same stamina... neither have all Pennsylvania motor oils



Almost anywhere along the road you can see motor oils that had a good start in Pennsylvania . . . only to lose their advantage through cheap or improper refining . . . and now running nowhere in the race for real motor oil quality.

Pennsylvania is the basis of the finest motor oil the world produces.

But it is the name of a crude oil, not a MOTOR oil.

VEEDOL'S superiority begins with its Pennsylvania crudes from the Bradford field—the richest of all.

Then VEEDOL doubles and redoubles the value of these crudes by a new, secret refining process, unique in the oil industry. It cost $2,000,000 . . . but it makes VEEDOL cold-proof . . . heat-proof . . . 99.1% carbon-free. And it gives you a safer, smoother, more economical motor the year round.

Why put your trust in unknown, unsponsored motor oils whose only lure is the word "Pennsylvania"?

CHANGE NOW TO WINTER VEEDOL

Made to defeat every attack of the bitterest cold. Ready to flow to every moving part the instant the motor starts. Ready to lubricate perfectly at 20° below zero . . . At a cost that is actually less than you usually pay for other high-grade Pennsylvania oil.

A TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED PRODUCT

DON'T MERELY ASK FOR "PENNSYLVANIA"

ask for MOTOR

AND GET 100% PENNSYLVANIA... AT ITS FINEST

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As Grant moved closer to Richmond, Judah Benjamin resolved upon one last desperate throw of the dice

Gallant Rebel

Judah Benjamin was the official goat of the Confederacy. But he was also, in turn, a Louisiana lawmaker, United States senator, Jeff Davis' right-hand man, British barrister and finally an unwilling citizen of France who still yearned for the Lost Cause

By George Creel

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

THE Moors, entering Spain as conquerors, gave tolerance and good will to the Jews. Subsequently the children of Israel, reviving agriculture, turned barren wastes into gardens, orchards and fertile fields; their skilled fingers worked wonders in gold, silver, fine leather and shimmering silks; Jewish captains sailed unknown seas on voyages of commerce and discovery; Jewish statesmen and administrators were lifted to high places, and such were Jewish advances in art, literature and the sciences that even Christians came from far countries to sit at the feet of Hebrew masters.

Christian kings, succeeding Mohammedan caliphs, continued this wise policy of tolerance until 1492, when bigotry and fanaticism finally forced changes. Ferdinand and Isabella, yielding to the harsh urgencies of Torquemada, issued a decree of banishment that compelled another cruel Diaspora.

It is this background that must be understood before there can be understanding of Judah Philip Benjamin, that son of Israel who rose from depths of obscurity to be a senator of the United States, then for the Confederacy Attorney-General, Secretary of War and Secretary of State, the beloved friend and strong right hand of Jefferson Davis, and who at an age when most men counted their lives completed started anew in a foreign land—penniless and proscribed—and won to heights of fame and fortune.

Not for Judah Benjamin the pliant knee and fawning eye. Even in his times of bitterest poverty and heartbreaking struggle, he bore himself as one whose line had lorded it in the fair cities of Spain and Portugal, purple-gowned and beloved by princes. Once in the course of a Senate debate an opponent flung the fact of his race at him as an insult, and there was the ring of a sword in Benjamin's voice as he answered: "It is true that I am a Jew, and when my ancestors were receiving their Ten Commandments from the immediate hand of the Deity, the ancestors of the distinguished gentleman who is opposed to me were herding swine in the forests of Scandinavia."

More Than Genius

Again in England, at the time when his foot was just reaching for the ladder of success, the Lord Chancellor, that great Earl of Selborne, frowned upon the trend of Benjamin's arguments, and, turning to his associates on the bench, made a low-voiced remark that held a note of derogation. Rising at once, his face set and white, Benjamin quitted the court without a word and refused to resume his practice in the House of Lords until the Chancellor made full and public apology.

None other of his family showed any of these atavistic traits. His father, a fair example of the rest, was that phenomenon, a feckless Jew, aimlessly wandering from London to the West Indies—where Judah was born—then on to Charleston, South Carolina. There he settled down in the pathetic hope that the miracle of Elijah and the ravens might be repeated for his benefit. A rich woman provided for the brilliant boy's early education. And he later managed to enter Yale University.

Doubtless the poverty of his family forced him to leave New Haven in the second year, but, whatever the cause, he worked his way back home, subsisting miserably on odd jobs picked up as he trudged from town to town.

In 1828 he went from South Carolina to New Orleans to work in a commercial house by day, and study law, French and Spanish at night. Intense indeed must have been his application, for four years later, when but twenty-one, he received admission to the bar of Louisiana, then the most brilliant and aristocratic in all the South.

More than mere genius went into the rapid climb during the next ten years. The proud and critical society of New Orleans was not without respect for brains; but culture, breeding, and courage were things of still larger value. At no point did Judah Benjamin fail to meet these demands. Whatever the subject, his brilliant mind gave it new interest and illumination. Slim, straight and handsome, his ardor and vivacity had the check of dignity, and his manners were a pattern of exquisite courtesy.

He lost his first fortune through indorsing the note of a friend and only smiled as he set to work to make another. His wife, a spoiled, selfish soul, deserted him for a life in Paris, taking the daughter of his adoration, yet no complaint ever fell from his lips, and he sent money across the Atlantic in a steady stream that they might have every luxury.

Small wonder that Louisiana came to have a vast pride in her adopted son. His first political honor was an election to the legislature, and then, in 1852, the Louisianians sent him to the Senate.

He was the first Jew to be admitted to that august tribunal. Brilliant Stephen Douglas, autocratic Benton, fiery Robert Toombs, and Sumner, the Boston Brahmin, with his English clothes and white spats, were disposed at first to sneer down the "little Jew from Louisiana," but it was not long before they welcomed him to a place among the elect.

Almost from the first, Benjamin was accepted as an authoritative spokesman for the South, and while Toombs and Slidell were more thunderous, it was invariably "the little Jew" who appeared as senior counsel for the Southern cause in the many furious debates that shook the Senate chamber. He had been elected to office as a Whig, but as marching events proved the party moribund, doomed to absorption by the Republicans, he made public announcement of a change of faith, and not the least of his spectacular triumphs was reëlection by the Democratic party in Louisiana.

Franklin Pierce offered him a place on the Supreme Court bench but he refused, not caring for its cloistered quiet; Buchanan wanted him as an adviser, but Benjamin had small faith in a President whose weak compromises infuriated the North without pleasing the South. Until the very last he fought for concessions that would preserve the Union without sacrifice of Southern rights, but when the candidacy of Stephen Douglas split the party into three hate-filled factions, he calmly withdrew from the campaign and went out to California to try some famous cases. With the election of Lincoln, however, he threw off his air of detachment and took his stand at once with the leaders of the Secessionist movement, as passionate as any.

In the Midst of Feuds

Foreign-born, and a Southerner only by the accident of residence, nothing would have been easier than for Judah Benjamin to have switched allegiance, taking his brains to the larger, richer market of New York. Never one to be fooled by his own hopes and ardors, he knew that secession meant war, just as he knew that the North, with its overwhelming superiority in wealth, resources and man power, must certainly prove victor in the struggle. Nor did he believe in slavery.

The forces that moved him were love and loyalty. All that he was he owed to the South and all that he had was little enough to offer in return.

Clear-eyed and serene, he made his choice, and just as his speech in defense of the right of secession was the finest legal justification of the Southern course, so was his farewell address, made when Louisiana left the Union, the boldest in its challenge to the North, the most majestic in its expression of a resolve to fight to the death. Slidell's oration moved the chamber to an outburst of fury, yet Benjamin's, although even more implacable, was heard in silence and in tears, such was its beauty and the charm of its delivery.

Gathering in Montgomery, the seceding states formed the Confederacy with Jefferson Davis as their President, and in February Judah Benjamin was called upon to serve as the new

(Continued on page 41)

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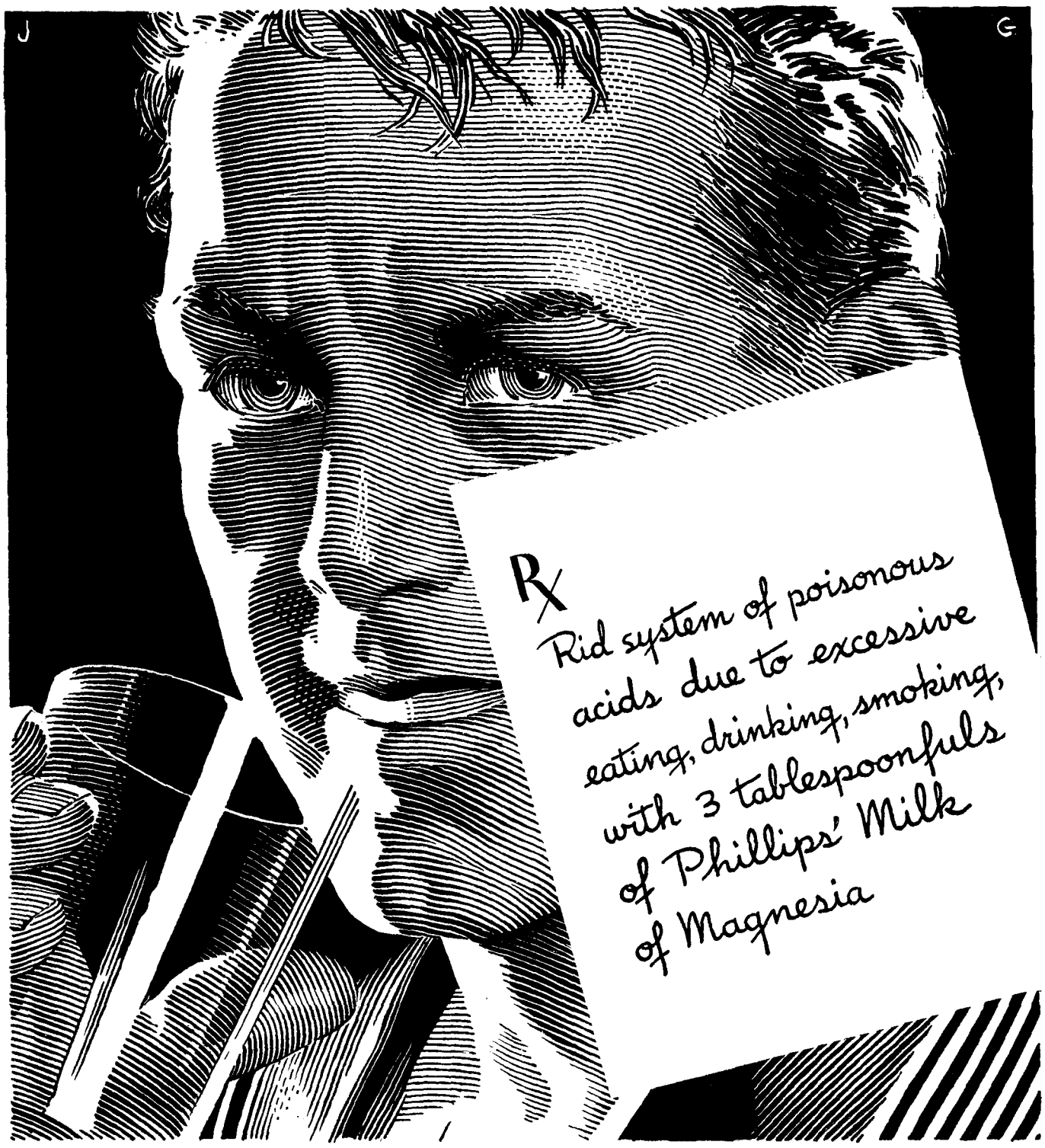
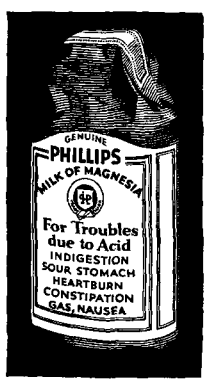
MORNING AFTER


Rx
Rid system of poisonous acids due to excessive eating, drinking, smoking, with 3 tablespoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia



● **Eat, drink, and be merry! No need to feel "sunk" next day. Take a laxative dose of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia when you go to bed, or with your breakfast orange. It rids stomach and bowels of all lingering poisons. No headaches. No nausea. Not even a coated tongue. Get the genuine *Phillips'* Milk of Magnesia; substitutes are *not* the same.**

ALSO IN TABLET FORM:

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

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Elect YOURSELF A COOL SHAVE!

POINT with pride to a cool, cool chin! View with alarm all stinging, lukewarm shaving creams! Americans everywhere regret that they have but one face to shave with Ingram's!

For Ingram's Shaving Cream is cool, Cool, COOL!

You can buy it in a jar. Or you can buy it in a tube. Either one will give you the coolest, smoothest shave there is. Each contains a cream that's based on three marvelous things—three elements that give it the quality of a lotion and a skin tonic, as well as a shaving cream!

To find out just how good Ingram's is, step out and buy yourself a jar or a tube. But if you have to be shown first, we'll send you your first ten cool shaves. Mail us the coupon and a 2¢ stamp for return of a trial package.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. C-1022
110 Washington St., New York, N.Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
I enclose a 2-cent stamp.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

So this is the Underworld

Continued from page 17

booth has a table and a bench on either side of the table wide enough for two.

I stepped up to the bar and ordered a whisky sour and studied the mirror. And I saw the Lady Millicent in the far corner and the man sitting beside her was not this Cook. It was Benny the Wop.

I figured the time had come for action. I walked over and grabbed this Benny's right arm with the old grip so he had no chance to use a gun and I says, "I advise you to go quietly." He looks up at me as cool as you please and says, "Why, if it isn't our old friend O'Donnell."

I says, "Never mind kidding me along, because I'm serious."

He looked me in the eyes and he says, "I'm serious, too, O'Donnell."

I gave his arm a good twist. He was quick. He got away from me. He was on his feet like a cat and he hit me square on the nose. I didn't go down, of course. I was fifty pounds heavier. But it stung. So I let drive at him and knocked him halfway across the room. He was up again and rushing me and I let go with a straight left as he came in and then all the lights went out.

When I came to, somebody was soaking my head in cold water. I was bleeding and the blood kept getting in my eyes.

"Give me a towel," I says. They gave me a towel and I held it on my forehead where it was cut. My head was clear. "I'm all right," I said.

They walked me into another room and sat me down in a chair at a table with the Lady Millicent and this Cook.

"Who hit me?" I asked.

The Lady Millicent looked at me as if she were going to cry. "I did," she said. "I hit you with a bottle."

"Where is Benny the Wop?"

"He went out to get something on his eye," this Cook said. "You gave him an awful shiner."

I kind of got the blood stopped. Lady Millicent made a pad of a smaller towel that I could hold on my forehead. But it stung.

"Lady Millicent," I said, "if you are going to hit men on the head you should learn how to do it." I took a blackjack out of my pocket and laid it on the table. "There," I says, "is a little instrument that is perfect for the job."

She picked the blackjack up. "Why," she said, "that leather pad is filled with bird shot."

"You bet it is," I said, "and you don't have to swing it to put a man down."

The Lady Millicent whacked the table with the blackjack.

"Yeah," I said, "you got it."

AND just then Benny the Wop came in the door. I will say I was quick. I had my hand on my gun before he'd taken a second step. And just as I pulled it clear all the lights went out for me again.

When I come to I had my head on the table and a girl I hadn't seen before was putting ice on the back of my neck.

"Spike," this Cook says, "you are a glutton for punishment. We began to think we'd have to shoot you."

"Where's that wop?" I says.

"Now, now, Spike," this Cook says, "forget Benny. "He's sitting down in the car with the Lady Millicent."

"You mean," I says, "she's still playing with that guy?"

"It's all right, Spike," this girl with Cook says.

"Who are you?" I says.

"I'm Mabel," she said. "I'm Cookie's girl."

"So," I says, "that's why he didn't fall for the Lady Millicent."

"Yes," she says, "that's why he didn't fall. If he didn't."

I sat up. I took a look at this Mabel. She was a smart-looking girl, all right, though not any Lady Millicent.

"Listen," I says, "can you get that—can you get Lady Millicent to come up here?"

"I can," Mabel says, "and I will."

She goes out and I look at this Cook and he looks at me.

"Somebody always has to be the goat, Spike," he says.

"And when your uncle hears of this," I says, "you will be the goat."

"I was thinking about that," he says. "And I want you to know that we will stick with you and tell any story you think is best."

"The story I think is best," I says, "is the truth. The truth is good enough for me."

"It may be," he says. "It may be. But wait till you know what it is."

THE Lady Millicent came in, and Mabel and Benny the Wop.

The Lady Millicent sat down beside me and put her arm around my neck and kissed me.

"Oh, Spike," she says, "I'm so sorry. But I had to do it. I was afraid you'd shoot him. When you pulled out that gun I didn't dare wait."

"Look here," I says, "was it you knocked me out the second time?"

"Yes," she said, and there were tears in her eyes.

"Well," I says, "I'm not going to hold it against you. But what are we going to do about this Benny the Wop?"

"Oh," she said, "you don't have to worry about that for a moment. I'm going to marry him."

"What!" I yells, "marry a gangster?"

"He isn't a gangster, Spike," she said. "His name really is Brown—Henry Benjamin Brown. He got the nickname of Benny the Wop in college—because he was so dark and so handsome."

"Lady Millicent," I says, "what will Mr. Ainsworth say?"

"Really," she said, "I can't imagine. But what difference does it make?"

"Well—" I says.

"I can imagine what my mother will say," the Lady Millicent goes on. "But as soon as she finds out who Benny is, and who his father is, it will be all right. It isn't as if he were really poor."

I sat there, trying to think. And after a while there didn't seem to be anything to do but go home and get some sleep. So I did.

SPIKE O'DONNELL paused and lit a fresh cigar. "You see," he said, "where I made my mistake."

"You made your mistake," I said, "when you picked Benny the Wop for a gangster."

Spike shook his head. "No," he said, "that's not where I made my mistake. Anybody might have done that. You nor I nor nobody else can tell a gangster now that so many of them speak English as good as you or me and go in for these quiet, classy tailors. I'm not ashamed of taking Benny for a gangster."

He took a long pull at his cigar.

"Of course," he said, "I might have noticed that these two had known each other before. Now that I think back on it, knowing what I know, I can see that Benny knew the Lady Millicent and she knew him that night at Joe Spinelli's. No two people who'd never seen each other before could fall into step like that. They wouldn't look at each other like that, either."

"It's easy to see," I said, "that your friend Cook planted Benny the Wop at Joe Spinelli's."

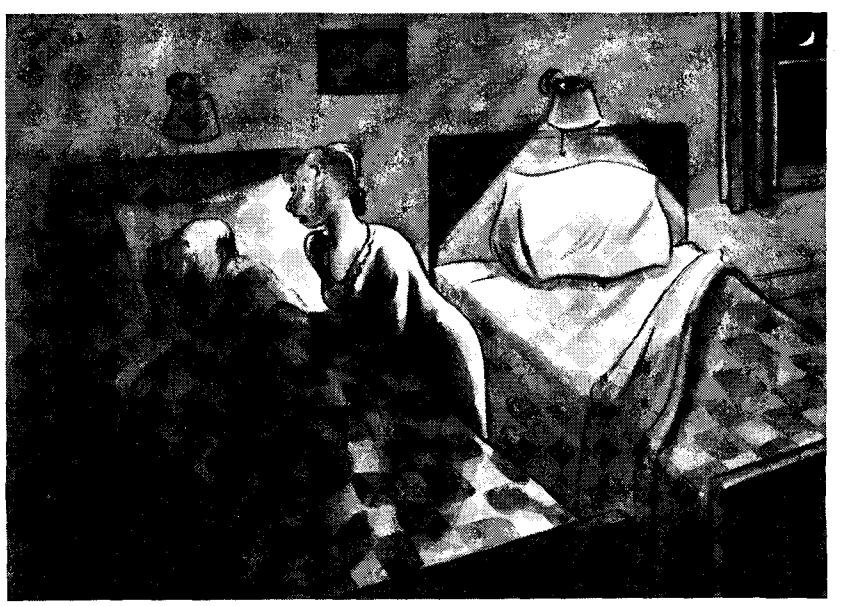
Spike O'Donnell nodded. "While this Cook was playing golf with the Lady Millicent she told him why she'd come to America and asked him to help her. It seems she and this Benny the Wop had been in love in London. They were planning to marry. But they had a bad quarrel, and she said she didn't love him. But she did—so she up and followed him to Chicago. Cook did what she wanted him to. She had a way with her, you see."

"Even," I said, "when she bopped you?"

Spike O'Donnell nodded. "Of course," he said, "that's where I made my mistake—giving her that blackjack."

"On the other hand," I said, "if you hadn't given her the blackjack she would have crowned you with a bottle the second time and given you another cut."

"That's so," Spike O'Donnell said. "That's exactly what that girl would have done. So you might say I didn't make any mistake at all."



"John, wake up. I think I hear burglars singing in the cellar!"

Frank Beaven

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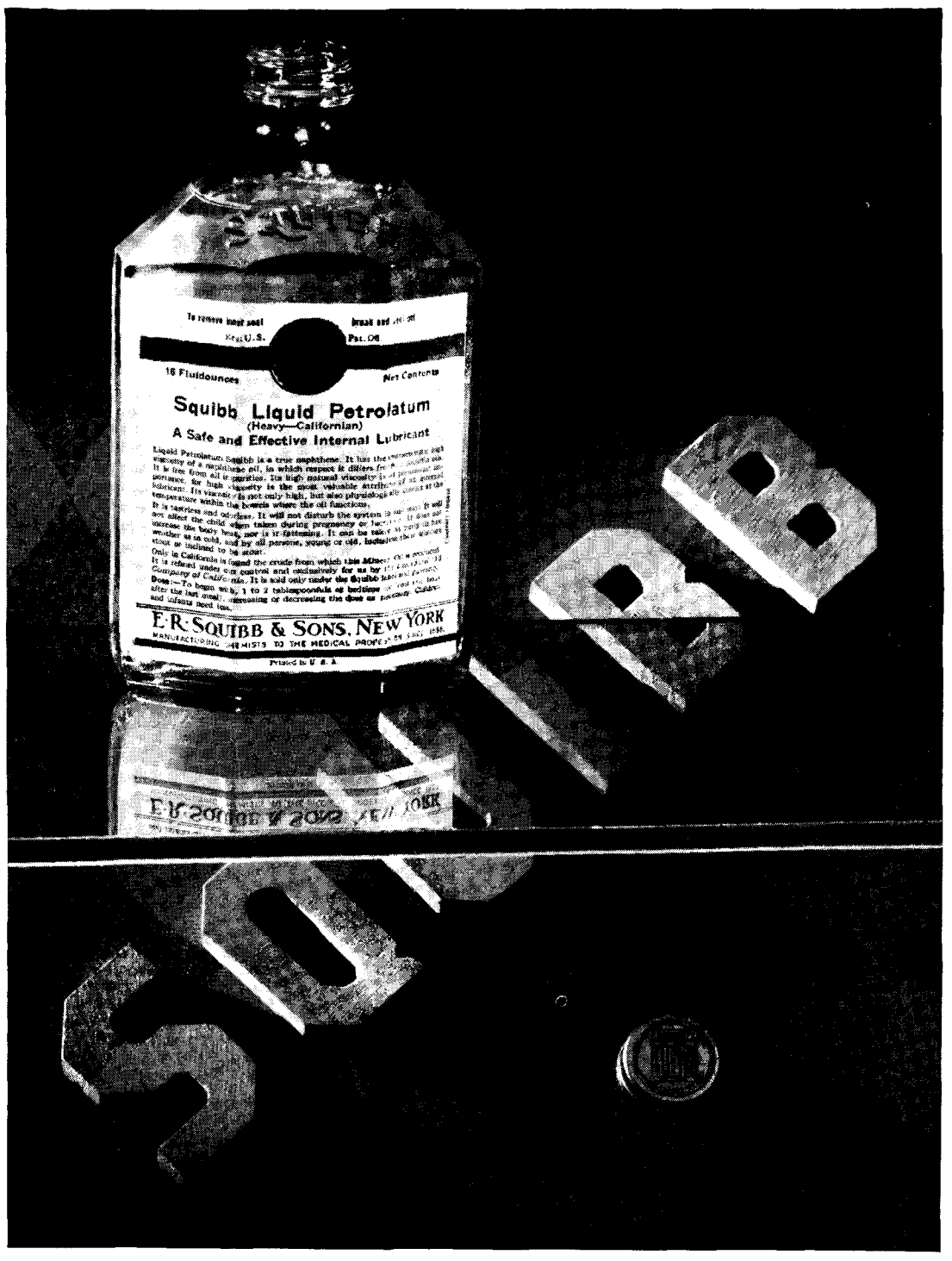
A lower price on a Squibb Product vital to American Health

Increased demand enables the House of Squibb to supply its Squibb Liquid Petrolatum (also called Squibb-ol) at a price no higher than the cost of ordinary mineral oils



The steadily increasing sales of Squibb Products are proof that the public demands purity, uniformity and efficacy in medicinal products.

And that very increase in demand enables the House of Squibb *materially to reduce the price of its* Squibb Liquid Petrolatum (also called Squibb-ol). *It now costs no more than ordinary mineral oils.*

Millions of people have discovered that Squibb-ol is a gentle, natural regulator . . . not a harsh, habit-forming laxative.

Millions of people know that it is a safe, pure and trustworthy regulator.

•

Squibb-ol is a lubricant! A gentle regulator! Not a drug! A natural oil from Mother Earth! Found in but one spot in all the world! In sunny California.

Refined, purified, tested and perfected as all Squibb Products are perfected. Odorless, tasteless, non-fattening, non-heating; is not absorbed by the system . . . your physician will approve of this safe, harmless, non-habit-forming regulator.

We invite you to write to Squibb, Squibb Building, New York, for more information.

E·R·SQUIBB & SONS · NEW YORK

MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858

This product contains the Priceless Ingredient—the Honor and Integrity of its Maker . . . The professional experience of 74 years. Squibb Liquid Petrolatum is a good . . . a pure . . . an honest product . . . When buying demand Squibb's.

SQUIBB LIQUID PETROLATUM

ALSO CALLED **SQUIBB·OL**

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It's hard for a Hungry citizen to be a Good CITIZEN

THE boy whose stomach is empty cannot be expected to do good work at school. Babies undernourished through another winter may be handicapped by frail bodies through life. The hungry father of a hungry family is hardly the man to seek employment with persistence, or to do well on the job when he gets it.

Before you can save a man's soul it is often necessary to feed his body. You have no right to expect the civic virtues of patience, courage and honesty from starving, freezing men and women. If they preserve a just attitude towards the laws of the city in which they live, it is a miracle.

This winter, as never before, it is the duty of all who are well-clad, well-housed, and well-fed to help the less fortunate. The fact that you gave last year, and the year before, does not lessen your responsibility. The fact that you cannot afford a large contribution must not deter you. The upturn of business with a gradual improvement of economic conditions does not remove the crisis of this moment.

Emergency appropriations by the federal government amount to $300,000,000, but they meet only half the increased national needs for human relief. The rest is up to you!

How will your dollars be used? First of all, they will feed the hungry, and relieve the absolute want of the unemployed. They will be used, also, to take care of the sick and aged. They will help to maintain hospitals, orphanages and schools. They will make possible clinics and visiting nurses.

The dollars you give are invested in the forces of civilization right in your community!

WELFARE AND RELIEF MOBILIZATION, 1932

The Welfare and Relief Mobilization for 1932 *is a co-operative national program to reinforce local fund-raising for human welfare and relief needs. No national fund is being raised; each community is making provision for its own people; each community will have full control of the money it obtains.*

Give *through your established welfare and relief organizations, through your community chest, or through your local emergency relief committee.*

NEWTON D. BAKER, CHAIRMAN, NATIONAL CITIZENS' COMMITTEE

This winter, as never before, support your local Community Campaign

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The Terrible Cossack

Continued from page 25

"You ought to do it," I said persuasively, "to help out Roscoe. Go to the movies with him. Take him riding in the moonlight. You should do your bit, Ruby, as it will not inconvenience you much and will help us win a match."

"All right," she said in a martyred tone. "I will go around for a while with this oaf, but only in the line of duty."

From then on, our strong man improved. His appetite returned and he destroyed steak after steak, with onions. Ruby assumed a fictitious interest in him, and it was the first time any lady had ever looked his way without hostility, proving women do not like strong men if they are too strong. They went to the movies. On quiet nights they rambled in the silent moonlight and Ruby talked.

"What does he talk about?" we asked curiously.

"He talks about nothing," she replied with a show of irritation. "I drive and he sits there staring at me, and it makes me nervous. Suppose he should go crazy out there in the car some night. . . ! How long must I keep this up?"

"Not very much longer," said Roscoe, "and we sure are obliged to you."

In the meantime Reedsburg displayed genuine interest in The Terrible Cossack, largely because of Whitey and his bulletins. Reporters came out to interview Ben, but we took them aside and answered questions, explaining that Ben spoke English feebly. The boys wanted to know if by any chance we would wrestle Bull Pascal before we left for New York, and Whitey gave them lofty answers, saying that after all Reedsburg was a small and unimportant city, and that it would be a shame to waste a new marvel-man on anybody like Bull Pascal.

WHEN that came out in the Gazette, it irked Joe Saltus, who wrote out a formal reply, also published with headlines.

This was the beginning of a warm newspaper controversy that continued day by day.

Reedsburg's sporting circles commenced to clamor for action, and while some editors proclaimed that, as they beheld it, The Terrible Cossack was afraid of Bull Pascal, others maintained that Bull would never set foot in the same ring with the Manchurian wonder. This built up a desirable state of affairs and Whitey discussed the outlook with our benefactor.

"You will never regret the money you invested, Mr. Kelly," said our spokesman. "You will get it back and plenty to boot, for Ben Roach will murder Bull Pascal. . . . And now they want a match."

"Who wants it?"

"The town does. It is the universal topic. If we take on Bull, they will sell out the Coliseum, but that is not where the real money lies. We can make a fortune betting we win. This is the first real cinch since the Ben Hur chariot race."

"I have faith in your judgment, Whitey," Mr. Kelly said, "and I am behind you to the full extent of the bank roll."

WITHIN a week, there was a business conference and articles were duly signed in deference to public demand for a wrestling match between Bull Pascal, the Reedsburg Demon, and The Terrible Cossack, late of Manchuria. . . . Immediately the town talked of nothing else and when they opened the ticket booths there was a promising rush of persons with two-dollar bills. Ben Roach evinced not the slightest interest in the forthcoming contest. He was still drawing twenty a week, but his mind was not on fiscal matters and he displayed no curiosity concerning his opponent. He thought only of Ruby Lee and mentioned her to us.

"I don't know for sure whether she likes me or not," he said. "I wish she would."

"Sure she likes you," Whitey assured him. "You got to give her time, Ben. It takes time for a nice girl to like a wrestler."

"She never says anything about it," he grumbled, and he must have taken the matter up with her at the next moonlight meeting, which was on Sunday night. On Monday morning Ruby hurled a bomb into the camp.

"I quit," she said, addressing all of us present. "I'm through. No more Manchurian Cossacks for little Ruby, no matter what Roscoe says."

"Did he do anything?" Whitey asked, having visions of an impetuous lover.

"He did nothing," she snapped. "He hasn't enough sense to do anything. I'm sick of the job and you can get another girl."

Roscoe heard this unsettling news without joy and spoke up.

"You're just throwing us down, Ruby," he said accusingly. "This is a critical time and you know it."

Ruby declined to argue, and from that

(Continued on page 36)

"It's a letter from my son asking for more money!" *Bandel Linn*

First Thing in the Morning . . .

Fizz! . . . And you're Fit!

with a

Sal Hepatica "Cocktail"!

IF ever you wake up in the morning feeling "rocky," half-sick and dull and headachy—and Old Man Gloom is jeering at you from the bed-post, here's what to do!

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But that doesn't mean that Sal Hepatica is "just another laxative." Sal Hepatica is a *saline*—it offers the same saline benefits as do the health waters of the famous European spas. It cleanses the system — the blood stream—of poisons and wastes.

Physicians whole-heartedly recommend Sal Hepatica not only for sick headache, upset stomach, and constipation—but for colds and rheumatism. It clears up blotchy complexions, too. It routs that "mean" feeling. It sends you off to work feeling like a new man.

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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Real Truth About Tobacco Is Important To Pipe Fans

Good Time To Use Hard Common Sense. Real Pipe Pleasure Still Easy To Find. Cost Is Very Low.

Flavor Still the Key

Best Advice is, "Find the Brand that Suits Your Taste and Stick to It."

As more and more men turn to pipe smoking as a part of their new economy program, there is a rising demand for the plain facts on tobacco quality. This demand is legitimate and deserves a respectful reply. These are some of the facts:

Smoking tobacco can be bought for a few cents. Or one can pay as high as several dollars for a few ounces of "special mixtures." The difficulty with buying an inferior or low grade brand is that the smoker fails to get the full pleasure to which he is entitled. "Cheap" tobacco, like an unfaithful friend, soon wears out its welcome and leaves behind it a trail of regrets. The costly brand is an economic mistake, too, because it is possible to get the best there is in smoking tobacco at a reasonable price. For example—a better quality of tobacco cannot be had than the top-of-the-market burley that goes into the famous Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. The Edgeworth blend is unlike any other. Smokers like the way it is cut. It is made in two forms—"Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed," all ready for the pipe; and "Edgeworth Plug Slice," which is the favorite with pipe smokers who like to rub up each smoke in the palm of the hand. The fine, smooth quality of the tobacco was put there by nature.

Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco has never been known to bite a man's tongue. Smokers who are not acquainted with Edgeworth will find it in the famous blue tin at any tobacco shop anywhere. All sizes from the 15¢ pocket tin to the pound humidor package. Some sizes also come in vacuum sealed tins. Or, those who would like to try it before buying may have a neat little package containing Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed by sending name and address to Larus & Bro. Co., 101 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va. No charge of any kind for this sample smoke.

For radio entertainment that is different listen in to the Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia, broadcast over the NBC coast-to-coast Red network every Wednesday evening at 10 o'clock, E.S.T. Join the happy country folks at the Virginia crossroads hall and have a good time with them.

(Continued from page 35)

instant Roscoe began to dislike her. He turned definitely cold. In fact, he was so chill in his attitude that when the three of us set forth for final negotiations with Joe Saltus and Ruby asked if she could ride over with us, Roscoe gave his assent with marked impoliteness. Ruby sat by herself. Her day with us was over.

We arrived at Bull Pascal's camp half an hour later, and it was not a camp at all, but an abandoned summer hotel, reposing in the mountains. Everywhere you looked were mountain roads. Joe Saltus and his henchmen were on the front porch, and after a while Bull Pascal appeared and we were introduced. We looked at him gravely, seeing a large, dark-skinned fellow with slick black hair, very white teeth, which gleamed when he smiled, and black eyes. He was a good-looking lad and powerful. He was also polite and shook hands warmly with us, and upon glancing over the porch railing he perceived that we had brought a lady along. He thereupon insisted upon shaking hands with the lady, and during the business conference he remained with the lady. The climax came when we started to leave.

"I'm not going back with you boys," Ruby announced, her chin in the air. "Mr. Pascal has kindly consented to take me home later."

Roscoe gave her a quick glance. We said it would be all right with us, this being a free country, and Mr. Pascal amiably helped Ruby out of the automobile. They strolled up toward the camp headquarters and we said goodby to Joe.

"I thought she didn't like wrestlers," Whitey said in some wonderment.

"She likes that one, all right enough," Roscoe returned, "or else she thinks she's getting even. With me, everything is all right."

"It won't be all right with Ben Roach," I chimed in.

"Maybe we better not say anything to Ben."

"On the contrary," Roscoe advised, "it will be the best thing. He never gets mad, does he? He's too calm. Well, he will get plenty mad if we tell him about this."

THERE was no need for us to worry about Ben or his getting too excited over the news, for he remained totally calm, sitting on the front porch of Gray's Mills, devouring a cold turkey.

"Where's Ruby?" he asked when the three of us drove up.

"If you must know the truth," Roscoe said, leaving the car, "she is now with Bull Pascal at his training camp among the mountains. She abandoned us and went over to the enemy. She is taking a walk under the trees with Bull."

"He is the one I am going to wrestle Saturday?" Ben inquired, not excited.

"Yes," Whitey said. "They got acquainted today. For some reason Ruby refused to come back with us."

"She did?" said Ben without emotion.

"That's the way with women," Whitey mused aloud. "They meet a man, and bingo, without the slightest warning, they walk somewhere, holding to his arm. Pretty soon, they're wild about the man."

"They are?" said Ben coldly, and after that he went inside carrying a tray of bones.

This conversation occurred on Monday afternoon and there remained but five short days until our strong man's first public appearance in the Reedsburg Coliseum, which was sold out. We were standing nicely in line to make money. Besides our share of the purse, we intended to collect by betting on Ben to win, the prevailing odds being two to one against him.

The entire town of Reedsburg knew that Bull Pascal had a new lady friend, for they could see her riding about town with him in his yellow touring car, the top of her head showing, but nobody stopped to think that out at Gray's Mills was a broken heart, beating sadly beneath the tough hide of a former car-pusher. Ben said very little. He moped a good deal, but his thoughts were his own.

"Why don't I see Ruby any more?" he asked plaintively, just as though nothing had happened. "Ain't she coming out at all?"

"She is through with us," Whitey explained patiently. "She seems to have thrown us down for Pascal. He has infatuated her. You know what infatuated means?"

"Like when you want to see a girl pretty bad and can't sleep nights?"

"That is it. She's crazy about Bull."

FRIDAY morning, our mournful athlete seemed noticeably thinner and Trainer Wills spoke up. "He is worrying over Ruby," Casey stated. "Wrestlers ought not ever to fool around with girls."

Early in the afternoon we met Mr. Kelly at his office in town, where he announced he had put up three thousand dollars, two for him and one for us, and we thanked him. We then rolled out to Gray's Mills for a last inspection of the meal-ticket, and found him loafing.

"Where's Ruby?" Ben inquired, as though he expected to see her with us and again we went over the plain facts.

"She would come out if I asked her," he contended. "I guess I will telephone her."

We grinned and he reached for the instrument in Casey's office. The conversation that followed was brief, his part consisting of "This is Ben," and "Ain't you coming out today?" We could hear Ruby's voice rattling through the receiver, but not what she said. She must have been rough. Ben ceased talking and the back of his neck started to get red. I looked at it. The red started under his shirt and ran slowly up towards his skull.

"So!" he said. "So!"

There were no more words. Without any preliminaries he tore the receiver loose and flung it. He next seized the telephone box, dragged it off the wall and threw it through a window, the glass tinkling, after which he put on his hat. We saw him enraged for the first time, and when he started out we followed.

"Where you going?" Whitey yelled.

"No girl can talk to me like that!" he shouted, rushing toward our motor car. "She called me a dumb palunka. I will go and knock that guy's block off.... Stand back there.... Get away!"

He pushed Roscoe on the chest, and Roscoe, being unaccustomed to wrestling pushes, went into a mulberry bush, with his legs sticking out. Whitey leaped on the running board to argue, but the enraged Cossack spilled him into the ditch and was off in a cloud of dust in Mr. Kelly's car.

"He's gone crazy," Whitey shouted.

There was nobody to stop him and he was out of sight in an instant. We rushed up the hill, looking for an automobile—any automobile that would go—and it took five minutes to find one, a veteran motor car.

I will never know whose car we had, but it was not intended for hasty driving. It was old and it coughed, but nothing happened until we reached the foothills leading to Bull Pascal and Idlewild. We then hove in sight of our wrestler. He was tearing up the grade in second gear, taking the curves fast.

"Yeah," said Roscoe suddenly, "and look who is coming!"

We gazed across a wooded canyon to the winding road above us and beheld another athlete. It was Mr. Bull Pascal, innocently out for a last mountain trot, his final bit of training. He was coming rapidly down the narrow trail, thinking of no evil, and below him, working his way upward, The Terrible Cossack labored around the curves.

We stopped, not because we wished to, but because our motor car was not a mountain machine. The engine groaned and died and we let the car slide off to the edge of the road.

Cossack Ben hove in sight across the ravine and the trotting Bull saw him for the first time, but paid no more attention than he would to any tourist. He stepped off the narrow road to let the car pass. The three of us were now standing in grim silence, unwilling spectators in grandstand seats. Ben stopped the car when he was level with Mr. Pascal and there ensued a short conversation, after which our strong man suddenly leaped into the air and fell on Bull. The dust rose.

There followed the bloodiest mountain battle in the history of those woods. Stones and gravel flew into the air and a small dust cloud hovered over the battlers. We could hear faint curses. It was not a wrestling match, but a barroom brawl, nothing barred, and the whole thing must have greatly astonished Bull Pascal, out for a harmless run. They fought, but Pascal had no chance. Ben picked him up, after five minutes of mountain murder, and hurled him against a boulder, after which the contest was over.

Our slugger stood in the road a moment, brushing dust. He buttoned his shirt, looked across at us and made an insulting gesture. He then walked slowly into the woods, moving with an air of finality, and disappeared. That is the last we ever saw of Ben Roach, or The Terrible Cossack.

"Well, we better go up there and get the body," Whitey said in a low voice and we climbed out of our dead motor car.

"And we better not be found in the company of said body," Roscoe put in, "lest they think we did this to Bull."

"We can't leave him there," Whitey insisted. "He needs to go into a hospital."

WE WENT up on foot and came to the carnage. Bull Pascal was lying where Ben had hurled him, completely out, breathing gently. We lifted him into Mr. Kelly's car and started up for Camp Idlewild, which is in a grove. Half a mile from the gate, we pulled into the ditch and stepped out. Bull was unconscious but alive. A small boy came along and we gave him a dollar.

"Go up and tell them at the camp to come and get Bull," we directed. "That is Bull in the car and he is plenty sick. Tell them Bull is sick and to come in a hurry."

The startled lad took the dollar and stepped out. Whitey turned towards town.

"And now," he announced, "you boys can face all this if you like—Mr. Kelly and the reporters, and Joe Saltus and the police—but, personally, I am a fellow that is leaving this community."

He walked rapidly down the trail and we followed him, meeting nobody until we came into the outskirts of Reedsburg, which was lucky for us. A six-wheeled truck lumbered down Vesey Street and the driver was a stranger, for he hauled up.

"Does this street take me out of town?" he asked.

"It not only takes you out of town," said Whitey, "but, what is more important, it takes us. Get in there," he said, and, without a word, Roscoe and I climbed up among the vinegar barrels and the truck moved out of Reedsburg.

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You've got to Rule 'em

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emptyin' his sack ev'y time he turn around."

Throughout the day Giles rode from field to field, correcting, praising, changing work of the field hands. About mid-afternoon he rode by the barn in time to see Floyd and Brother, two of the young unmarried men, catching their mules.

"Dis ain't sunup!" Giles roared at them. "You ketches yo' mules at sunup on dis place!"

"Yassuh, Mist' Giles," explained Floyd. "Me and Brother was up in de hills, and jess hyared hit was dry enough to plow, so us been wawkin' since last night."

"Do y'all live on Little Bee?" Giles demanded.

"Yassuh."

"Well, efn you stays at home hit won't take you so long to git de news about when work startin'."

"Yassuh."

"Don't stand and look at me! Git yo' mules and git to de field! And fight dat Johnson grass f'm now plumb to sun-down-dark! Onderstand?"

"Yassuh."

"And git back in dis lot before sunup tomorrow mawnin'! Onderstand?"

"Yassuh."

"Well," concluded Giles, "git!"

GILES rode off. The "cussin' out" he gave the youngsters was only routine discipline.

Two hours before sunset, when Giles visited the "windmill" field again, he found Jet riding his plow!

Jet, by chance, saw Giles just before the foreman charged up. One brief glance was enough. He leaped from the plow and ran toward the woods with an earnestness and speed that, heretofore, had been foreign to him.

The foreman soon overtook Jet, and there were no preliminary words. Giles leaped from the running horse, grabbed Jet around the shoulders, and bore him to the ground. Giles' knee landed solidly in Jet's stomach, and at the same time the foreman's steel-strong fingers closed on Jet's throat.

"Nigger, I'm gonter kill you!" Giles was not shouting angrily. His words were cold and determined, and his movements indicated a similar lack of hysteria. The fingers of his left hand tightened about Jet's throat, and his eyes located the exact spot on Jet's jaw that he intended to hit.

Jet's eyes rotated appealingly and his mouth dropped open. Giles clenched his right fist and raised it for the perfect swing to the spot he had selected.

It happened very quickly and probably the whole thing was instinct. Jet grabbed at Giles' uplifted fist and Giles grabbed Jet's long fingers in his hand. He closed down on them, fully intending to break them with one mighty twist.

But Jet's fingers fascinated the foreman. Even in his anger he knew that long fingers like Jet's could, if properly guided, pick many pounds of cotton next fall. Joe Boody had long fingers, just like Jet's, and Giles loved the way Joe Boody's long fingers could pick cotton.

Giles suddenly determined to protect those long fingers. Instead of choking and heartily mauling Jet, as he had fully intended doing, the foreman stood up, dragging Jet to his feet with him. As Jet got balanced on his own feet, Giles released his throat-grip, and at the same time swung his fist against Jet's jaw. Jet dropped in his tracks.

Giles looked at him for a minute. "Git up!" he commanded quietly.

Shotgun, who had been standing still during the fight, heard the command and, thinking it was meant for him, started walking off down the furrow.

Jet scrambled to his feet, and was actually walking between the plow handles before he got balanced in an upright position, as though he had been plowing all the time.

"Gee, Shotgun," he ordered feebly, without looking back at Giles.

Giles watched him for a brief interval. "De next time," he called after Jet, "I ketch you doin' somethin' ain't good, hit'll be business. Onderstand?"

"Yassuh," said Jet.

That disposed of, Giles mounted again and went to New London field, where Big Sook with a group of women and children was chopping cotton.

"How y'all ladies hittin' 'em?" he greeted as he rode up.

"Knockin' along," replied Carrie, the leader.

"Well, lemme hyar you say so," praised Giles. "Y'all strung out like you ain't missed a lick f'm last summer."

THERE was a brief pause, just long enough to give Giles' next remark the casualness that he wanted it to have.

"Sookie," he said, "I seed yo' husband over on de Roos fawty, while ago."

"Did, hunh?" Sook asked. "What did he 'low?"

Giles laughed. "Nothin'. Dat big mule he plowin' got dat ugly nigger down so low he can't hardly tawk. I swear, Sook, whyn't you git you a good man, like me, maybe? Crickett so tired

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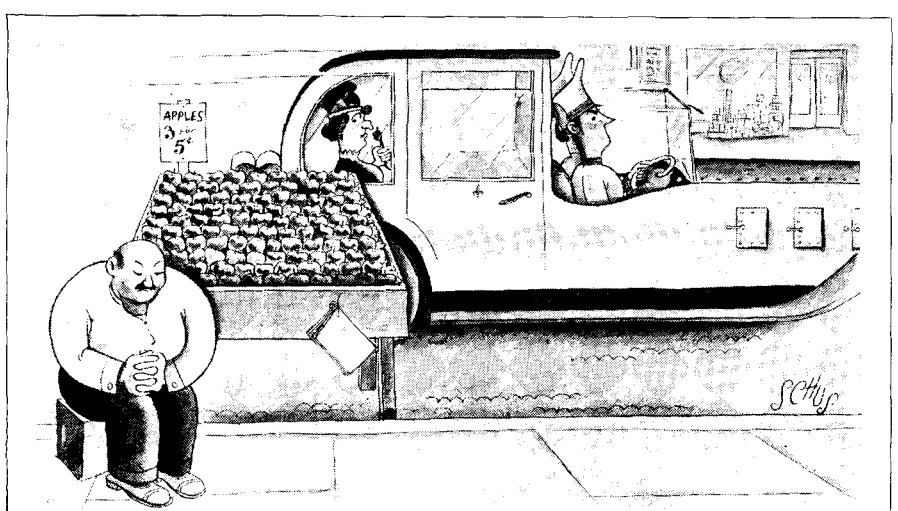
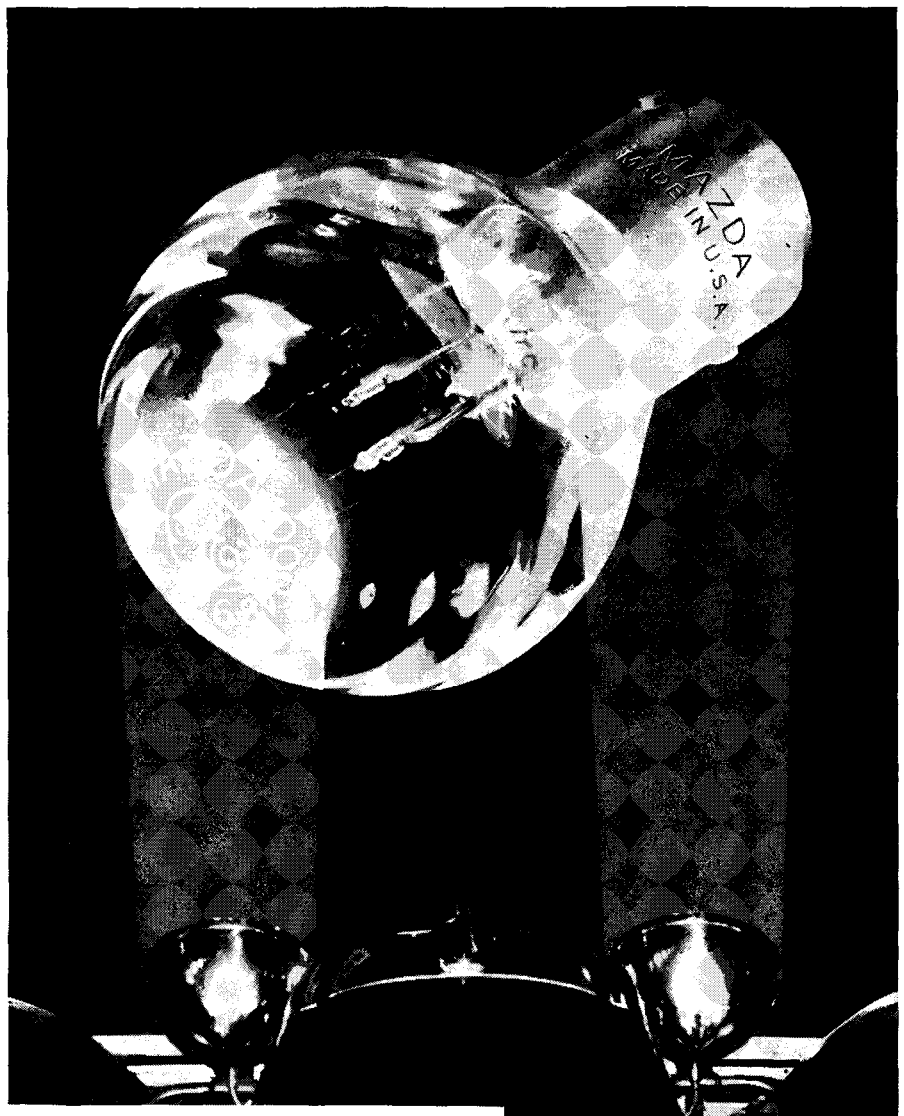


"Go 'round the block again and make sure you cop me a big red one when we pass next time!" *Adolph Schus*



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Western Electric

· HEARING AID ·

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and weary right now de seat er his pants draggin' out his tracks!"

It was a joke and everybody laughed. Crickett and Sook were star workers and everybody knew it.

"Crickett'll do me," she said, "to I meets up wid a better man."

"I was jest wonderin'," Giles continued in his same bantering tone, "how come Little Sook so smart, efn Crickett is her daddy. I was over wid Widow Duck's gang, and Little Sook was choppin' cotton like de next one. Liftin' her hoe high, and hittin' hard. She'll be crowdin' Mamie T, another year. And den I see old Crickett droolin' along—"

The women laughed at the implication, Sook laughing louder than the others. "Crickett her paw, all right," she declared.

"She th'ows her hoe mighty high for a young'n," Giles declared, and there was more genuine praise and less joking in his words.

"She ever was a sweet lamb," Sook declared with pride.

"And smart, too," amplified Giles. "She stuck a little thawn in her foot whilst I was over, and I was gonter take her to de house. But she cried and wanted to stay in de field wid de rest of 'em."

"Dat's her!" exclaimed her mother fondly. "Not a lazy bone in her soul! You let her stay?"

"Naw," explained Giles. "She too good a cotton chopper to take no chances wid. Might git lockjaw or somethin', and I needs cotton choppers too bad. I tuck her to de house and made Betsy put some i-deen on hit. She be all O. K. right soon." And before more questions could be asked, Giles rode off.

HALFWAY to the barn, Giles saw the bossman, riding across the grass field from the "windmill" cut. He turned his horse at an angle that would bring him and the bossman together down the turnrow.

"How do she look, boss?" Giles greeted.

"Pretty good," the bossman replied. "A lot better than it looked this time yesterday."

Giles grinned. "Yassuh," he agreed. "Hit's been fawty men wid double-shovels and twice dat many womens and chilluns wid hoes, fightin' grass since sunup. Dat'll make anything look better den yistiddy."

"Stock looks well, too," the bossman went on. "I was afraid the lay-off would soften them."

"We been hittin' along easy," explained Giles.

"Plenty of life in them," declared the bossman. "Even old Shotgun is feeling his youth. He got excited and ran away with that boy, Jet, a while ago."

Giles feigned surprise. "Shotgun?" he repeated.

"Happened just before I got to the field," the bossman related. "The old son-of-a-gun got the line under his tail and lit out. Dragged Jet all over the field, but Jet hung on, though. And got his face all scratched and bruised up doing it. Snatched him right across the plow and practically closed one eye. I thought he ought to go in, but he insisted he was all right, and really wasn't hurt as badly as it looked."

Giles took a deep breath. "Efn Jet wan't a widow woman's son," he said with feeling, "hit'd 'a' been good ruddance efn Shotgun had broke his neck."

The bossman laughed. "Funny thing about it," he told the foreman, "that dragging did him lots of good. You know what a sorry hand he was?"

"He was *plumb* sorry," Giles recalled.

"Well, whether you believe it or not," the bossman went on, "he is plowing as good as anybody, right now!"

"Nawsuh!"

"A fact!" declared the bossman. "I rode two whole rounds with him while he told me all the details of the runaway, and all the time he was talking he was doing what I call beautiful work. He told me confidentially that he could plow better than Nud Haley if he had a little perter mule. Said Shotgun was a little too slow."

Giles chuckled and shook his head. "Dat boy," he said, "got hit in him, too. He kin do hit, and he will. And I got a mule for him already picked out, along wid de house I'm gonter give him."

"House?" asked the bossman. "I thought he lived with Roosevelt?"

"I meant to tell you befo' Sadday," Giles explained. "Him and Charity gittin' married up Sunday, and you bring 'em a pair er licenses out."

The bossman was amused. "Maybe it was love that did it," he suggested.

"Maybe so," admitted Giles. "Anyhow, Charity'll keep him workin' stiddy, once dey gits married up."

It was sundown when Giles got to the barn, and the men were bringing their mules in for the night. Giles had a pleasant word for everybody, along with instructions for the next day's work. The machinery, which had rusted during the three weeks of enforced idleness, was bright now and working like a clock. The foreman had everything at his fingertips, and he was pleased.

"Joe Boody," he instructed, "you take old Shotgun in de mawnin'. He'll wawk de side er de row more gooder den Hawk, and dat'll make hit easier to hold de plow. And Jet"—Giles spoke as though the incident of two hours before had never occurred, "you take old Hawk, and plow him tomorrow. He a good pert mule for a man like you, only you got to rule him and make him wawk de side er de row for you."

"Yassuh," said Jet.

"And," Giles continued more confidentially, "I bet to my soul efn you draps in at Grant's house tonight, I bet you kin find dat good-lookin' Charity gal waitin' up for you."

Jet grinned and dug his toe into the dust.

"Aw, Mist' Giles," he protested, "Charity don't love me."

Giles chuckled knowingly. "She told me diffunt," he said. "She told me jest dis day dat de only reason she didn't love you gooder was jest cause you never come around to see her."

"Aw, Mist' Giles—"

"Only," warned Giles, "don't tell her I told you. You jest go on and handle her, jest like you was handlin' a plow. You got to rule a plow and you got to rule a woman—"

Giles went about his business, leaving Jet with his toe burrowing into the ground, bashfully.

AFTER supper Giles and Betsy sat in the darkness on the front porch. Little Sook was sleeping comfortably in the bed. A serene quiet had settled over the place. The air was heavy with the bitter-sweet scent of growing cotton and with the fragrance of dying grass. The darkness was as heavy as the air. Giles and Betsy were silent.

After a long time a chorus of barking dogs rent the peaceful night.

"Dem's Grant's dogs," observed Betsy. "Somebody must be courtin' at one er his gals. Maybe at Charity. She gittin' about de size, dis year."

Giles said nothing for a full minute, during which time the yelping of the dogs ceased as suddenly as it started. He knew that whoever they had barked at had gone into the house instead of running away.

"Better make one more fou'teen-foot sack tomorrow," he told Betsy. "Jest as good as Joe Boody's."

"Who for?" Betsy asked.

"Jet," said Giles.

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The Lonely Voyage

Continued from page 19

There was nobody there but him. He looked up from his letter and saw me. He said: 'Why, Jack, old man, this is a pleasure. You must have a drink.' I said: 'No, Sam, I don't want a drink. I've come to talk business. Where's my money?' He said: 'Jack, listen: I've had a bad time lately. I haven't got it yet but I'll pay you by the end of the quarter, sure. It's as safe as the Bank of England. You know that, Jack, don't you?' And just then a young woman with pink cheeks and fair hair opened the door and looked at Sam and said: 'Are you going to be much longer, Sam? I want to talk to you.' And then she must have seen me, for she went out quick and shut the door. I said: 'Sam, Mabel told me you were simply coining money. I want you to pay me what I lent you.'"

THE old watchman turned his head and gave me a quick, sidelong glance and said: "I don't suppose you remember the Bristol murder of thirty years ago, do you, sir?"

His tone was sharp. He seemed all of a sudden not quite as sure of himself as he had been, nor of me, either.

"No," I said, "what murder was that?"

"It was a very celebrated case in its day, sir," he said. "I'll tell you how it happened. I'll tell you how I come to do what I did. I'd asked Sam to pay me the money I'd lent him. Sam said: 'Old boy, Mabel's got it all wrong. I'm broke.' He was lying, I knew. I said: 'Sam, speak the truth.' He said: 'I am speaking the truth. I've had a bad time lately, Jack. I dropped five hundred pounds in the past six months in bets, racing.'

"You see, sir. Sam had just lost five hundred pounds to the bookmakers at Ascot and Epsom and Newmarket. I said: 'Then you acknowledge you had the money but wouldn't pay me. Sam,' I said, 'you told me you were in trouble. You said you'd taken the firm's money. That's just what I had to do, Sam, to help you. I stole money from my owners and had to borrow to pay it back.' Would you believe it, sir, Sam laughed at me. He said: 'I didn't take the firm's money, Jack. I wanted money in a hurry and I thought if I said I'd robbed the firm and was going to prison you'd be sure to lend it to me. You'd believe anything, wouldn't you?'

"Well, sir, I was mad. I saw, as the saying goes, red. I lost control of myself and hit Sam as hard as I could on the point of the chin. He fell in a heap. His head hit the brass fender in front of the fire and he didn't move. I tried to bring him to. I gave him some water. He didn't move. His heart had stopped. I'd killed him, of course. Well, sir, what should I do? Give myself up to the police? I couldn't. I thought of my mother. I thought of Nan. I thought of—of a lot of things. And I walked straight out of the room and out through the front lobby of the hotel without a soul seeing me. I caught a train to Cardiff and next day we were at sea.

"Well, sir, we were in the Bay of Biscay nearing Finistère before I came to myself. I'd killed Sam. It didn't matter in the least what provocation I had, I'd killed him. And I'd run away. At our next stop some days later I wrote to Nan and said we couldn't be married. I said my feelings toward her hadn't changed but, for reasons I couldn't go into, marriage between us wasn't possible. I said she was to forget me and forgive me. I wrote to the moneylender and told him I wasn't able to pay his interest. And then, sir, I waited for someone from Scotland Yard to tap me on the shoulder and say: 'Captain Hubbard, I want you. Anything you say may be used in evidence against you. Come with me.' I didn't look at an English paper. I didn't dare. I went around like a man not quite awake. I waited to hear the chief engineer or the mate tell me about Sam's murder. I didn't have to wait very long, neither. No, sir, I didn't."

The watchman paused once more. He rubbed his knees with his thin hands and drew a deep breath. Then he went on with his story:

"The chief engineer said one noon in the mess-room: 'You knew Sam Fisher, didn't you, sir?' I said I knew him well. I could hardly speak. He said: 'The poor chap's dead.' 'Dead!' I said. I felt I'd go off in a faint. 'How did he die?' 'He was murdered,' the chief said, 'in a hotel at Bristol.' I got up from the table and went to my room. I sat on my settee with my head in my hands. I wondered if anything had been said about any clue. I thought no one knew I'd been talking to Sam. I'd gone in and out of the hotel without being seen. And then I remembered the girl with the golden hair and the pink cheeks who had looked into the room and asked Sam would he be much longer.

"Well, sir, that was a terrible voyage. The most terrible I ever had. I couldn't eat or sleep. And I began to drink. The fellows on board wondered what had come over me. I was distracted. I kept wondering when I'd be taken in charge. I couldn't understand why it was the girl hadn't said she'd seen me talking with Sam. And even though she wouldn't have known who I was, there was Mabel, Sam's wife, to tell the police I'd been to see her and said where was Sam? I wondered if Mabel was keeping anything back. I used to go hot when I thought of it. I wondered was Mabel in love with me. She had been once, sir, I was sure.

"We loaded wheat at Adelaide for London River. I was glad to be homeward bound and yet afraid. I was, as you might say, sir, desperate. I thought of my poor old mother, I thought of my sister, I thought of Nan, I thought of Mabel, I thought of the golden-haired young woman. I drank steady. I'd be arrested as soon as I reached home, I knew. And what could I do, sir? Not a thing. I was like—like a rat in a trap.

"IT CAME on to blow hard. And cold! Sir, it was terrible cold. It was cold and dark and blowin' hard and the Loxwood rolled badly and the grain shifted. Then we sprung a bad leak for'ard and there was water in the Number One hold and the strums were choked with grain.

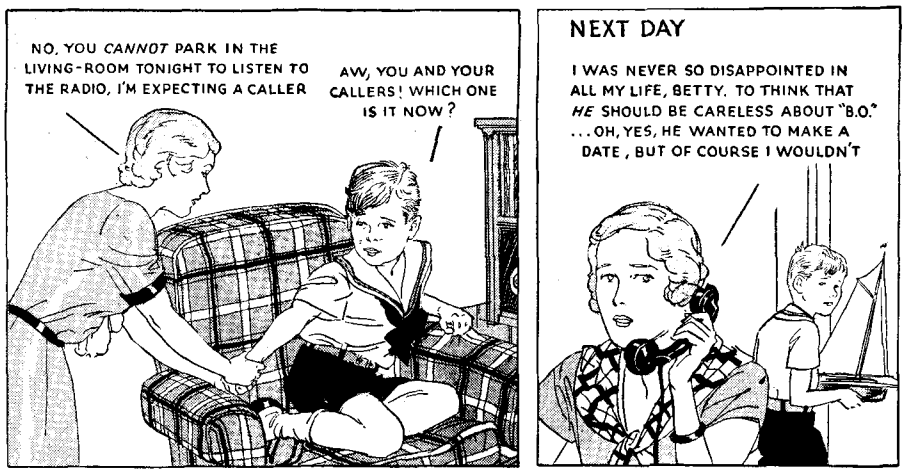
"We worked for twenty hours, sir, in shifts, and then the gale moderated. We were saved, yet we were sinking. We were sinking and I didn't care. Nay, I was glad. The mates and engineers came to me and said, didn't I realize we might sink? I said, what about it? I said a man must die sometime and why not now? They thought I was demented. They said so. Either that or drunk, the chief engineer said. I was both, of course. Not a very worthy character, was I?

"And then, sir, we sighted another steamer. I told the mate he could signal and let them know we were sinking. I didn't care what he did. All I wanted

(Continued on page 40)

A "KID BROTHER" PLAYS CUPID

— by Timmins


NO, YOU *CANNOT* PARK IN THE LIVING-ROOM TONIGHT TO LISTEN TO THE RADIO, I'M EXPECTING A CALLER
AW, YOU AND YOUR CALLERS! WHICH ONE IS IT NOW?
NEXT DAY
I WAS NEVER SO DISAPPOINTED IN ALL MY LIFE, BETTY. TO THINK THAT *HE* SHOULD BE CARELESS ABOUT "B.O." ... OH, YES, HE WANTED TO MAKE A DATE, BUT OF COURSE I WOULDN'T
NEXT WEEK
HELLO, YOUNG FELLOW! HAVE A SODA WITH ME?
OH, SURE, I'D LIKE TO
LOOK HERE, MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME IF I'VE DONE ANYTHING TO OFFEND YOUR SISTER!
WELL THERE *IS* SOMETHING, BUT SHE'S AFRAID TO TELL YOU... SAY, *WHY DON'T YOU USE LIFEBUOY?*
GOOD ADVICE THAT YOUNGSTER GAVE ME. LIFEBUOY'S GREAT— BET YOU WON'T FIND A TRACE OF "B.O." AFTER THIS GRAND LATHER
NO "B.O." NOW *to spoil romance!*
GOSH, THEY'RE KISSING AGAIN!

Don't fool yourself about "B.O." (body odor)

YOU MAY *think* you never let "B.O." (*body odor*) offend. But are you *sure?* Are you taking some precaution? You should! It's fatally easy to be guilty and not know it. Pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily. Others are quick to notice the merest hint of "B.O." about us.

Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you, "Here is no ordinary toilet soap!" Its creamy, penetrating lather does more than merely surface-cleanse. It purifies and *deodorizes* pores—banishes all trace of "B.O."

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Lifebuoy's bland, *deep-cleansing* lather gently frees pores of embedded impurities—clears and freshens dull, cloudy skins. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

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Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek
the modern tooth brush

(Continued from page 39)

was whisky. I remember saying that and thinking I didn't really mean it. The mate signaled and the other steamer, which was the old Tamworth, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, answered and changed her course. Half an hour later the Tamworth had put out a lifeboat and our fellows were getting ready to abandon the Loxwood. Our own lifeboats were finished. One had been carried away, the other had been smashed on the chocks.

"When the first load had gone and the Tamworth's lifeboat was coming back to us, the mate came to my room and said, was I ready? Ready for what? Ready to go across to the Tamworth? 'I'm not going,' I said. That was a facer, wasn't it? I wasn't going. Mad, wasn't I? Insane or drunk? Frightened, of course. Frightened of my mother and sister and Nan and Mabel and the young woman who'd looked into the writing-room, frightened of Scotland Yard.

"THE mate, the chief engineer, the second engineer, the steward, the bos'n, he was there, yes, and the donkeyman, all came to my room aft in the poop—she was old-fashioned, the Loxwood was—and argued the toss. They said I'd have to go with them. I said I wouldn't. They caught hold of me and tried to force me out of the room. I broke loose and grabbed my gun and threatened to shoot the first man that came near me. I said: 'I killed Sam Fisher, my friend, in Bristol, and I don't intend to go home to be hanged, so now you know.' They didn't believe a word I said. I was certain of that. But they didn't dare rush me. They said good-by. I said: 'You've done your best for me,' I said, 'but it's no use. The captain ought to go down with his ship. That's what I'll do,' I said.

"And so I was left alone on board the Loxwood—alone on a derelict steamer that was sinking fast.... Queer how things turn out. We didn't sink. We floated!

"I felt, if you'll believe me, sir, I'd been treated bad. I wanted to die and I couldn't. Life had, if you can understand my meaning, got its claws into me. I'd messed things up. Though why, because I had lent Sam Fisher money, all this should have happened, I couldn't imagine.

"You spoke to me, sir, about being lonely. Until a man has been a month on board a derelict steamer all by himself he doesn't know what loneliness is. He can't imagine it. I'd die sometime, of course. Why shouldn't I hurry things up? I could put a bullet into my heart, or jump into the sea, or swallow some poison from the medicine chest, or hang myself from a derrick or the top gratings in the engine-room. I might have done any of these things, sir, but for the rats. There were hundreds of rats on board, sir, and the rats helped me. I used to watch them running around the decks. They used to watch me. Many's the time I've sat on the poop with a circle of rats watching me. I used to wonder what they were thinking about; they wondered what I was thinking about. Nights they used to scamper about my room. I wasn't afraid of them. They weren't afraid of me. They kept me sane. They weren't hostile; they were friendly. They regarded me as a friend. I couldn't have hurt one of them, sir, not then. And they saved my life and showed me myself as I really was."

I interrupted once more.

"I don't understand," I said. "How did they save your life, exactly?"

The watchman smiled gravely.

"I ought to have made it clear. I'd made up my mind that I couldn't endure the suspense any longer. The loneliness was killing me. And then—as I said, sir—I began to realize that with all those rats on board I wasn't really lonely at all. I was miserable, yes, the most miserable man alive, but I wasn't lonely. I began to study the rats and I came to the conclusion, sir, that there's a good deal of the human being in the rat's behavior and way of looking at things. I used to watch rats bringing up their families, teaching them the ropes, as it were, talking to each other, in the way rats do talk, quarreling, fighting, courting, and dying even. And I found there were amiable rats and bad-tempered rats and selfish rats, just like there are men and women.

"I thought then, perhaps if what that Professor Darwin used to say was right, there but for a twist in evolution and the want of a thumb goes the animal that would be ruling the world and putting men like me and Sam Fisher in our right places. And that made me laugh. And after that whenever I watched the rats I laughed. That finished it. I'd laughed and I was saved. I was a man and not a rat, if you get what I mean, and I ought to stand up to life and not let life trample all over me. And after that I wasn't afraid. I'd laughed.

"I was near five weeks on board the Loxwood after the rest of the crowd had been taken off by the Tamworth. A month of living all by myself except for the rats. And then one morning another steamer hove in sight and saved the Loxwood—and me.

"We were towed into Durban and I went home by mail steamer. I felt old and tired and I expected every day, almost, to hear someone talking about the murder of Sam Fisher. When we reached Southampton there were no detectives waiting, only a deputation of busybodies to express their admiration, they said, for my gallant conduct in refusing to leave my ship.

"The papers, sir, made quite a fuss over me for a day or two. I was a hero and I'm afraid the others, the mates and engineers and the hands, who'd done what was sensible, were looked on as having behaved rather terrible. But when the deputation left me at last there was Nan. She cried in my arms. 'Jack,' she said, 'I thought you was drowned. I prayed for you and my prayers was answered. Everything is right between us, isn't it?' And what could I do but tell her it was and I loved her dearly, which was the truth, sir, of course. And then I said: 'Nan, tell me, what's this about poor Sam Fisher being killed?' She said: 'I haven't any pity for Sam Fisher, Jack, and you wouldn't either if you knew the truth.' 'How do you mean?' I said. 'The judge said if ever there was a killing that was justified that was it. She wasn't hanged, poor thing! She got six months or a year, or something, and everyone was very sorry for her.'

"I DIDN'T understand a word she said. I felt quite weak and sick. I said: 'Nan, what are you talking about? Who wasn't hanged?' Nan said: 'The poor girl who killed Sam. Sam deserved killing. He'd treated her like no man ought to be able to treat a woman and get away with it.' And then I said: 'Nan, there's been a mistake. It wasn't a woman who killed Sam. It was a man.' And Nan said: 'Jack, dear, don't be absurd. The girl shot him and was caught with the pistol in her hand.'

"After that I sat and thought for a long time, and then I said: 'I understood he was found in the hotel writing-room with his neck broken or something.' Nan said: 'It was in the papers that a man had come into the room and knocked him down and then disappeared. No one saw him but the woman who killed Sam half an hour or so after he came to himself. It served Sam right,' Nan said. 'He was a scoundrel.' 'He was,' I said. And then I told Nan how he'd robbed me—ruined me.

"'And that,' I said, 'was one of the reasons why I couldn't marry you, Nan.' Sne said: 'Poor Jack! And one of the other reasons was you'd knocked Sam down and thought you'd killed him. Poor boy!' she said. 'We'll be married as soon as you like.'

"Well, sir, that's about all my story, except that I felt after what Nan had told me about Sam—I felt, sir, never again would I be afraid of anything that could happen. And as I thought, sir, so it turned out. I wasn't afraid again, ever, not even of poverty.

"When I got to Cardiff old Captain Harris, the marine superintendent, took me aside and said: 'Jack, you always were a fool! Why did you do it?' I said: 'Do what?' He said: 'The firm's just about bankrupt. Why on earth didn't you abandon the Loxwood with the others?' 'But the Loxwood didn't sink,' I said. 'No,' he said, 'but she ought to have sunk. If you'd made sure a sea cock or something was opened and gone across to the Tamworth the Loxwood would have sunk and the insurance would have put us on Easy Street. Jack,' he said, 'you've done for yourself. There's no use your asking for another ship, there isn't a ship for you. The firm's on the rocks, and all through you.' And, I assure you, sir, I merely smiled at him. I hadn't a job but I didn't care. I hadn't killed Sam Fisher. Nothing else mattered.

"NAN and I married each other a month later. We're still married—and happy. A month after our marriage, I went to sea again as second mate. I gave up the sea in nineteen twenty when I was sixty. My health broke down. I was glad to get a job as night watchman. As soon as I'm too old for that I'll die. But till then I'll work. I like being on board ship. I like settin' in a warm galley of a night, smoking my pipe and watching the rats, when there are any rats, and thinking. I like feeling I'm still useful."

"A most interesting story," I said.

"And happens to be true," he said.

"It was hard your losing that money."

"I got over it. I learned for myself on board the Loxwood you've got to get the better of life or life will get the better of you. It's the same with money. Nan taught me you've got to know that money isn't everything in the world or it soon will be. D'you see what I mean, sir? That money I borrowed to pay back the firm and the interest would have ruined my life if I'd let it worry me. I didn't. I just let it go. I've been poor all my life and happy in spite of it."

We sat for a while in silence. And then quick footsteps on the bridge deck roused me. Captain Bradley peered into the galley.

"Hullo," he said, "I'm awfully late. I was kept in the office. Sorry. I'm going to my room and then we'll go ashore for a bite to eat." He nodded to the watchman. "Evening, Captain Hubbard. Keeping all right?"

"Thank you, sir, yes," said the watchman.

As Captain Bradley and I walked toward the lower bridge he said to me:

"So you've been making friends with old Jack Hubbard?"

"Yes," I said. "I have."

"Queer old chap, isn't he?" said Captain Bradley. "He had a command once, they say, but that was before my time. He lost his ship, I believe, and he lost his money. I dare say if you got to know him well enough he could tell you quite an interesting yarn."

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Gallant Rebel

Continued from page 30

government's Attorney-General. Never was any choice better vindicated by events, for of all those that the Confederacy's head gathered about him, only Robert E. Lee and "the little Jew from Louisiana" gave faith and loyalty that endured to the end. Both saw Jefferson Davis' faults, but they also saw the man's great capacities and tremendous sincerities of purpose.

When President Davis later promoted his "right-hand man" to the post of Secretary of War, many of the proud Southern generals resented having a Jew put over them and, what was worse, he found himself pitchforked into the midst of bitter feuds. When he sided with Davis against Joseph E. Johnston and Beauregard, the hatreds of factionalism were let loose upon him, and all the forces of opposition to the administration, fearful of open attack on the President, seized upon Benjamin as a vent for their bitterness.

A Silent Victim

Grant's victorious marches against Fort Donelson and Fort Henry were blows that fell with crushing force upon the optimism of the South, and when news came of the disaster at Roanoke Island, popular rage demanded a scapegoat and found it in the Jew. General Wise had failed to receive the arms and supplies necessary for successful resistance, but the failure was due to the fact that there were no arms and supplies to send. Ample quantities had been bought in England, but the British government refused to permit shipment.

This perfect defense could not be used, however, for it was a situation that the South did not dare to make public, and Judah Benjamin had no other alternative than silently to submit to accusations of neglect and inefficiency.

But even as his enemies exulted, grateful Jefferson Davis came to the rescue and lifted him above their wrath by making the Jew his Secretary of State, Robert Toombs having resigned to become a general.

Even with all his labors as Secretary of State the tireless man continued to serve as the President's right hand, and this close association earned him new hatred both in the North and South. The New York press united in assailing him as the "Mephistopheles of the Confederacy," a "Judas Iscariot," and even painted him as an inhuman creature who planned to burn cities and massacre civil populations. The South, increasingly depressed, blamed Benjamin for every military reverse, cursing him as "Jeff Davis' evil genius."

Judah Benjamin moved through these storms of abuse with characteristic calm. Nevertheless the clear-eyed Jew was unable to deceive himself, and as Grant moved closer and closer to Richmond, careless of defeats and losses, Judah Benjamin resolved upon one last desperate throw of the dice. To augment the shattered man power of the Confederacy he urged the enlistment of the Negroes, and to win European intervention he proposed emancipation. He finally persuaded Jefferson Davis to accept both of these courses.

A bold stroke but too late! Even as England and France were listening favorably, Lee and his shattered, starving army fell back from the lines before Richmond, and President Davis and his Cabinet were forced to take their disintegrating government and find safety in flight. As they huddled in Danville, however, word came of Lee's surrender at Appomattox, and once more the fugitive statesmen took to the open road. A ruined South held small chance for making a living and Benjamin decided to make for England and attempt the practice of his profession.

He started for the Bahamas in a leaky sloop that sank before the voyage was well begun. For twenty-three days the fugitive and three Negroes drifted aimlessly in an open skiff, beaten by tropical storms, scorched by the burning heat of a July sun, but when picked up at last by a British steamer his ravaged face still wore its accustomed serenity, and he walked to meet the captain as though the deck were a drawing-room. As if to spare him nothing, the boat that carried him from Havana to England caught fire, and he nearly lost his life.

Reaching London as penniless as when he first entered New Orleans, the exile learned that three student years were required of him before he could practice in England. With unshaken fortitude he found employment on the Daily Telegraph and cheerfully lived on bread and cheese in a garret. Great personages, however, soon interested themselves in his case and, with stupid restrictions removed, Judah Benjamin was admitted to the English bar on June 6, 1866, "a rising young barrister" of fifty-five.

Swiftly, almost meteorically, he took his place among the great lawyers of England, figuring in every important case and earning phenomenal fees. A monumental work on the Law of Sale won him an even higher reputation, it being accepted as the one great authority by the lawyers of the world. London would have lionized him, for all felt his charm and power; but the exile's heart was in the South, where his Lost Cause lay buried, and every minute was devoted to the pursuit of a competence that would enable him to return to the land of his love and dreams.

In 1883, however, when his goal was reached—when he had amassed a fortune sufficient for the needs of every dependent—illness came upon him, and his wife, still invincibly selfish, scoffed at the idea of New Orleans, refused to join him in London, and gave him the alternative of a home in Paris or continued loneliness. Born a British subject, a lawmaker of Louisiana, a senator of the United States, a Cabinet minister of the Confederate States, and again a British subject, now at the last he found himself a citizen of France.

An Expatriate's Dream

One joy was Judah Benjamin's before death permitted him the rest his life had never known. The bench and bar of London joined in a testimonial dinner, and on the night of June 30, 1883, the famous names of London crowded the hall of the Inner Temple to honor the son of a race that had once been harried out of England with every circumstance of savage barbarity.

The Attorney-General presided, the Lord Chancellor extolled him, and the Lord Chief Justice declared him "the common honor of both bars—England and America."

Other speakers praised his learning, genius, high standards, lovable qualities, and friendship. Admiration wrapped him like a silken robe, but what was it all to one who longed for the soft winds that came from the Gulf, spilling the perfume of jasmine and magnolia as they blew?

The same girl, but different glasses. Above, new-style Ful-Vue, with eye-revealing, streamline, high side bows. Below, old-style, down-hill side bows, hiding the eyes and obstructing side vision.

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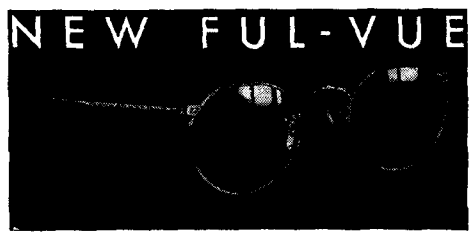

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ROLLS RAZOR

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You can avoid Taxes

Continued from page 13

chocolate or vanilla or what-have-you that he flavors your drink with? Well, he buys it from a manufacturer in condensed form, very thick and too rich to use directly. You'd think, under the manufacturers' tax law, that the syrup maker would have to pay the tax on it. But here's the hitch: The soda fountain man thins the thick flavors with a sweet sugar syrup. He uses about one part of his mixture to five or six parts of water in your drink. But he's a manufacturer, under the law, because he's the man who produces at the stage 'just before being marketed to the consumer for use.' So he pays a tax of six cents a gallon on his flavors. And that adds up, in the course of a year."

We came to the electric light company's office.

What's "Commercial Use"?

"They're puzzled, all right," he said. "They have to tack on three per cent to most of the monthly electric bills that they send out and turn that percentage over to the Federal government. That's easy enough for household bills. The law taxes domestic use of electricity. It's fairly easy for stores, for the law taxes commercial uses. But *industrial* uses of electricity are not taxed. How can you always draw the line between industrial and commercial uses? Here's one of our newspaper plants. The government doesn't tax the power that is used for running any of the machinery; that's an industrial use. But it does tax power used in office buildings for commercial purposes. So the light by which reporters write their stories is taxed, but the power that prints the stories goes untaxed."

Here's the jeweler's:

"He got hit very hard," said the expert. "His turnover of goods is very slow; about one and a half times a year. The tax is ten per cent. That means that one thousand dollars, for example, lies tied up for nearly a year, in his place, before he moves it, and he pays a ten per cent tax, if he himself produced the article in its final form, on that sum. The jeweler is the hardest hit member of the town. He's just out of luck; that's all. And he's one of the very few that can't find some sort of a loophole."

The furrier's: "Tell women," advised my friend, "when they buy their coats this fall to avoid the furrier who marks a price on a coat and then charges them ten per cent extra, 'for taxes.' If he's a manufacturer, that charge will be fair. But a fur retailer who does no manufacturing has no right to make any such charge. This isn't a retail tax.

There were more tax problems in the sporting goods store, for both the proprietor and his customers, than there were fishhooks. If the sporting goods man tries to charge you a ten per cent tax on a retail price of shotgun shells he's wrong. As in other cases, the tax is on the price the manufacturer charged the wholesaler. It's the same way with guns. Sporting goods are taxed—but what in the heck are sporting goods? You pay a tax on footballs, basketballs, baseballs, chess, checkers, cards and dice, but you pay no tax on gymnasium equipment. Punching bags are not sporting goods; neither are dumb-bells. But boxing gloves and tennis equipment are taxed.

"Six million five hundred thousand dollars is what the sporting goods stores are expected to turn into the United States Treasury in taxes this year," commented my tax guide, "but they're all scratching their heads about how to collect it."

And the candy store! Five millions this humble little institution is expected to yield yearly until the taxes go off in 1934. Again, it's the man who makes the candy, not the retailer who sells it, who is supposed to pay the tax. Not everything in the candy store is taxed. Popcorn stays popcorn, until you pour something sweet over it. Peanuts are peanuts until they're coated with something sweet. Then they're candy. Almonds and fruits are turned into taxable candy as soon as they're sweetened.

If cough drops are not too medicinal, they're candy. If they do a real job and actually stop your cough, they're not candy. But the chances are that the bewildered candy store man will charge you just as much for the untaxed as for the taxed cough drops. You'll have to watch your cough to see which was which.

Some pretty mean things were done by some merchants when the new law first went into effect. For instance:

The law provides that manufacturers of toilet preparations shall pay a tax equal to ten per cent of the "manufacturer's selling price"; that is, the price at which the manufacturer sells to wholesalers. Let's say that he sells his article for twenty cents. The tax is two cents, which of course comes out of the purse of the woman purchaser. This article may be plainly marked fifty cents, at retail. On articles thus marked retail merchants, in some communities, make a mean and illegal profit. They charge their unwitting women customers fifty-five cents for the article, declaring that the extra five cents was a "ten per cent cosmetic tax." Customers who pay such a tax are being cheated. They may call a Federal official immediately, or seek a warrant for arrest from the local Federal officials.

A fine of one thousand dollars or a year in jail, or both, may be imposed in Federal courts on any merchant who represents that any part of his selling price is tax when it is not tax.

As a matter of fact, during the early rush of the new tax period, millions of dollars which the public thought it was paying out in taxes went into the pockets of unscrupulous dealers. The Internal Revenue office was forced to send out secret service men to protect the public in such cases. But the warning still is important: "Don't pay a percentage tax fixed on the price which a retailer, who is not also a manufacturer, charges you."

And After You're Dead—

Even the quiet cemetery held a tax-avoiding secret.

"Must we pay a property deed tax on the sale of cemetery lots?" asked the cemetery officials.

"Most assuredly," was the official reply. "There's a tax on all transfers of property."

The cemetery people thought it over, and they got a good lawyer, as most other loophole seekers have done. This lawyer prepared a contract to be signed by cemetery customers. He sent it on to Washington, asking, "Must we pay a tax on this sort of a contract?"

The Internal Revenue experts looked it over, and then replied:

"No. You need pay no tax. This contract does not carry a title to land but only a right to burial and sepulture." This was the use of a grave remotely similar to the use of a hotel bed.

And after you've avoided that cemetery tax this vicious old stranger, Uncle Sam, will probably keep his hands off you—after the tax has been paid on your will.

What's the matter with these new taxes? Why are they such a bewildering mess?

Government tax officials aren't supposed to criticize tax systems any more than prohibition officials are supposed to criticize prohibition laws. But there are among these experts in our Internal Revenue office men who have spent their lives in studying and imposing taxes. Congressmen and senators, while they are making tax bills, confer with these low-salaried but highly experienced experts.

For secrecy's sake I'm not going to quote any one expert. But, if I put together into one composite quotation all that I was told, in various cities, by the enforcers of the new taxes, it would go about like this:

"This bill is hypocritical. Certain vote-seeking congressmen, while the bill was being made, raised the cry, 'Soak the rich! The rich want to protect themselves from taxation by a tax on all sales. If the rich get the sales tax, they'll be able to dodge higher taxes for themselves. Let's fool the rich. Let's have no sales tax.'

A Job for Congress

"Having loudly made this declaration, for the benefit of voters, many of these same gentlemen voted for these new taxes. They are nothing more or less than a bungled, hit-or-miss mess of disguised sales taxes, imposed in such form that many of them cannot easily be collected. Most of them are really manufacturers' sales taxes that go only about halfway. That's why they can be only about halfway enforced."

But a tomorrow is on the way. The voting will be over by the time our congressmen and senators next meet in Washington, in December. All the old faces will be there, though some will be bearing traces of pain, for this will be a lame-duck session. A certain pre-election tenderness toward the public will have disappeared. Those who have been whipped in the election won't care so much about votes, and future elections will be too far away to worry the others. They may vote this time with sense, not fear.

Wherefore, one thing is certain: Many intentional loopholes in the tax bill will be plugged up and many of its puzzles smoothed out.

Indeed, the congressmen and senators may even call the next tax by its real name: a manufacturers' sales tax. They may even make it apply to all manufacturers—except to those, perhaps, who are the producers of actual necessities of life.

It isn't a very good tax bill, just now; none of the wise ones expected it to be. But it will be made better; that's certain. It's already on the books that it will be changed, probably before this year is out. Then we'll face the facts that Uncle Sam is merely us and our representatives, and that while you and I may be willing legally to *avoid* taxes, when we can, we don't want everybody else to try to *evade* them. And we want to cut down many of the opportunities for avoiding them.

We'll have to get these taxes carefully straightened out so that we can all really pay them.

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She Walked away With it

Continued from page 22

way, is a primitive woman—a girl of the wide, open spaces, which explains her wide-open walk.

Out in Wyoming, near the Buffalo Bill country of Casper, there's a dude ranch of which Hope Williams is hostess. It's well equipped with horses, mountain lions, bears, elk, and trout streams. Miss Williams hides out there every summer, riding, fishing and hunting a bit. She doesn't care much for hunting.

"A dude ranch," she says, "is the best place to train for the rigors of Broadway. You learn more easily in primitive places than in the sophisticated spots, that appearances are deceptive."

Shaw Objects

Two schools of philosophy there are in that always agitated realm of those whose stock-in-trade is partly their publicity value. One school says you must constantly keep your name before the public. The other, which is really so small that it is a class, not a school, acts on the principle of showmanship that periodic absence makes the welcome fresher.

Hope Williams has always spaced her prolonged appearances with disappearances—less prolonged, but complete. Whenever she's returned East from her ranch vacations, it has been to find managers eager to cast her.

"I think," she said, "the reason is that I'm quite disinterested about whether or not I'm cast at all. There's always the ranch."

Arthur Hopkins sent for her one day, having another play for her. This was Rebound. It was the biggest personal hit she has yet made. Excepting, perhaps, Holiday. There she became the Park Avenue pet. There she won the reward of her first smart act of indifference when she took one on her dainty chin from the Social Register rajahs. Society that had rejected her wanted to see how one of their own was getting along.

Albeit the critics were not kind. After Rebound's opening one of them merely said: "Miss Williams walks well."

This taught her another lesson in the value of indifference. Since then she has never read a critique of a performance until the third night. Then nervousness is over, for her, and she feels she's set in her lines and doesn't care who thinks differently.

Yet even when you're set, a personality colliding with you can upset you. A scene in Holiday brought her and the newspaper humorist, Donald Ogden Stuart, together.

Hope had delivered her choice line defining Park Avenue: "The place where bad women go walking with good dogs." Stuart drawled—without benefit of the author—that he led a dog's life. Miss Williams stopped, guffawed. The audience failed to join in the fun.

"I've noticed," she says, "that when anything impromptu happens on-stage it must be physical clowning or accident, for an audience to get it and appreciate it."

It was Hope Williams who fired the shot heard around the stage world.

Rehearsals were called and promptly answered by the cast. But a temperamental stage manager cared more for his own than for the players' time. More than once they had been compelled to wait more than an hour for him to show up and put them through their paces. There were murmurs, but no definite action. Jobs, well-paying jobs, were not so plentiful that any actor could take chances.

Dress rehearsal time came, but no stage manager. Hope waited with the rest of them—one hour, two hours. As the third hour rolled around, the stage manager appeared as Hope was going.

"Where to?" he asked.

"Out of here," she said. "I have an engagement."

A simple thing to say; but it created a teacup storm. No player, leading or otherwise, had ever done such a thing on the eve of production. Yet it was something that somebody should have done before. It will hardly be necessary to do it again; for Equity stood by the young woman—Equity being the well-knit actors' organization.

Willfulness is this laddish lady's characteristic; one she overdoes a little. They tell me that when the Theater Guild cast her in Shaw's Too True to Be Good, she wanted to do something with her lines other than Mr. Shaw had ordained. Mr. Shaw was informed. His beard stiffened, and he wrote back in wrath that anybody who didn't like his lines as they were could avoid all argument by not speaking them. It's a tip-off on Mr. Shaw that this message was sent on a postcard marked Personal. Miss Williams changed no lines.

Balancing her talents with those of a fine English comic actress, Beatrice Lillie, the Theater Guild produced one of the few recent road hits in this new and wittily pessimistic Shaw piece.

Hope Williams was an Oriental slave servant—made up in brown watercoloring. She had to subdue her swinging stride, and that brought about more fun than Mr. Shaw intended. When naturally you pace but are called upon to mince, it doesn't always work. In a scene where she preceded Beatrice Lillie in an exit she stepped wide, remembered her rôle, shortened her step. Lillie collided with her, she tripped, Lillie tripped. Without the awful risk of changing lines by the great Shaw, who in his day has written far too many, that laugh was kept in. Hope Williams has become an expert tripper.

Real People on the Stage

It was said hereinbefore that Hope Williams was pretty. The longer you talk with her the more you realize she isn't. At first vis-à-vis, clear eyes and crisp voice deflect from the softened masculinity of features. As the face is focused it becomes personality rather than prettiness. There's art in her attire, because, with her long loose stride what it is, and the mode as it is, she must contrive originality to keep in mode. She does. She designs her clothes herself, and always of smooth, clinging stuff that gives her legs plenty of room without apparent stretching when she strides.

Hope Williams is very young, as stage stars go. She has far to travel, and she likes the going. Society may not have missed her since she became a professional—or, as she puts it in a guilty pun: "Since I lost my hamateur standing." Does this former grace of the Register miss society?

"I wouldn't change my friends of the profession for any set in society," she affirms. "There are no more real people than those whose art is to play make-believe."

"No eventual return to the gilded and guarded pages of the Social Register?"

"I'm indifferent," she said.

Wise young woman.

"Your bargain shirts will be the death of me yet"

"No, it's not my fault that we're late. It's the fault of these wonderful 'bargain' shirts you bought me. This is the third one I've put on—and every blamed one of them has shrunk so I can't button the collar. Get me a sheet and I'll go disguised as Mahatma Gandhi!"

* * *

Have you, too, had a sad experience with so-called "bargain" shirts? Have you been fooled by "pre-shrunk" labels? Have you had to throw out perfectly good shirts that had shrunk beyond all wearing?

Then get your husband Arrow Shirts. For they're shrunk by Arrow's own Sanforizing Process. This process guarantees permanent fit—no matter how many times the shirt is laundered. Yes! Arrow Shirts are guaranteed to stay their correct size forever—or you get a new shirt.

What's more, Arrow Shirts are just about the best looking shirts you ever saw. Made from fine fabrics—expertly styled—beautifully tailored. You can get the correct sleeve length—and, thanks to Arrow's Sanforizing Process, the sleeves *stay* the correct length. And Arrow Shirts—and no others—have Arrow Collars—with the snug, smart fit that Arrow has learned in tailoring more than two billion collars.

So-called bargain shirts *are* a temptation—but remember one thing. A shirt that quickly shrinks beyond all wearing is the world's most expensive shirt. Make sure of perfect fit—and permanent fit. Insist upon shirts with the Arrow label—without that label, they aren't Arrow Shirts. The famous Arrow Trump is $1.95—the Paddock, $2.50—others up to $5. © 1932, Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, New York.

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A new shirt if one ever shrinks

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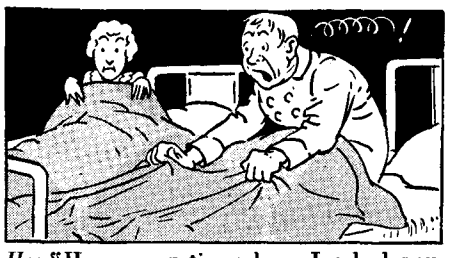
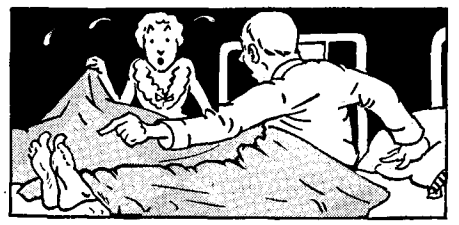
TALL MEN FIND COMFORT IN

Nashua Blankets



He: "How many times have I asked you not to cramp my feet with tightly tucked blankets?"



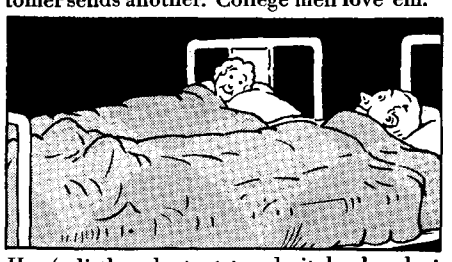
He: "Wow! That's always the way. Try to ease my feet and—up comes the blanket!"

He: (grumbling) "What skimpy blankets—if my shoulders are covered my feet are out!"

Salesclerk: "Yes, madam, this 'Sworma Blanket is ten inches longer than most."

Customer: "How thick and warm it is—only $3.95!—I'll take two."

Salesclerk: "You won't be sorry. One customer sends another. College men love 'em."



He: (a little reluctant to admit he has lost a favorite excuse for complaint) "Yes, dear, I guess these'll be all right—there *seems* to be plenty of room."

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A Doctor watches Football

Continued from page 10

disband or to reorganize itself as best it might.

Before he reached the Army bench, however, second thoughts began to swim through his sudden sickness of football. After all, too, there was a question of professional ethics. The Army had a very fine doctor on the bench. Yale had another. It was really their case. They were both walking out to meet him.

"I think, gentlemen," he said, "that the boy's neck is broken."

"In that case," said Dr. Samuel Harvey, the Yale team physician, "by all means take him at once to the Yale dressing-room."

The Yale quarters were closer than the Army's, and considerably better equipped for the reception of such a patient.

George Connors, the little Yale trainer, hurried ahead to get things prepared.

The Tragic Ending

The game was resumed but the play lacked enthusiasm. The thrill and the sting had suddenly gone. No one knew the tragedy of the thing he'd just seen; but every player of both teams seemed quiet and repressed.

The Yale trainer, Connors, finally came back to the field. His face was unusually grave. A time-out near the side line where Connors was crouching gave O'Brien a chance to ask about Sheridan.

"He's dead," Connors reported laconically and prematurely, and such, indeed, was the first report from the hospital.

A few minutes later the game ended. There was no further scoring. The great throng began to melt through the tunnels that honeycomb the Bowl.

From the lofty press trenches I saw the referee stumbling uncertainly around the middle of the deserted field. His actions were so peculiar that I hurried down to him. When I reached him I saw as strange a sight as a sports writer ever witnessed.

Eddie O'Brien, the surgeon whose profession takes him daily into contact with death—Eddie O'Brien, the hard-boiled referee, who for all the fact that he's but forty-four years of age has been out there in the middle of it for twenty-six bruising seasons, was stumbling along through the dusk, crying like a heartbroken child!

Sheridan never regained consciousness. The terrific force of the tackle had severed his spinal cord. As it happened, some of the finest physicians in America were in convention at New Haven and they all did their utmost. But not even the skill of the famed Dr. Harvey Cushing could prevail against such odds. The boy was kept alive for almost two days by the artificial breathing of a Drinker respirator.

Sheridan's death, while not the first of the 1931 season, was the first widely publicized tragedy of a singularly ill-fated season that saw a total of forty-three deaths charged, no doubt inaccurately in some cases, against school and college football. That death focused attention upon the dangers of the game for the first time in years. Agitation against the sport was openly threatened in some quarters. Coaches and college officials were plainly distressed, and the Football Rules Committee was so exercised that they wrote the most drastic changes into the code since the legalizing of the forward pass.

Dr. O'Brien is still refereeing football games. Here is the list of games in which he will officiate this season: Oct. 1, Harvard vs. Buffalo; Oct. 8, Yale vs. Chicago; Oct. 12, Boston College vs. Centre College; Oct. 15, Army vs. Pittsburgh; Oct. 22, New York University vs. Colgate; Oct. 29, Yale vs. Dartmouth; Nov. 5, Pittsburgh vs. Pennsylvania; Nov. 12, New York University vs. Fordham; Nov. 19, Harvard vs. Yale; Thanksgiving Day (Nov. 24), Brown vs. Colgate.

I was talking surgery and football with Dr. O'Brien the other day. He was speaking with keen enthusiasm of an intricate surgical problem and was trying to reduce it to the level of my lay-man's appreciation. In the process, he suddenly leaned upon a football simile.

"By the way," I interrupted, "what do you, as a doctor, really think of football? How does it look to a doctor's eyes? What of its dangers? Is it really worth while?"

"Football," he began, "when properly regulated and played with the proper care, is absolutely all right. At one time it was dirty, brutal and dangerous. Players were sent in with explicit instructions to 'get' opposing stars. Injuries were frequent and sometimes ghastly. Coaches were in some cases little better than thugs and they regarded each other with suspicion, distrust and jealousy.

"All that has gradually disappeared. A new type of man has gone in for coaching and most of football goes back to the coaching. Watch any team in action for five minutes and you have an accurate character analysis of that team's head coach.

"So far as the game itself goes, as an enthusiast, and as a father of boys, I think I can safely say that from what I've seen close to it on the field it is a splendid builder of character. In the modern game every player, especially on the attacking team, has a particular assignment on every play.

"The signal is given, and under the stress of strong opposition each boy must think correctly, act quickly and remember the responsibility that is peculiarly his. Right here he is getting the best of valuable training. He must learn to follow directions. He must learn the value of coöperation, of sacrificing his own desires for the general good. Perhaps he likes to run with the ball, but he must learn that somebody has to do the thankless and usually publicly unrewarded job of running interference.

"The value of all this in later life is only too obvious. Football, it seems to me, as currently organized, is the finest and the cleanest of training schools."

"But the dangers of it, Doctor," I asked; "don't they overbalance even these values?"

"There's a certain element of danger in it, to be sure," he replied. "There'll always be an element of danger in any game of sharp bodily contact. Despite last season's distressing and unexplainable toll, however, there's less danger in the game than there used to be. I can remember when practically no game was played without a broken collar bone. Thanks to improvements in shoulder harness, that is perhaps the rarest injury on the football field today.

"And the new rules, especially the one permitting resubstitution, will further reduce the game's dangers, I feel. You'll notice that players are hurt more easily when they're exhausted. Most injuries come late in a game.

"And here, perhaps, is the crux of football's injury problem. It's the occasional lack of close physical supervision.

"You can't leave it to the players themselves. So strong, and at times so exaggerated, is their sense of loyalty, and so keen their desire to play, that they will often conceal an injury or their lack of condition rather than miss or leave an important game.

"I remember, for example, one of the early post-war games when Tom Holloran was the captain and star halfback at Pittsburgh. After a certain smashing play he reeled to his feet, plainly hurt, but still full of fight. I stopped the game and signaled for the Pitt trainer to come in. Tom waved him away and kept walking around. The trainer picked up his bucket and said, 'He's all right. Give him a minute and then go ahead!'

"Holloran, however, wasn't all right. In fact, he was out of his head. He kept saying over and over, 'Give me the key signal. Give me the key signal.'

"I motioned for Pop Warner to come on the field, he being the Pittsburgh coach at the time. Pop agreed that Holloran was in no condition to continue and ordered him to the side lines. There examination proved that, besides a hard bang on the head, both the bones in one of his forearms had been fractured. Another play might have cost Holloran his arm, if not his life, for a further fracture would probably have meant blood poisoning.

"Last year in a certain game—I won't call the names, for it isn't my idea to criticize personally—a boy was hurt and the trainer came out. After dousing him with water and rubbing his head, the trainer said, 'Get up, kid, and get in there after 'em.' The player was helped to his feet and stood there rocking uncertainly.

"'He's in no shape to play,' I said quietly to the trainer; 'you'd better take him out.'

"'Oh, he's all right,' the trainer answered somewhat testily, 'when we think he ought to come out we'll take him out.'

"Our conversation about the matter got no further, for just then the boy collapsed. Later he lay between life and death in a hospital for weeks, with a fractured skull. If he had been left in for as much as one more play, it might have been fatal.

The Ideal Training System

"It's out of such things as these that the worst injuries come. Players need the closest physical supervision both on and off the field. Bangs and bruises should be cared for, cuts and scratches properly and promptly sterilized. In a game if a player is winged, if he limps, if he looks thoroughly exhausted, he should be removed promptly, and under the new rules he no doubt will be, for now he can be sent back again, if his trouble should prove minor or temporary.

"I know a splendid secondary school coach named Bodger Carroll. In something like twenty years' experience with high- and preparatory-school boys, he has never yet had a serious injury. The real reason is that he has every man on his squad report to a doctor both before and after every practice. His boys are therefore always in first-class condition and for that reason they seldom are hurt.

"No, football's all right. I have four sons and I hope they'll all want to play it. My only comment on it, as a doctor, is a plea for a closer watch over the players, and an absolute assurance that they are fit for its strenuous exactions."

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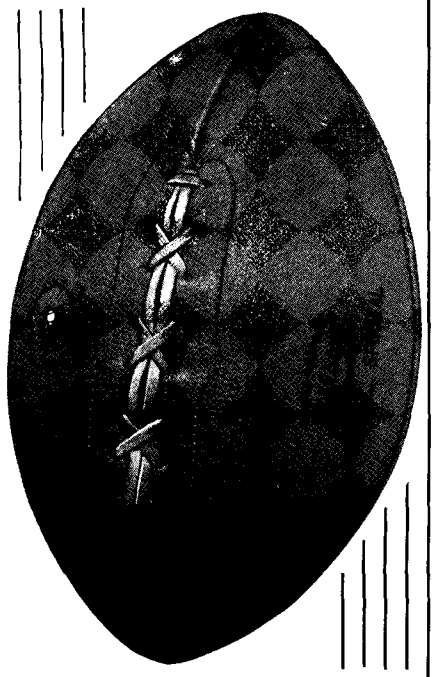
BOYS! WIN THIS FOOTBALL



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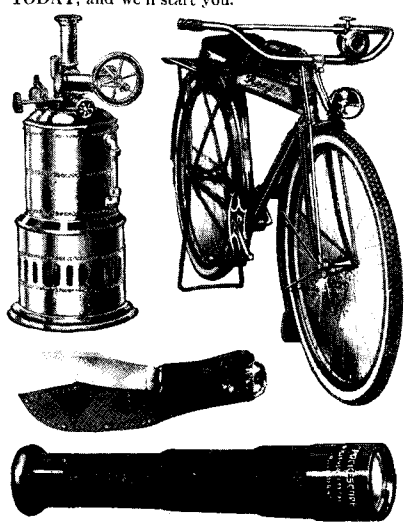

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The Great Abduction

Continued from page 21

But as he strolled through the heat, eye out for a taxi, common sense gave him proportion. He might have known, right from the outset, that he, with his training, was not the man to ape the ways of the underworld. If Bramer hadn't recognized him, he would have betrayed himself shortly. Ned Dabney had picked a poor messenger to send into the underworld.

But that didn't really matter, because Dabney had been dreaming nightmares. Meridew's failure wasn't his fault. Bramer, that somewhat extraordinary man, had recognized him, and that was that. And there was nothing to be done about it.

His eyes narrowed as he thought of Bramer. He must make inquiries about the man, to find out if he were really a big shot. A rather sizable citizen. A lesser one would have been fiercely enraged at the attempted deceit upon him, would have blustered and sworn. But Bramer didn't really seem to mind. The only thing about Meridew's masquerade that interested Bramer was whether or not Meridew had known he was going to see Bramer in advance of his visit to Cattrone. That was odd. But unimportant, Meridew decided.

NEAR Sheridan Square he found a taxi and drove to the Leader office. From there he telephoned Mike Blannard. Briefly he told the old police officer of his failure.

"Damn," exploded old Mike. "Cattrone could have sent you to a dozen men, and he picked a man that knew your face."

"Long shots come home once in a while," commented Meridew.

"Bramer ugly?"

"Not a bit. He was only concerned to know if you had mentioned his name. He seemed to accept my word that you hadn't, but intimated that if you had—if I'd been deliberately sent to spy upon him—my visit might have been less delightful."

"And so it might," said Blannard. "A bad lad, Bramer. And he was suspicious of my angle, eh? Well, he might be. I'm not as cagey as I once was. If I'd taken time to think, I'd have gone at it differently. Well, what next?"

"No next," laughed Meridew. "It's not my job. I'll be seeing you."

He had always copious notes in his office, and he dug them up and produced a very readable column for Sunday's paper, and had just finished when Dabney entered his office.

"Heard your machine clicking," said the publisher. "Glad to catch you in. How do you feel today about my idea of last night?"

Meridew grinned. With mordant gibes at himself he told of his brief excursion into and withdrawal from the underworld.

"Hell!" said Dabney feelingly. "I wish you hadn't been recognized. You were off to a good start, and—well, I'm glad I made no announcement that Kendrick Meridew was absenting himself from the Leader while he wrote his next novel. You're a swift worker, at that. And in other ways than today's adventure, too. Frances—and no shrewder observer of such matters lives—says you twisted a spoke of Mortie Disston's wheel last night."

"Oh, really? Flattering of Frances, the matchmaker," smiled Meridew.

Dabney chuckled.

"Well, Frances figures that no man has a right to remain a bachelor after twenty-eight. The girl has pronounced ideas on lots of subjects, you know."

"I'd gathered as much," said Meridew dryly.

"And Myrna Dale has happened to drift back among us, and she's beautiful and charming, and—well, there you are, says Frances."

"Simple as that," said Meridew. "That the lady might have other ideas—has Frances thought of that?"

Dabney grinned.

"She's even conceded that you might have other ideas, Ken. But she told me to work on you and said she'd work on Myrna—if you ever give me away, I'll break your contract and have you blacklisted."

"I'll not breathe it, O-Man-Afraid-Of-His-Wife," said Meridew. "Sorry I boobed our great scheme."

"How can you say that?" demanded the publisher. "You got a bad break, that's all. At that, I think the whole idea was sort of goofy."

In no other way could Dabney have more clearly shown how able an executive he was. If a plan failed—never worry. Forget it. Worry wouldn't turn failure into success.

"Going uptown?" Dabney asked, as Meridew went through unmistakable motions at his desk.

"Want a lift?" asked Meridew.

Dabney shook his head.

"Can't make it. But I told Frances I might be able to, and she's sitting, with what patience wives possess, in the car downstairs. Make my excuses to her, will you, and tell her that I can't leave."

"Oke," said Meridew.

He found the charming Frances and gave her the message. She pouted prettily.

"I think women who marry poverty-stricken husbands are lucky," she said. "Business affairs can't detain their men downtown. Give you a lift?"

"Thanks," said Meridew.

He waited for Frances to open the attack, but Ned Dabney's wife was too smart for that. Myrna's name was not mentioned all the way uptown by Frances, nor by Meridew, eager though he was to talk of the girl. But she chatted of gay inconsequentials until the car arrived at Thorin's, well up Fifth Avenue. Here Frances announced that her uptown progress was temporarily halted while she shopped. She offered her car to Meridew for the remainder of his journey, but he shook his head.

He assisted her from the car, and was saying good-by, when a cessation of movement among pedestrians and a buzz of excited comment made him drop her hand.

"There he is."

"You're crazy."

"Sure it is. Ain't I seen him in the pitchers?"

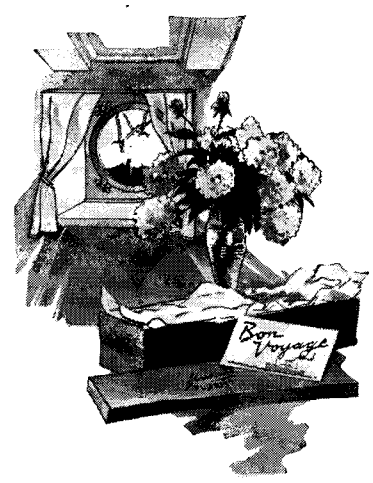
For from the door of Pedley's, that book shop next to Thorin's, emerged an unmistakable and unforgettable figure: *The President of the United States.*

A FOREIGNER, noting the awed—yet unabashed—respect with which the people stared at the striking face of the President, would have understood why there is little danger of revolution in America. Anarchy breeds none too well in the atmosphere of respect.

Frances recognized him before Meridew, and the President recognized her at once. He advanced, the pedestrians making way for him, to the car, his hand outstretched, his slightly sensuous lips parted in a smile.

Meridew felt that awkwardness which assails people when two apparently good friends meet, that slight feeling of "out-

(Continued on page 46)



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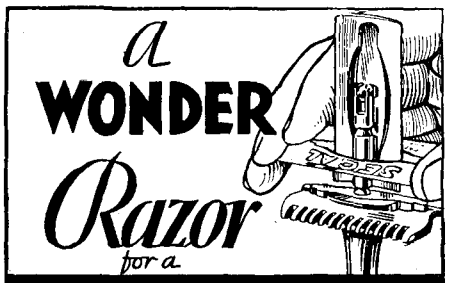

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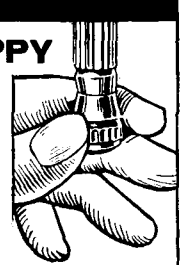

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(Continued from page 45)

siderism." It is more apt to attack one when either of the others is a great celebrity. He disliked making the President waste in courtesies time which might be better spent in speech with his old friend.

So he finished his farewell in a hasty mumble and walked away. Frances, fluttering prettily—as what woman might not when the head of the government approached—returned Brockridge's greeting gracefully.

"Hoped I'd see you yesterday at Tilly's," said the President.

"I was on a train," said Frances. "I hope there'll be other opportunities."

"I'll make one," said Brockridge gallantly. "Tell me—" he hesitated slightly, and glanced down at the bundle of books in his left hand; he seemed to gather inspiration from it—"yesterday I promised Miss Dale—you know her—a certain book. And, stupidly, I forgot to ask her address. You know it?"

"Of course." She gave it to him.

Brockridge thanked her. And then, because the press of the curious was a little too thick now, he bowed over her hand and proceeded to his own waiting car. Frances entered the shop and began the task of trying on frocks.

But her mind was not on the very serious business of the moment. It remained with Brockridge. It was too thin. Why, he had hesitated, looked down at the bundle he carried, and then grasped at the idea suggested.

She would bet the biggest cookie ever baked that he'd never even mentioned a book to Myrna Dale. He simply wanted to see her again. She pursed a pair of delightful lips. Oh-ho. President Brockridge and Myrna Dale. Of course, it was absurd, but—was it? A lot of women scheming for themselves, their daughters, their sisters, their best friends, wouldn't admit the absurdity. If ever the female sex had made a determined effort to capture a man, it had made it in the case of Brockridge. And a man, no matter who he is, reacts to the suggestion in a thousand minds.

She forgot her plans for Meridew and Myrna, or, rather, pushed them aside. This would be such a magnificent match to manage. Then she giggled at herself, to the amazement of the fitter, who saw no humor in fitting dresses on so sultry an afternoon.

She told herself that she was incorrigible. And this was one sentimental suspicion that she would never mention—not to a soul. Not even to Ned. He *might* mention it, and it wasn't fair to start the faintest train of gossip—even innocent gossip—about a girl like Myrna and a man in Brockridge's position. And perhaps he *had* promised a book to Myrna. Well, she'd wait and watch. And if this slight suspicion was corroborated by later evidence—well, she'd take a hand in it then.

MEANWHILE, Meridew had reached his apartment. He stripped to garb as scanty as permissible, and stretched himself out upon his penthouse porch for a good baking in the late afternoon sun. He was half asleep, the underworld vanished from his mind, when Durfee summoned him to the telephone.

"I didn't want to disturb you, sir," he apologized, "but the lady was quite insistent—Miss Dale, sir."

Meridew leaped to his feet and seized the extension on the porch.

"I have the most heavenly invitation for you," she said.

He heaved a heavy sigh.

"That deep breath is indication of my relief. I thought you were going to break our date for dinner."

"I never break appointments," she said. "Sometimes I substitute one for another—as now. The Wetherings—Flo and Pete—just phoned and asked what I was doing. I said I was dining with you. And *they* said for us both to hop in a car and motor out to see them and spend the night. Now, you know you can, Mr. Meridew. Tomorrow's Sunday and I'll play some of that bad golf of mine with you. And if you tell me you haven't written that stupid old column of yours—"

"I won't tell you that, and the column is never stupid, my dear Miss Dale. And if you like substitutions, so do I. So I'll add one to yours. We'll go to the Wetherings, only we'll dine at the Ocean Beach Club on the way. We'd have to hurry to make it by dinner-time, anyway. Agreeable?"

"More than that," she said. "You'll call for me?"

"In half an hour," he said.

HE WAS five minutes ahead of time and could not believe it when, in response to his telephone from the lobby of her apartment building, she said that she would be down in a minute. In really less than that time the elevator disgorged her, and two minutes later, bags in the rumble of his car, they were headed for the Queensboro Bridge.

They hardly spoke until they were well across the bridge. Then, smiling, she asked him a question:

"Are you the serious driver that can't be annoyed with small talk?"

He shook his head.

"Far from it."

He turned and looked full at her.

"Really want to know why I've been so quiet?"

"If the reason is interesting," she smiled.

"It's amusing at any rate," he said.

"I'd rather be amused than interested on such a hot evening," she said.

"Frances Dabney has decided to make a match between us two," he said.

Her giggle was perfectly spontaneous.

"I know it, but how did you find it out?"

"Ned told me. But how on earth did you know it?"

"Oh, women know what's going on in other women's minds," she replied.

"I don't care for your quick merriment at the suggestion," he said.

"Oh, that was a triumph of acting. Didn't you discover, the other afternoon—"

"*Yesterday* afternoon," he reminded her.

"Was it?" She giggled again. "Well, anyway, didn't we decide that I'd been histrionic for you? I must live up to my rôle. I must laugh at Frances' idea, to deceive you. Otherwise, the heart upon my sleeve—"

"Tilly Gentry said that about me," he said. "Said it was apparent—I mean, *my* heart upon *my* sleeve when I looked at you."

"Are she and Frances allies in this matter?" she asked.

"I hope so. Because they're a powerful pair and we simply might as well give up opposing them," said Meridew.

Quite without his being aware of it, intensity crept into his voice. The girl stared at him.

"We—we're making sprightly, aren't we?" she asked.

Meridew colored violently.

"Why—why, of course," he stammered.

"Then," she said, "we couldn't possibly oppose them."

For a moment Meridew was silent. He slowed the car down slightly.

"The way you just spoke," he said. "I mean, when you asked if we were playing—was that a warning?"

"Wouldn't I be rather conceited to utter warnings?" she evaded.

"It wouldn't be conceit—from you," he said. "Was it a warning?"

"Well, suppose it were?" she still evaded.

"I wouldn't take it," he said.

He saw her body stiffen. Then, as quickly, it relaxed. Mirth shook its lithe slenderness.

"I wouldn't expect you to—or really want you to," she said. "And now, my dear Mr. Meridew, let's be sane and solemn. What did you do today?"

"Nothing too exciting," he lied. "And you?"

"I shopped," she said.

"I didn't know young ladies of fashion shopped below Thirty-fourth Street," he said.

"I didn't," she replied.

"But I saw you," he ventured, "much farther downtown."

"Where?" she asked quickly.

Her voice warned him.

"On the Avenue—motoring uptown," he fibbed.

She shook her head decidedly.

"It wasn't I. I wasn't south of Forty-second Street today. So I have a double, have I? How was she dressed?"

He made some laughing reply, which later he could not remember.

She had lied to him. She, whom he was beginning to like more than a little, who, within the briefest possible time after their meeting, had so affected him that he was actually jealous of President Brockridge, wouldn't tell the truth about a trifle.

But why did he define it as a trifle? He hadn't thought it a trifle this afternoon. He had thought it a pretty serious thing that a girl of her character and position should cheapen herself by visiting such a place as the saloon on West Twenty-third Street.

Why, in the very breath in which he condemned her, did he find extenuation for her? Then his common sense came to his rescue.

After all, certain white lies were permissible. One was "out" when one was really at home, because one didn't wish to hurt a visitor's feeling. There were occasions, too, when the truth was difficult because another person was hurt by its utterance. Or it might readily be that, having done something harmless enough, but of which one was ashamed, one lied about having done it. This was excusable enough. And there were still other occasions when questioners invited untruth by the impertinence of their interrogations.

HE TOLD himself that she might have had a score of good reasons for visiting Cattrone, and an equal number of equally good reasons for denying that she had been anywhere in the neighborhood. And after all, it wasn't in the best of taste to criticize a girl who was outwardly friendly and delightful merely because she didn't choose to give an exact answer to a question, or because—more correctly—she chose to deny something which he knew to be true.

"I must have been mistaken," he said. He changed the subject quickly. "You didn't tell me much about the President last night. How do you like him?"

"Immensely," she said. "Who wouldn't like him?"

"Women all do," he smiled.

"And men, too, don't they? Didn't you like him?"

There was almost a challenge in her voice.

"I? Of course. Although I wasn't exactly fond of him as I drove alone to New York yesterday."

"Had you asked to take me in?" she inquired.

"I'd meant to," he said. "In fact, I thought I had. But even if I had, a Presidential invitation—"

"Would have been hard to resist," she finished for him.

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"Then I hope that he doesn't attempt to monopolize you," he said. "That will make it difficult for me to like him much."

"I hardly think he will, so he's fairly safe from your dislike," she laughed.

"Which, if he knew it, would relieve him greatly," he said.

A sudden jam in the traffic made him push down on his brake. The car skidded slightly as his right fender grazed the running board of a car beside him. A volley of curses came from the occupants of the machine that had been grazed.

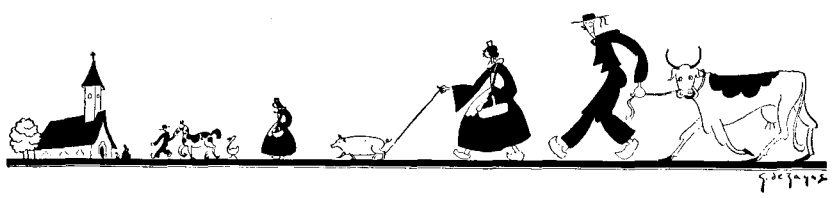
Meridew, white with outrage, leaned past the girl, but before he could say anything the grazed car shot ahead through a break in traffic. But as that car went forward, the driver of another car, still farther over to the right, was plainly visible to him. And if the man had ignored Meridew's gaze, the latter would probably not have noticed him, almost certainly would not have recognized him.

But the man's face had been turned to the left, looking directly at Meridew. And now, with a start so violent that in itself it must have attracted attention, he turned his face away. And Meridew knew that it was the face of the man who had received him so truculently at the Rockwood Hotel on West Street today.

Now, why did the clerk of that hotel follow him out to the Ocean Beach Club? Or was it a mere coincidence? Then he shrugged. What difference did it make, anyway? Certainly he was not going to let the matter—or any other matter—interfere with his enjoyment of the evening before him.

Yet he might have been nervous had he known that it was not accident, but design, that brought the hotel clerk so near him. Carl Bramer was not one to overlook any precautions whatsoever. And knowledge of Meridew's movements was, so Bramer thought, a needful precaution.

(To be continued next week)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

For more than 200 years in Brittany, France, the peasants have made colorful annual pilgrimages to certain shrines, not only to receive benediction for themselves, but also to have a blessing bestowed upon the horses, cattle, sheep, goats and pigs which they take with them.

Using various types of revolvers and automatic pistols, the New York Police Department has never failed yet to riddle every "bullet-proof" vest that has been submitted to it for a test.—*By N. E. Law, Hammond, Indiana.*

Towns and villages appear and disappear so rapidly in the United States that the Federal government is obliged to issue a brand-new official map of the country every two weeks. —*By E. C. Johnson, New Haven, Connecticut.*

Less than half of all the diamonds mined throughout the world today are used as jewelry. About 55 per cent of them are purchased by industry for use in various manufacturing processes.

Virtually every pound of wool used in the carpets and rugs manufactured in the United States today is imported because carpet wool cannot be grown in our climate.—*By E. C. Peddie, Amsterdam, N. Y.*

Of the 250,000 species of fungi in existence, the strangest one, a mushroom discovered in Japan, is not only edible but highly intoxicating. A small portion makes your world very bright. A large dishful produces a total eclipse.

About one fifth of the world's population still ceremoniously purifies itself whenever contaminated by "evil influences." One of the most naïve methods of attaining such purity, practiced today by several tribes in India, is to get intoxicated for days at a time.—*By Norman Kutler, Cleveland, Ohio.*

A recent survey made in New York City shows that only a small percentage of its narcotic addicts are criminals or physical wrecks.

Archæologists seldom have difficulty in determining sex by skulls. The male skull possesses numerous asperities and ridges, while that of the female is always delicate and smooth.

The pumpkin has one of the most extensive root systems in the world. It can grow roots that reach a total length of 82,000 feet, or more than 15 miles.—*By James Meehan, Lowellville, Ohio.*

Of the 400,000 persons in the United States today who could wear a glass eye, only 250,000, or about 63 per cent of them, do.

New inventions: A mirror for ship staterooms that gives a healthy, sunburned appearance to the most pallid complexion; a chemical treatment that makes coal dustless, smokeless, sootless and clinkerless; and silk hosiery that cannot "run" because each stitch is locked.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

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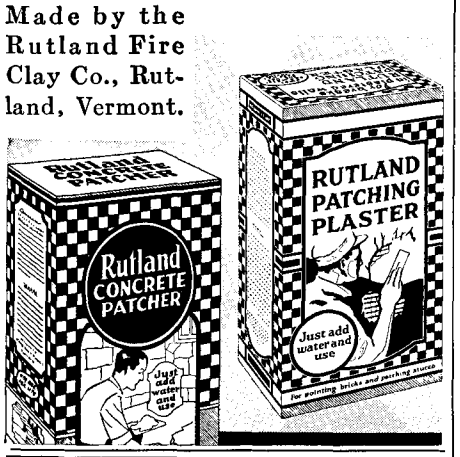

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Thunder Mountain

Continued from page 9

Sam wiped the sweat from his face, which betrayed traces of feeling. He now appeared calm, though his eyes held a singular effulgence.

"I went straight—to the lode—like steel to a magnet," he said in cool, slowly expelled words. "Thar's five hundred dollars—in thet chunk. . . . An' a million more—where it come from!"

EXCITEMENT prevailed in the Emerson camp. Sam succumbed to some extent to the uncontained joy of his brothers. Jake declared it was a good thing that there was not any whisky in the packs. They fell over one another preparing supper and partaking of it. Jake could not decide what he wanted to do with his share. Lee had his ranch picked out, his herds, his horses, and he decided that a rich young cattleman, not bad-looking, might possibly find a wife.

Faint thunder came rumbling from the darkness.

"Ah-huh! Thar's the old man mountain grumblin' thet we ain't got the gold yet!" exclaimed Sam.

A menace seemed momentarily to hold the three in thrall. It passed and with it the hilarity, the boyish indulgence in wild hope.

"Listen, boys," spoke up Sam, seriously. "We've struck gold. Maybe I need to tell you thet the majority of prospectors who strike it rich never reap the profits of their discovery."

"Why'n hell not?" roared Jake, aghast, his rugged visage red in the firelight.

"It's just a fact, thet's all. Prospectors ain't business men. They're usually ignorant, heedless, improvident. They lose out somehow."

"We ain't gonna lose nothin'," declared Jake belligerently—he who had formerly been the most pessimistic. The gold fever had inflamed his brain. Kalispel looked on silently, conscious of a sinking sensation within his breast.

"Right here we form a company," went on Sam, emphatically. "That is, a company to work this quartz vein. Thet'll leave us free to take up placer-minin' claims on the bench. We want to pick out the three richest claims before the stampede."

"Stampede?" echoed Jake.

"Shore. There'll be a mad rush to this valley the day thet chunk of quartz is shown in Challis, Boise or Salmon."

"I might have figgered thet," admitted Jake.

"Sam, why need anyone learn about the quartz vein?" queried Lee.

"It'll take a ten-ton stamp mill to work this mine."

"Ten ton!" ejaculated Kalispel. "How on earth could such a mill be gotten here?"

"Packed in on mules. It can be done. It must be done. . . . An' now you see why we must sell out, or sell a half-interest, at least. We have no money."

"Why not keep the quartz mine secret, while we work all this placer mine for ourselves?" asked Kalispel. "Then afterward sell out or finance the job ourselves?"

"Thet's a big idee," agreed Jake.

"It may be a good idee, but it's not good business. We want action. We'd risk everythin' to keep this quartz mine a secret. Because sooner or later, while we are workin' the placers, other miners will drift in. The Bitter Root Range an' the Lemhi are full of them."

Jake and Kalispel argued with Sam. But he was obdurate, and at length out of deference to his superior experience and judgment they let him have his way. Whereupon they fell to discussing the other aspects of the case. Sam finally worked out a plan. He would stay in the valley, guarding the quartz mine, while working the placers along the stream. Jake and Kalispel were to trace the best trail possible out of the mountains and then make their way to Boise, where they would exhibit their quartz finding to prominent mining men, and consider no less than a hundred thousand dollars for a half-interest, the contracting parties to furnish the mill, have it packed in, and work the mine. If a good deal could not be consummated at Boise, they were to proceed to Salmon.

Sam said he could stretch food supplies for a month and it would be necessary for one of the brothers, at least, to pack in food before the expiration of that time. They settled everything before going to bed at a late hour.

Kalispel could not sleep at once. His mind was full. It seemed that the unlucky star under which he had always ridden had marvelously brightened. And while he lay there the old mountain rumbled its faint deep thunder of warning.

ON THE following morning Kalispel and Jake, driving three lightly packed burros, headed up the valley on their important mission. It took three days to reach the nearest town—Challis—where the brothers camped on the outskirts. After supper Jake made inquiries, and to his dismay ascertained that a stage for Boise did not leave until Saturday and that the supplies needed must be brought from Salmon, sixty miles down the river.

Jake was a thoughtful man that night round the camp fire. Finally he unburdened himself:

"Lee, I didn't like leavin' Sam alone in thet hole. An' we can't go on to Boise, make this minin' deal, an' come back to Sam inside of a month. So here's what we'll do. I'll go on to Boise alone. . . . Don't worry. I won't lose the quartz an' I'll be shore nobody gets a hunch about it. Reckon I'll not need more'n a few dollars till I make the deal. So you can have this money. You go to Salmon an' buy three more burros, an' all the supplies you can pack on them, an' rustle back to Sam. . . . What you think of my idee?"

"It's a good one," replied Lee. "By the time I get to Salmon a week will be gone. It'll take a couple of days to outfit there. An' with six burros all loaded down, an allowin' for the steep grades an' rough ground on that trail we worked out on— Why, Jake, even with good luck I couldn't make it back to Sam in two weeks."

"You shore couldn't. Say a month. An' then you'll beat any cow-punchin' job you ever had. . . . Wal, it's settled, an' I'm relieved."

LATE afternoon of the second day, on the way down the river, Kalispel came to where the Salmon made a wide, slow bend. The several hundred acres of land inclosed by the stream in that circling constituted the ranch he had seen from a mountain top on the way in. From that far point he had made out several groves of cottonwoods, the wide, flat, brown and green fields, the fringe of trees bordering the river, the sheltered log cabin under the lee of the hill. But at close range this ranch appeared the finest prospect he had ever encountered.

A settler named Olsen lived there with his small family. Lee had supper with him and talked casually.

"Been prospectin'," he explained. "Don't care for it much. But I like ranchin'. Could you use a good cowman?"

"Huh! Got more work than I can do. Couldn't pay wages, though. Fact is, I'd like to sell out."

"That's interestin'. What'd you take?"

"I'd hate to have some real money shoved at me," replied the settler, tersely.

"So? Well, if I strike pay dirt I'll come back an' shove some at you."

NEXT day, late, Kalispel trudged footsore and weary into Salmon. He had been there several times and he liked the place. It had been a mining town for years, and had seen more than one gold boom. Even in dull times Salmon was a bustling center, being a distributing point between towns over the Montana line and those west in Idaho as far as Boise. Salmon resembled other Western mining towns in its one long, wide, main street, but off this thoroughfare it reminded Lee of some of the hamlets back in Missouri.

He found pasture for his burros, and made a deal to secure three more, including packsaddles. Then he repaired to the main street and a lodging-house he knew. When his old acquaintances failed to recognize him, Kalispel decided that he must be a pretty dirty, bearded, ragged, hard-looking customer. The best he could do that night was to wash and shave, which helped mightily; but he seriously appreciated the fact that he must make a most advantageous deal in buying the supplies so that he would have money enough left for a new outfit. His boots had no soles and his trousers hung in tatters. He recalled a girl whose acquaintance he'd made on a former sojourn in Salmon—what was her name?—but he could not present himself to her in this scarecrow garb.

Kalispel put on his coat, then had to remove it because he had slipped one arm through a rent instead of the sleeve. This was another rueful reminder of his poverty. He did not care about his appearance or even comfort while out on the range or in the wilds, but here in town, among people, he did not like his poverty. He blew out the lamp and left his room.

In the yellow flare of a hall lamp he saw two figures at the head of the stairway—a young woman standing with her back toward him, facing a man who had started down the steps and was looking back.

"Dad, please don't leave me alone. I—" she was entreating, in a voice that would have arrested Kalispel even if her small, dark, graceful head had not.

"You'll be all right, Sydney," replied the man, with a laugh. "You're out West now and must look after yourself. I want to talk to some miners. Go to bed."

He stamped on down the rickety stairway. The girl partly turned as Kalispel passed her and he caught a glimpse of a pale, clean-cut profile, striking enough in that poor light to make him want to turn and stare. But he resisted the desire, and went quickly down, wanting to get another look at the father of that girl. He caught an odor of rum. There was a barroom connected with this lodging-house, but there was no doorway opening into it from the hall. Kalispel followed the man outside, where, at the street corner, under the yellow lights, he met several men in rough garb, evidently waiting for him.

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Kalispel approached them. "Howdy, men," he said, genially. "I'm a stranger hereabouts. Where can I eat?"

"Reckon I've seen you before," replied one, a keen-eyed, hard-visaged Westerner, who apparently missed nothing in Kalispel's make-up, especially not the gun hanging low.

"Yeah? All the same I'm a stranger an' hungry," retorted Lee, as he returned the searching scrutiny.

"Young fellow, there's a good restaurant a few doors below," replied the man Lee wanted a second glance at. He was beyond middle age, a handsome man with a lined, weak face and dark eyes full of havoc. His frame was not robust and his garb betokened the tenderfoot.

"Thanks. Would you have a bite with me?" returned Kalispel.

"I had mine early."

"Say, cow-puncher, mosey along, will you?" broke in another of the trio of Westerners. He had a lean, sallow face, a long drooping mustache and eyes that burned in the shadow of his sombrero.

That was sufficient to ignite the spark always smoldering in Lee's spirit.

"Why, shore, I'll mosey along—when I get ready," he replied curtly.

"Ain't you thet Kalispel cowboy late of Montana?" queried the man who had first spoken, as with a slight gesture he silenced his lean-jawed companion.

"Yeah, I happen to be that cowboy—Kalispel Emerson."

"Wal, no offense meant," rejoined the other hurriedly. "We jest want to talk business to Mr. Blair hyar."

Kalispel did not trouble to reply. He fixed piercing eyes upon the tenderfoot, who appeared to sense something amiss but could not gather what. "Excuse me, Mr. Blair, if I give you a hunch, usin' the advice I just heard you give your daughter. You're out West now an' must look after yourself."

WITH that pointed speech Kalispel wheeled to pass on down the street. "Dog-gone!" he soliloquized. "They'll fleece the socks off that tenderfoot. . . . An' the wolf-jawed hombre—where'd I ever see him? Gambler, I'll bet. . . . Well, it's none of my mix. I've trouble of my own. But that girl—now—"

Kalispel went into the restaurant, and in a few moments was attending to the savory food set before him.

Then, cheerful and responsive to exciting surroundings, he strode out to see the town. How many nights had he ridden in off the range to make up for the monotony of a rider's life! But a voice cautioned him to remember the importance of his mission. No bucking the tiger—not a single drop of red liquor! This somewhat subdued his exuberance. Still he would have a look anyhow; and to that end he made the rounds of the saloons, the gambling dens and dance halls, winding up at the Spread Eagle, a composite resort at the edge of town on the bank of the river. This place was in full blast, and as Kalispel went into the big, barn-like, gaudily decorated dance hall, full of smoke and the merry roar of music and dancers, he experienced a feeling that had come to him many a time before—it would be well for him to have an anchor. He liked this sort of fling, which, he argued, would be all right if it were not for the drink and fights and worse that seemed to attend a lonesome cowboy's infrequent visits to town.

PRESENTLY, at the end of a dance, he saw a girl detach herself from a burly dancer, to make her way in his direction. Kalispel had observed that, beside himself, there was not a young fellow in the hall. And this girl was hardly more than sixteen. She was little in stature, pretty in a birdlike way, with golden hair, and certainly was most inadequately clothed for such a cool night. She accosted Kalispel with a query as to where she had met him before.

"Lord only knows, sweetheart. I'm shore a rollin' stone."

"You're not one of these mining galoots?" she asked, quickly. "I'll bet you're a grub-line cow-puncher out of a job."

"Plumb center, little girl. Gosh, but you're smart. An' you know the range, too."

"Put on your hat, unless you want to dance with me. I'm not used to bareheaded men," she returned testily, while she fastened penetrating blue eyes on him.

"I'd like to dance with you, but I'm too much of a ragamuffin."

"That's no matter. Come on."

"Besides I've no money to buy drinks."

"I don't want to drink. I can't stand much. I hate these club-footed, rum-soaked miners who slobber over me and paw me. . . . And I kind of like you, cowboy."

"Dog-gone it, I like you, too," replied Kalispel, dubiously, feeling a wave of the old loneliness surge over him.

She was about to put a hand on his arm when a pale-faced, somber-eyed man, approaching from behind Kalispel, with a slight gesture of authority, sent her hurrying away. Then he turned to Kalispel, and stared at him coldly.

(To be continued next week)

"So you're a salesman. Have you your pin from the last place you worked?" *Ed Graham*

From Ill-Paid Routine to Well-Paid Success!

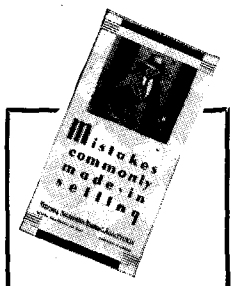
Twins? No. Just two pictures of J. H. Huppert, of Beulah, Michigan. At the left is Huppert as he looked in the days when he believed that salesmen were "born"—and when he was tied to a $25-a-week job. On the right—the same Huppert, who now knows that he or any other man can *learn* successful salesmanship—and who, when he had learned, stepped into a job at $11,000 a year.

How Do You Know You Can't Sell?

HAVE you ever learned any of the real facts about salesmanship? Have you ever heard, from a successful master salesman, his methods which make his job easy? Then you *don't*, really, know that you can't sell.

Many men have let themselves be cheated out of their biggest opportunities, because they thought they couldn't sell—because they were told, and believed, that successful salesmen were "born." Yet, when they actually found out the real secrets of selling, they realized that salesmanship is one thing which *must* be learned—which cannot be inborn—and which now, thanks to an amazing new training, is one of the easiest things to learn. They found out, too, that *trained* salesmanship is the highest-paid profession in the world.

Hundreds of the greatest salesmen and sales-managers now help you to the big money class. They show you, in an easy, quickly-learned training, the inside secrets of salesmanship. Poor immigrants as well as college graduates have used this knowledge to lift themselves out of poorly-paid routine jobs into the ranks of $5,000 to $10,000-a-year men. J. H. Huppert, shown above, is an example—a man who went from a plumber's job at $25 a week to a position at $11,000 a year.



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EXCESSIVE TAXATION
TILLIE BONUS
YOUR CONGRESSMAN
WE CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! YOU'LL HAVE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN US.
HIS FAMILY OF VOTERS
ROSS DARLIN

Tell Them What You Want

LOOK up your congressional candidates. If you don't know their names, call up your local newspaper. The information will be cheerfully given.

Find out where they stand on issues which will affect you vitally during the next two years. Here are a few of the most important:

1. Reduced taxes.
2. Immediate payment of the bonus.
3. Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.
4. Immediate revision of the national prohibition act to permit the sale of beer.
5. International agreements on tariffs and debts to stimulate trade.

Cut out this list and take it to your candidates. Ask them plain questions and demand plain answers. They want your vote. They will tell you what you want to know.

It doesn't matter on which side of any of these issues you may be, you are entitled to unequivocal talk from your candidates. Make them get down to brass tacks.

Let's be specific. First, there is the matter of taxes. You want lower taxes. Everybody does. We shall not get lower taxes, however, unless these soon-to-be-elected congressmen and senators get a very clear command from voters.

To lower taxes means to refuse to appropriate money for which many minority groups are clamoring. Politicians oppose any consolidation and reorganization which abolishes useless jobs. You'll have to speak vigorously if you want to save the money now wasted on unnecessary political offices.

You will have to speak even more vigorously if you want to avoid the disaster of an immediate payment of the bonus. Make your congressional candidate face the facts. How does he propose to pay the bonus? By increasing taxes to the tune of two and a quarter billions? It can't be done. The hard-driven taxpayer simply hasn't got an extra two and a quarter billions.

If not by taxes, then how? Does he propose to issue a new loan? That won't be helpful to the credit of the nation. A bonus loan would diminish the value of all governmental bonds, increase interest rates and jeopardize an early recovery of prosperity. Bonds must be paid by taxes. A bonus bond issue would immediately increase taxes.

Possibly your candidate thinks that by some hocus-pocus of currency inflation the bonus could be paid merely by printing more money. On such flimsy pretexts the last bonus bills were defended. No greater injury could be done veterans, or any other class of American citizens. The printing of fiat money is the road to desolation. Millions now employed would be jobless at the end of such an adventure.

The attitude of your candidate toward prohibition is another vital test of his fitness. Good men and women are running on both sides of prohibition this year but the honest, courageous candidate, whether wet or dry, is talking plainly.

Ask your candidates these questions:

1. Will you vote for the immediate resubmission of the Eighteenth Amendment to the states?

2. Will you vote immediately for the repeal of the Volstead Act so that, as far as the Constitution allows, beer may be sold and taxed?

About 22,000,000 barrels of beer are now being produced in this country, according to the estimates of the Prohibition Bureau. If a tax of $6 a barrel were imposed, this would bring in a new revenue of not less than $120,000,000. Congress has the power under the Constitution and under the Supreme Court's ruling to define what is in fact intoxicating. It is well within the present authority of Congress to permit those states which so desire to manufacture and sell a satisfactory beer.

Some three years or more may elapse between the resubmission of the Eighteenth Amendment and ratification of repeal, but the Volstead Act can be changed any time by any Congress. The passing of laws authorizing the manufacture and sale of mild beers would not only provide large revenues needed by the government, but would also do much to drive out the bootlegger, pending the time when other liquors may be legally dispensed.

Where does your candidate stand on these matters?

Finally, examine the nominees who are seeking your votes on the practical matter of what they intend to do about restoring our world trade.

The concrete items they will have to vote on concern the tariffs and the war debts.

With competitive tariffs establishing ever higher barriers to international trade, it is impossible for the United States safely to act alone. Whatever tariff policy we pursue must be undertaken with full knowledge of its effects elsewhere. If rates are to be lowered, international agreements must first be made.

This goes, too, for the war debts. The debts can be managed so as to further American interests and policies, or they can be used just to stir up trouble for us and other peoples.

There is not much time left. Yet we are trusting a lot to the character and intelligence of the men and women we elect this time. Make very certain that, so far as you can, you elect congressmen fit and willing to represent your interests and your opinion.

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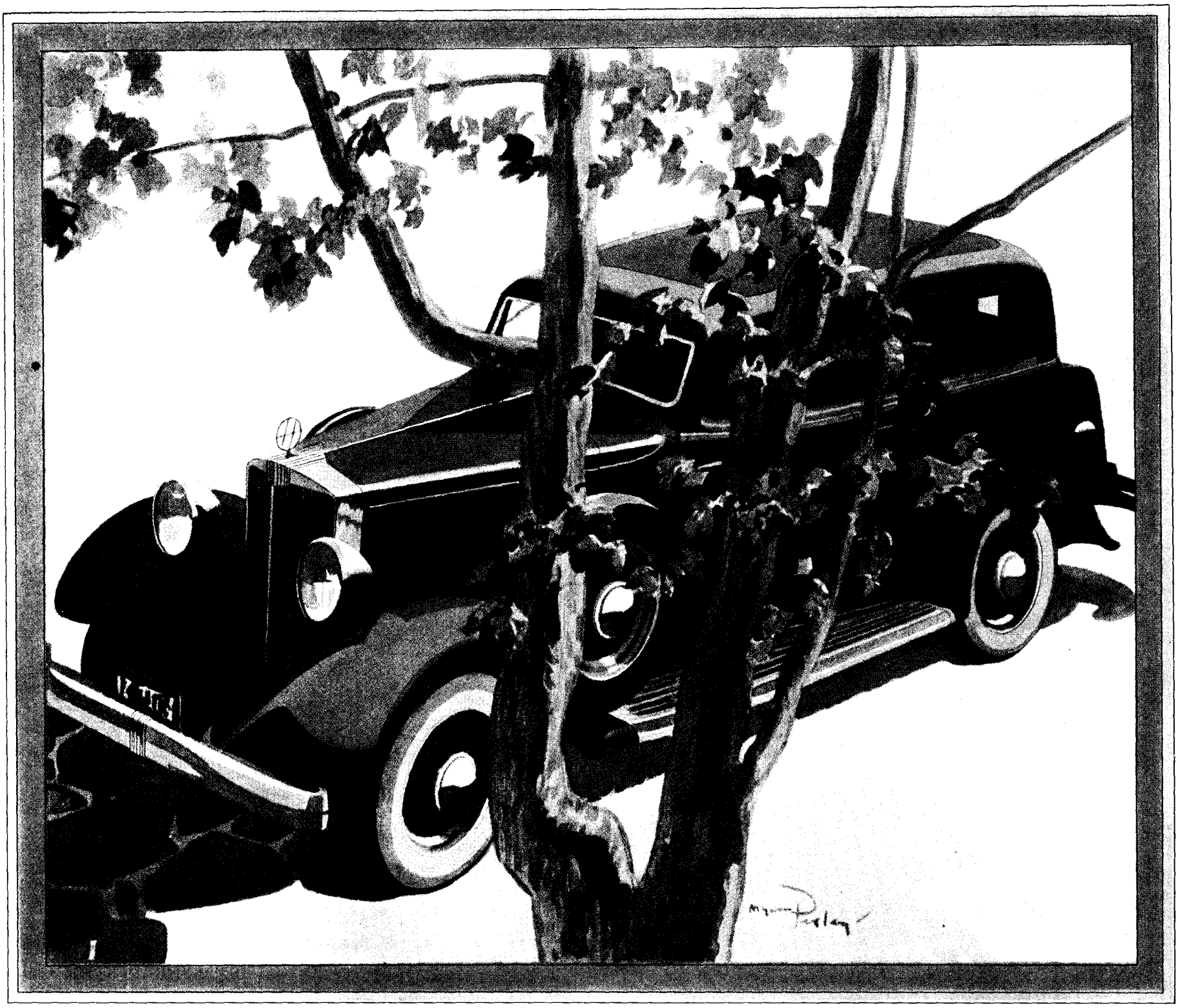

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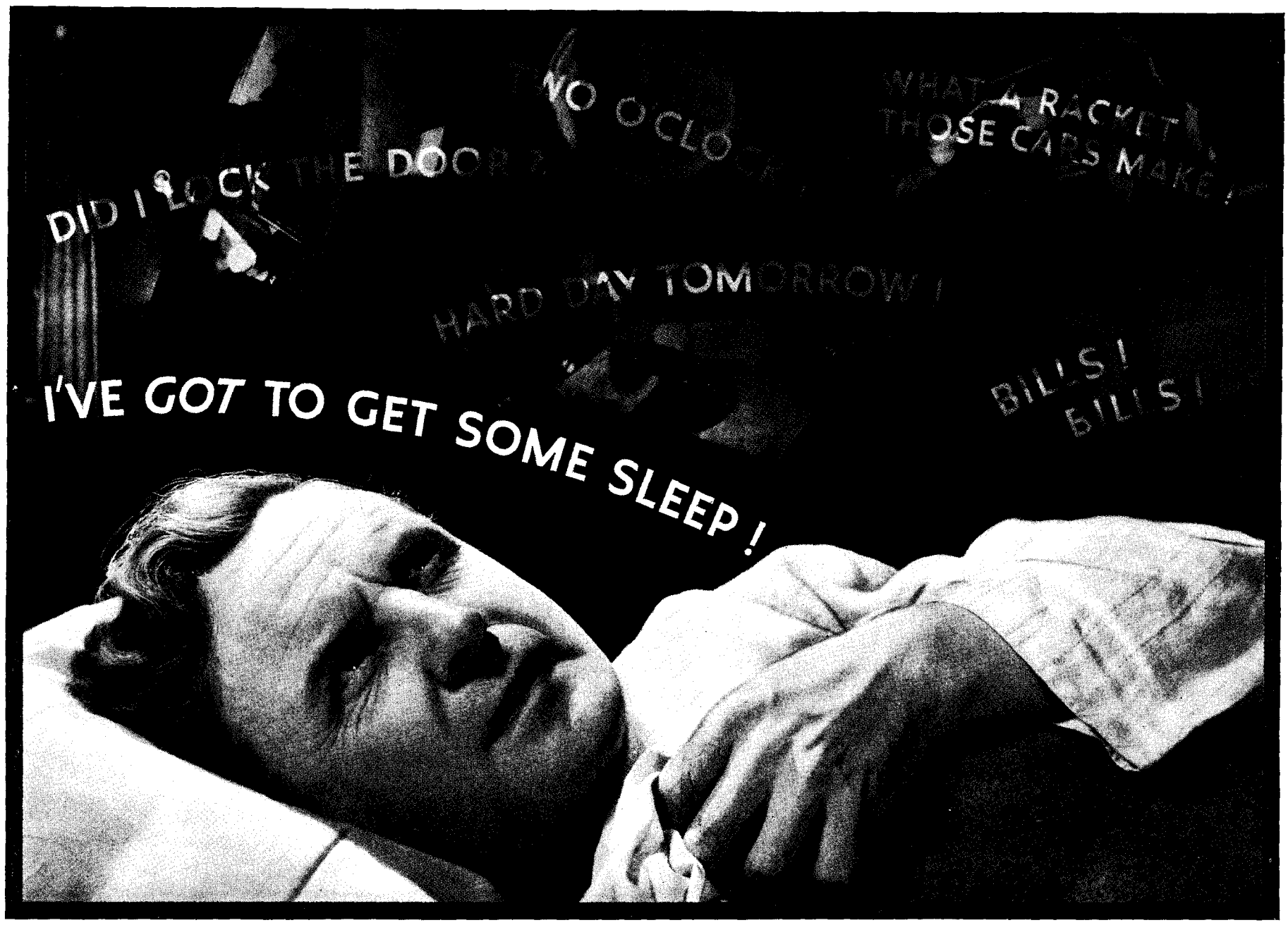

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NOW there's a way to get to sleep—quickly without drugs. A way that will not only bring you refreshing sleep *tonight*—but acts to restore your normal tendency to sleep soundly *every night*.

It is a delicious food-drink. As free from drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink.

You take it before you go to bed. And fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow.

It rebuilds your body while you sleep. And also greatly increases your ability to recuperate from fatigue. Your "come back" is much faster—your nerves steadier by far.

This discovery is called Ovaltine. Created by a unique process, originated in Switzerland, it is different from any other food-drink in the world.

How It Combats The 3 Causes of Sleeplessness

Probably the 3 most common causes of sleeplessness are: (1) blood-congested brain cells (2) digestive unrest and (3) nervous irritability. Whether you suffer from one or all three, Ovaltine brings you sleep.

First: Ovaltine, when taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the head. And combats mental overactivity which often keeps you from getting to sleep.

Thus, mental calm is invited—the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine contains in high proportion a unique food property called *diastase*—a property recognized for its ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach. Thus possessing the power to lighten digestive burdens and help the stomach "rest."

Third: Also notable among the constituents of Ovaltine is calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation.

Phosphorus, too, is an essential part of brain and nerve cells. Ovaltine supplies this in abundance and in its easily assimilated food form (lecithin)—together with a high proportion of the anti-neuritic Vitamin B.

Thus, a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime not only promotes relaxation and combats digestive unrest but also acts remarkably to overcome sleeplessness due to irritated nerves.

Commence Tonight

Don't subject yourself to the strain of another sleepless night. Get acquainted with Ovaltine without delay—see for yourself how quickly you fall asleep.

Also, observe the permanent benefits you obtain.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, note how it restores your natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night. Note, too, how resistance to fatigue is built up—how much *fresher* you feel—how vigor multiplies day by day.

That's why millions take it night after night, largely on physicians' advice. For in addition to inducing sound sleep quickly, Ovaltine *improves the quality of sleep*. And makes you look and feel like a different person when you wake up mornings.

Disregard, if you like, what doctors and users claim for Ovaltine—but try it and see for yourself. 'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of it tonight. Or mail the coupon below for a generous trial supply.

You'll be delighted with the sound, refreshing sleep this pure food-drink brings you—and the extra energy that becomes yours with each succeeding day.

NOTE: ***Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.***

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